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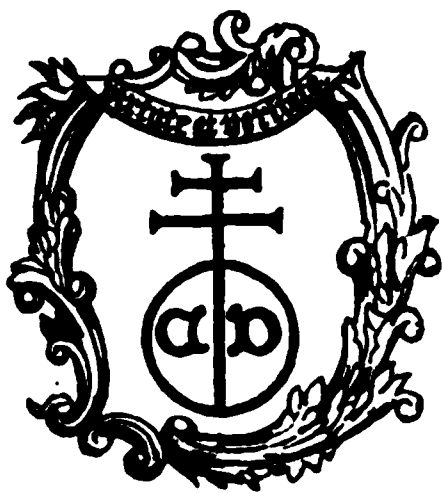
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DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. VI.

AUGUST 1, 1845.

VOL. II.

A RETROSPECTIVE PROSPECTUS.

WE have been reproached for that, in the first number of this Magazine, of which we here commence the Second Volume,—we declined to make any statement of the principles upon which the new publication was to be conducted. We were unwilling to make professions which might not be realized. And although certain ourselves of the talent of the writers who had offered us their services, we knew not whether their views would tally with the views of those who would be our readers; and we were, therefore, reluctant to raise hopes which might be disappointed. Although looking principally for the support of English Catholics, we were resolved to write in no exclusive spirit: we were resolved that our papers should not be entirely devoted to religious matters—should not appeal to the English Catholic as if he were of a caste apart from the rest of his fellow citizens. At the bar, on the bench, in parliament, in general society, the Catholic is now a member of a stirring community; and as a member of a stirring community we had resolved to address him. In the temporal concerns of life, his interests were those of his neighbours. We wished to promote the union of kindly feeling, rather than to keep up the divisions engendered in days of persecution, of jealousy, and of distrust.

Such were the principles on which we had resolved to conduct

the literary department of our new Magazine. We had secured that religion should be fully represented in its pages, but in a manner that should, if possible, promote good will, gentlemanly feeling and charity—sentiments which were akin to pure religion, rather than those which were opposed to it. Believing our own faith to be true, we regretted that others did not hold it also: but we were prepared to give those who differed from us credit for that honesty and sincerity which we expected they would not deny to ourselves.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the present social relations of England, must be aware how difficult would be the endeavour to conduct a periodical publication, *in the interests of ANY sect*, on the enlarged principles we had laid down for our guidance. We claim honour to Catholic writers that they have enabled us to do so. But knowing the difficulties of our position, we would not, in our opening number, rashly pledge ourselves to surmount them. We have surmounted them: and with the experience of the past, we here, on commencing our Second Volume, feel ourselves warranted in asserting what has hitherto been our object, and in declaring that we now entertain no doubt of being able to carry it out.

In order to satisfy the enquiries of anxious friends, and to supply for the absence of any prospectus or profession of faith in our first number, we have from time to time printed the opinions with which we have been greeted by the contemporary press. We were not unwilling that the conductors of that press should strip off the disguise which might conceal us from the general reader, and we gladly adopted the exposition, which they so kindly deduced, of our principles. On the same plan, we now also avail ourselves of a review of our Fourth Number in *The Yorkshireman* newspaper. We know not who the writer may be: but judging from the few numbers of his paper which we have seen, we are proud of being so esteemed by a writer of such ability. Let no one say that the English press and the English people (however much they may disapprove of particular acts of religionists or of the government) are imbued with a spirit of illiberal sectarianism. The candid manner in which the appearance of what was believed to be a literary organ of

Catholicity in this country, has been generally hailed by these representatives of the popular opinion, is most creditable to the mind of Protestant Churchmen and Dissenters, and must be gratifying, not only to ourselves, but to every Catholic whose opinions we represent.

We beg, therefore, to wind up these professions and an avowal of those principles which, we own, we were fearful of declaring in our first number, with the following extract from *The Yorkshireman*:—and we avail ourselves of the testimony of a Protestant writer the more willingly that our readers might suspect Catholic eulogists of being actuated by a wish to benefit their faith did they strive to promote the success of a co-religionist:—

“DOLMAN’S MAGAZINE, No. IV.—Already has this new claimant for popularity taken its place, in a literary sense, high above its monthly contemporaries. Its theology is wise, grave, but yet essentially and entirely tolerant; and if it represents the opinions of English Catholics, which we believe it does, we should not care were we Catholics ourselves. Indeed, when we observe the gloomy bigotry and lofty arrogance which the Maynooth College bill has called forth in this country among professing Protestants and Christians, we blush for our religious creed, and bend our heads in respect to the more humble spirit of Catholicism as represented and enforced in ‘Dolman’s Magazine.’ Its politics, too, are liberal, without being democratic, well argued, and in language elegantly enforced. But such commendations more particularly apply to its tales and lighter stories. These are infinitely superior to ordinary magazine literature. ‘The Countess Clemence’ is a story of vast power, and must ultimately take its place, when completed, in a very distinguished position among the novels of the day. As Douglas Jerrold would say—it breathes with a *purpose*. ‘The Abbot and the Black Pilgrim’ is a fragment of another character—something in the style of Monk Lewis—but with less of his levity, and savage uncharitableness. In the language of the editor of the Magazine we commend the publication to all our readers, whether Catholic or Protestant, as one ‘that will supply literature to the scholar, theology to the religionist, politics to the statesman, entertainment to the desultory reader:—a work whose object will be to promote kindness and good-will, gentlemanly feeling, and liberality amongst all parties and all sects.’ We can only add to this that if the work does not become a lucrative speculation, the Catholics are unworthy of being represented in the periodical literature of England. To those Protestants who so arrogantly rail against Roman Catholicism we would say,—purchase ‘Dolman’s Magazine,’ were it only to understand what are the tenets, the creed, and the views you so vehemently rail against.”

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER XII.

(Continued from vol. i. page 481.)

"THANKS to St. Martin of Tours!" joyfully exclaimed the Countess Clemence on recognising, through the darkness, the features of Richard Mardan as, panting for breath, he clung to the steps that descended from the pavilion into the water, and seated himself upon one just above the surface of the lake: "Thanks to St. Martin of Tours!" she cried with the first thoughtless feeling of delight; and then as quickly added, in a more anxious tone, "Who sent thee here, good Riccardo?"

"No one, lady," replied the squire. "I pledged the faith of an Irishman that I would assist you. I am here to redeem my pledge."

"Alas! good youth," answered the countess with a feeling of disappointment, the cause of which we need not pause to investigate, "I fear me that, alone, thou canst do little against these prison walls and the jailors of Majone."

"Not if you despond, noble lady: not if that proud spirit which, forgive me for saying so, I believed to live within you, be broken by your imprisonment. But we are not alone, lady. I bear within me a willing heart that never yet failed its owner; and in the cause that now animates me, I reckon surely on the help of good St. Patrick and of all the holy saints of my own country. Will not yours, also, come to the rescue?"

"Thou art, indeed, a gallant youth!" replied the lady Clemence: and making an effort to overcome the tone of disappointment in which she had first spoken, and which he had evidently noted, she repeated, "Thou art a gallant youth: and full soon, I foretell, wilt thou win thy spurs. Nor shalt thou be held back by any want of spirit in Clemence of Catanzaro. Thou hast judged of me rightly. The soul I bear within me is ready for any high enterprise. If courage and truth can break through this prison, I feel that, with thee to help me, I shall not linger here long."

"Thanks, noble countess," replied the squire reverently kissing the gloved hand she held towards him. Both were silent for a few moments: for the lady felt some awkwardness in enquiring into the plans of the squire without asking whether they were sanctioned or instigated by his patron: and engrossed with thoughts of the Baron of Taverna, she saw not how she could

discuss schemes of escape without mentioning his name. This, however, was a passing weakness. She soon rallied her natural high and light spirit, and gaily inquired—

“Well, my brave champion, how is it to be?”

“I know not, as yet, noble lady,” replied the Irishman. “I am here to offer you my life, were it needed: and to concert with you a plan for your deliverance. My lord is still in Italy. I have sent word to him how the High Admiral has betrayed you and him and others. Were he here, I doubt not he would gather his followers and overpower the garrison: but if I could release you before he comes, I should be very proud.—”

And in the bright moonlight, she saw tears almost start to his eyes as the youth looked up to her with a fine open expression of self-reliance and devotion.

“Indeed, good Riccardo, I should much prefer to recover my freedom without violence or bloodshed:—to show that a woman and a squire can outwit the cunning Admiral. How, then, is it to be?”

“I have quartered my horse and those of three troopers—and one of them is a right noble destrier, fit to save a princess—at a house near the little church of San Giovanni: and could you but get across the water, you could easily outspeed all pursuit,” suggested the youth.

“If I were but a bird or a fish for five minutes!” ejaculated the countess gaily; but still in a voice little raised above a whisper.

“I have looked all round on the side of the Chase,” continued Riccardo, “in the hope that a boat might lie hid under the boughs: but not a plank is there.”

“What a pity that I never learned to swim!” said the lady half-seriously. “I can mount a charger and even wield a lance almost as well as my kinswoman Dame Eremburga herself. I wish I had ever been taught to swim!”

“Would to heaven you had!” sighed the squire. “But say lady,” he continued, while even the whisper in which he spoke showed that his voice was grown somewhat tremulous—“say lady; have you seen the vision that walks the terraces of the Favara?”

“What vision?” asked the countess.

“You saw how I crossed the lake e’en now under the shelter of the bough. I had swam to this pavilion the night before last also: and had just landed on these steps, when an awful apparition, in strange unknown armour, glided along the bridge from the palace. It drew near the pavilion. As you may well suppose, I was too fearful to meet it: and so I dived down close beside the stone work, and scarcely kept my mouth above the

water. Of course, I could not see anything: but I heard the rattle of a chain as the figure glided into the pavilion; and many a sigh, that betokened a spirit ill at ease, broke from it just above my head. I have learned this morning, from the people about, that it is the ghost of a Saracen chief, and that it ever haunts the galleries of the palace: and that the soldiers are fearful of mounting guard lest it come across their watch. I wish to heaven, God would damn the infidel dog at once! However, luckily the convent bell told that it was midnight: and the sound of the chains retreating announced that it was leaving the bridge. I said a few prayers, and then swam back as fast as I could to the other side."

"Thou art a brave youth to have come again, after such a fright!" said the Countess enthusiastically.

"I own I was afraid to venture again last night," said the Irishman. "But I had sworn to help you; and my conscience was ill at ease under my cowardice. I only wish the accursed ghost would show itself now! But they never appear to two people at once."

"It will certainly not show itself while I am with thee," exclaimed the Countess laughing exceedingly. Mardan murmured something which shewed that he disliked her merriment; and this only made her laugh the more. At length, she checked herself, for she had been almost choked by the necessity of keeping her mirth within such compass that it could not reach the years of the sentinels on the terrace.

"Listen, good Riccardo," she said at length; "and excuse me that I laugh at the success of my plot. I am the ghost!"

"You!"

"I myself. I remembered some legend that the Favara was haunted by the spirit of a Saracen—as, in fact, almost every castle in Sicily is said to be: and I determined to raise the ghost myself in the hope that I might disappear some night with it."

"Oh, what a brave idea!" cried the squire joyfully.

"It has answered thus far, at all events," continued the lady: "although if thou hadst been less true, I might have lost thy services. All the soldiers on guard believe in me. But it is now getting late: and to avoid suspicion, I must return. Meet me here to-morrow night at the same hour: and think, in the meanwhile, what thou canst devise. I myself will send the lady Catherine to the queen to ask her to supply me with a barge that I may spend some weary hours in fishing on the lake. Her guards will go with me, even if it is granted: that I know: but perchance the boat may be left within thy reach at night: and, if so, it may be useful. Farewell brave Mardan: the saints protect thee."

She moved briskly back to the palace; and delighted her more timid companion by telling her that she had met with a champion through whose aid she had good hope of recovering the liberty of them both.

CHAPTER XIII.

That same evening, the Baron of Taverna had returned to Palermo. He had deferred his arrival till nightfall that the lateness of the hour might excuse his not making any report to the King and Majone, of the results of his expedition to Bari, until he should have had an opportunity of consulting his kinsman, the archbishop, on their present mutual position. Gladly would he have taken some immediate active step towards the liberation of the countess: but prudence bade him do nothing rashly, and first to learn full particulars of her capture from his squire, Mardan, and concert with him a mode for her deliverance. Richard Mardan, however, was not to be found. He was vainly inquired for in his master's residence in Palermo. He had disappeared, a few days before, with three of the best mounted troopers; and had not since been heard of.

We think that we have already stated that the old cathedral and archiepiscopal residence were situated beyond the western horn of the Kalah or port of Palermo, and, consequently, beyond the tongue of land on which stood the more strongly fortified heart of the city. Beyond the old gate of Santa Agata, our hero slowly rode in the dusk of the evening, and skirted the little river Papireto and the beautiful bay, formed by its junction with the sea, until the broad mass of the cathedral loomed before him in the twilight. The palace of the primate adjoined it: and much did the Baron of Taverna marvel at the military aspect that now surrounded its peaceful cloisters. Men-at-arms kept guard before the principal entrance; mounted troopers came and went in haste; and the whole residence bore more of the characteristics proper to the castle of a feudal chieftain than to the house of a peaceful prelate. Two or three of the most powerful barons of the island, followed by strong escorts of armed retainers, left the palace, in different companies, ere Taverna had gained the inner apartments and spoken to the trusted chamberlain of his kinsman.

"What mean all this warlike show and funeral solemnity, good Roberto?" he anxiously inquired. "How fares his reverence?"

"Ill, my lord," replied the faithful follower: "confined to his bed; and that by foul practices. But he has inquired impatiently for your signoria; and I must pray you to allow me to conduct you to him without delay."

They passed on through several apartments where anxious retainers—soldiers and clergy—were mingled together in whispering groups. Beyond, in a small room overlooking the gardens and the bay, the Archbishop Hugo lay on a wide pillowed couch. A lamp, fed by aromatic oil, scented and partially lighted the apartment: but the broad rays of the moon eclipsed its feeble light, and falling upon the venerable head of the prelate, shewed his features worn and distorted in a manner that shocked Taverna as much as it surprised him.

“I thank God, thou art come at last, Matteo,” exclaimed the sick man with feverish eagerness. “I trust thou hast not induced the nobles of Italy to succumb to the traitor?”

“I rejoice that your reverence has seen through his wiles,” replied the baron, devoutly kissing the hand of the prelate: “though I fear me he has already wrought disloyally upon you.”

“Disloyally! no boy: he has acted according to his nature: and as there was no loyalty in it, he could not belie it. I was a fool to believe and trust him: and he has poisoned me for my pains.”

“I well believe that he may have wished to do so: but I trust that he has not succeeded in his base attempt;” observed Taverna soothingly.

“I know not: I know not:” insisted the archbishop. “He poured poison into my goblet; that the Arabian mediciner has proved. Whether his skill will avail to raise me up from this couch of pain, rests with God to determine. Dost know how it came to pass? No. Listen then; and be prepared to act the part of a man. Thou hast been too easily led heretofore: thou must now learn to lead others. He was urging forward the conspiracy thou knowest of, when I was moved, by the old suspicions, to doubt the honesty of his intentions towards the boy, Ruggiero. I questioned him. He almost avowed that his plan was to obtain possession of the child that he might exercise the sovereign power himself. I knew that neither Normans, Saracens, nor Italians, would submit to this; and I protested against it. He saw he could not bend my resolve; invited himself to sup with me; and poisoned me. It seems the dose was not strong enough, or the leech was too well skilled; for I am still alive. How long I may be permitted to continue so, is now the question.”

“Deem you, then, he would again attempt your life?”

“Aye, that do I, cousin: deemest thou that a serpent will ever grow into a dove? He has made other attempts: but I am now too well-guarded. His creatures are not admitted: and the pretended healing possets he sends me are thrown to the dogs—who die of them. But it cannot stop here. He is work-

ing against me with the king. Ill as I am, William has not scrupled to send to claim some pretended debts of old standing—first-fruits of the see, or sacrilegious claims never made before. This shows the mind of the king. What can I do? No attempt to justify myself would be of avail. By secret means or by open calumny, Majone will have my life. I hate bloodshed;—I loathe murder: but he is above all human law; and self-defence is the law and the right of nature. Either Majone or I must die.”

“Your hand on it, monsignore,” exclaimed the Baron of Taverna. “I, too, have discovered his treacheries; and have pledged myself, to the lords of Italy, to remove the usurper. With your sanction, I go into the work joyfully,”

“Joyfully no,” said the prelate. “It is a sad necessity. But the king will not receive my explanations: and neither the justice of heaven nor of man demands that I should lie here and await till the poisoner find means to accomplish his purpose upon me. I must defend myself by the weapons he has himself selected, since no others are left to me. Arouse then our friends. I have seen many. I am convinced that we were deluded: that the villain does aim at the dethronement of his sovereign in order that he may usurp his crown. Sure proof has been brought to me. If Majone cannot be displaced without removing the king to make way for the boy in the manner we had planned, it must be done: but, perhaps, the plan of the Italian barons had better be tried first. Gather all against Majone. His death or exile must be secured.”

“Doubt me not, monsignore. None will more willingly arm against him,” said the baron rising.

“Aye: but it must be done quickly, I tell thee,” insisted the sick man. “Else while thou art arming thy followers, I may be put out of the way. Collect thy people, an thou wilt: but keep thine own sword loose in its scabbard. My life may depend upon the ready hand of a single friend. In such a case, will thine fail me?”

“Never, never, my lord!” exclaimed Taverna with fervour.

“May God bless thee, my son!” sighed the archbishop: “and may He not lay to our charge what we are compelled to do. Heaven knows that I am moved by no feeling of anger or personal revenge; and that if law and justice could protect innocence, deeds of violence would be far from my thoughts. But while the world is what it is, we must meet it with its own tools. Now leave me, Taverna. See all the friends thou canst. Get them to arm and to join thee: but, above all, be on the alert: and take heed to thine own self if thou hast any cause to dread his anger. He will not spare thee if he distrusts thee.”

A violent spasm of pain here came on ; and with many words of sympathy and of caution to the chamberlain, the Baron of Taverna left the sufferer in the hands of his attendants.

CHAPTER XIV.

The following day was spent by our hero in removing himself and his followers from Palermo to his castle of Cacabo, in the neighbourhood of the city ; in collecting around him all the vassals he could assemble at the shortest notice ; and in arming and fortifying that important stronghold. Couriers were sent by him to all the other barons whom he deemed he could arouse against the High Admiral : and every precaution was taken to defend himself and his partisans from the wiles of the treacherous minister. Nor, amid all these cares, was the state of the Countess of Catanzaro forgotten. Richard Mardan was, indeed, sought after in vain : but every inquiry was made into the present position of the lady and the state of the Favara palace and of its garrison ; and plans were laid for her deliverance on the following morning by force of arms. Matteo of Taverna appeared to have, indeed, assumed a new character ; and in casting aside the wavering temper which had been engendered by the false position in which he had placed himself in a moment of ambitious weakness, to have suddenly put on a sternness of determination which was, perhaps, equally foreign to his nature.

It may well be supposed that the arrival of the royal envoy in Palermo and his subsequent retreat to his castle without having reported to the king the result of his mission, could not be overlooked by so jealous a minister as was Giorgio Majone. He had been early informed of all his movements :—of his nocturnal visit to the archbishop, and of the forces he was collecting at Cacabo. Such conduct told the history of his mission ; told that he had leagued with those whom he was sent to appease and with the late fellow-conspirator on whom poison had failed to do its work. When, therefore, the minister saw the Lady Catherine, the companion of the Countess Clemence, enter the apartment in which he sat with Queen Margaret and crave for favours and a less restricted prison for her noble mistress, all the bitter feelings which had risen up within him against his rebellious son-in-law, all his own and Corazza's jealousy of the Countess, rushed to his remembrance and urged him to gratify the first movement of spite and disappointment.

“The lady would have a barge to take her pleasure in on the Bahira, would she !” he tauntingly cried when the young girl had timidly given her message. “I doubt not she would ! Such a barge might enable her to take her pleasure beyond the

Bahira, likewise: and her fancies must not be entrusted to her own wild keeping. I gather from what you say, mistress, that she has already more freedom than befits one who, either by herself or her friends, is rising in arms against her sovereign. Your grace," he continued, turning to the queen, "knows to whom I allude: and methinks it would be as well to prevent this young messenger from going back and reporting to her mistress what she will doubtless hear spoken of by many."

"Sooth to say, the Favara is a dull place for one so young," observed the queen. "Thou shalt stay with me, child, instead of returning to it."

"Oh noble lady, let me return to my sweet friend!" implored the young girl passionately. "The old place is, indeed, dull: but how much worse it will be to her without me!"

"I trust that in a few days she, also, may be able to leave it," continued Queen Margaret. "Meanwhile thou shalt remain and attend upon me."

A female in waiting was called, and the weeping messenger was given over into her charge. The queen and Majone continued their conference.

Meanwhile, dull and anxious were the hours spent by the Countess Clemence in anticipation of the return of her messenger. At first, she had been all hope that her prayer would be granted for instant admittance to the queen in order that she might meet whatever charge was against her. Then had succeeded an hour or two of despondency. Then again she imagined that the lesser favour of the pleasure-boat could not be denied her: and many a plan was formed in which the boat was to be the means of freeing her from wearisome thralldom. The day passed away—still Cattarina returned not; and no messenger summoned her to the Alcazar as she had fondly anticipated at first. She grew excited and feverish. She cast down the framework in which she was embroidering a sash in the richest silks of Constantinople, and hurried out to pace the bridge and to see whether aught could be observed stirring from the pavilion in the lake. She stepped upon the terrace which, as we have explained, ran along the whole length of the front of the Favara, just above the water. A sentinel advanced towards her from each end, and intimated to her, civilly but firmly, that she was not to pass to the bridge.

Our heroine was too high-minded to expostulate with servants who, she well knew, but obeyed the orders of their superiors. She returned to her apartments and resumed her embroidery. More regularly and carefully than ever, she plied her needle. Her whole soul seemed to be engrossed in the work before her. It was, in truth, but a vent to her anxiety:—a means she

adopted to keep herself bodily quiet while she thought over this new change in the conduct of her enemies. Long and bitterly she thought: and he who could have looked into the soul of that gentle-minded woman, would have seen stern resolve and contempt of danger gradually rise up and possess its every faculty. She was not one to be cast down by difficulties: and she doubted not that, if she was true to herself, some means would be found for her deliverance.

She prayed long and fervently. The lightest hearts are ever the most pious: and her lively and hopeful disposition originated as much in the feeling of God within her, as in natural light-heartedness and a happy temperament.

The eunuch who usually waited upon her, brought in her afternoon meal. She had gained the good-will of the poor slave by her kindness and condescension: and he looked sad when he saw her seat herself at the table. She observed that he did so, and a sudden thought came over her:—

“Is this food safe?” she asked. “Thou wilt not deceive me, Hassan: may I eat in safety?”

“Oh si—si—noble lady,” responded the African cheerfully. “The viands have not been practised upon. I only looked sad to think that you can have little appetite after losing the Signorina Cattarina and being forbidden to take any exercise.”

“Wherefore is this change made, good Hassan?” she asked.

“I know not, Signora Contessa. But the guards are doubled in the Favara. There is some talk of a rising amongst the barons.”

“I drink to their success, Hassan,” she said, taking a small goblet of wine. “Thou seest that I mean to bear my imprisonment with a light heart.”

“Do so, noble lady. It is good that you should keep up your strength for whatever may chance.”

The meal was soon over. The attendant withdrew. The sun fell lower on the horizon. The hours of evening came on. But few would pass away ere that appointed for her meeting with Richard Mardan would come round. And even then, would she be permitted to cross the bridge to the pavilion at which he would expect her? Would the new guards be more watchful over the face of the waters, and discover the approach of her sole humble champion? Perhaps their vigilance might abate at night, and both she and the squire be able to elude it. This was her only hope. She would not tempt them by offering unnecessarily to exceed the limits assigned to her. She would stay within her apartments; and, perhaps, they would think her resigned.

Hour after hour passed on. The sun was set. The short-

lived twilight had also disappeared. She rose gently and peered through the lattice. The eternal guards were there. Like a guilty thing, she drew back and again hurried to her couch. How her heart beat! Audibly. After a while, she rose and dismissed her only female attendant for the night. She removed the lamp into a darkened closet, that those hateful sentinels might think it extinguished and that she was retired to her rest:—for there were no shutters in those days to prevent the glimmer of the flame from within. But in the bright moon-beams, her rooms were still sufficiently light for her to find her way about them. Again she noiselessly stepped, on tiptoe, to the window. There still paced the weary sentries:—nay, they had been changed; for she now recognised one of those whom she had before often marked. He was at the further end of the terrace. A change of guard betokened a vigilant watch through the night. She had not a chance of passing unnoticed to the pavilion! And yet, if she missed this appointment, how could she, unaided, escape from her persecutors? With a feeling akin to despair, she drew back from the casement and threw herself on her couch. Two more weary hours passed on. All was silence around save the measured tread of the sentry. Midnight was near at hand.

The soldier Giacomo, whose account of the vision he had seen on a former evening we have before listened to, had begun his midnight watch. He strove to think that he had now no fear of the apparition, for it had not been seen on the night before. Besides, the sentries were now doubled: and he secretly felt that he should derive a great accession of valour from the guard at the other end of the terrace. Valiantly, therefore, he went to his post, and cheerily he gazed at the moon and at the stars above. Objects underneath them were less distinctly marked, and it was some while ere he ventured to examine them. But he soon began to whistle, scarce audibly, an old Northman lay, to prove his valour to himself as he peered into the lights and shadows that lay upon the lake and the surrounding scenery. All was still. Not a breath was stirring. And no single object met his trembling gaze that he was not able to define, recognize, or account for after three or four more and more prolonged glances. He shouldered his arms and began to swagger, up and down the terrace, with a devil-me-care bearing. Suddenly, the sound of a bell reverberated on the darkened air. He started. It was repeated: and he recognized the midnight call to prayer from the neighbouring monastery. He smiled contemptuously as he thought how a coward would have been frightened by it; and he resumed his measured tread.

Suddenly, he heard an unearthly sound as of the rattle of

chains. It must be—it was the same! He only half-turned his head over his shoulder (for he was going, at the time, in the opposite direction) and there, sure enough, was the image of the Saracen emir:—his unearthly solemnity of gait—his round concave buckler—his awful turban—his terrific spear. One glance was sufficient. With little of military precision, he continued his walk away from the advancing ghost. Quicker and quicker he strided to the furthest end of the balcony: and there leaned against the rail, while he muttered prayer after prayer, and cut the air into shivers by the frequent signs of the cross he made upon his breast.

The bridge to the pavilion was midway between the two ends of the balcony: and the rattle of the chains seemed to die away along it. The soldier Giacomo wished for no better exit to the ghost: and manfully repeated his prayers as he leant upon the balustrade and gazed, with starting eye-balls, on the marble pavement beneath his feet. The sounds died away. In a quarter of an hour, he again raised his head and looked timidly around him. He neither saw nor heard anything to disturb the awful stillness of the hour and place. He resumed his walk; but, as may be well presumed, he turned back ere he reached the bridge branching off to the pavilion.

On the steps of that pavilion, half-immersed in the water, Richard Mardan had ensconced himself before the convent bell had tolled. He had soon recovered his wind and had laid the myrtle bough on the water beside him. He, too, had heard the startling call to prayer: he, too, heard the jangle of the chain as it slowly advanced along the bridge nearer and nearer to the pavilion. A peevish muttered oath against unseasonable mummery died upon his lips, and the vision of the slaughtered Saracen stood beside him.

“Riccardo,” gently whispered a voice.

“I am here, lady,” he answered. “But wherefore this disguise to-night?”

“To keep faith with thee and to escape. Knowest thou not the guards are doubled and that my prison-bounds are narrowed?”

“I knew that some fresh men-at-arms had been sent into the Favara, and I feared for you the more, lady.”

“Listen, brave Riccardo,” said the Lady Clemence. “For some reason the guards are doubled and vigilant. I know not what time we may have to speak. I had need to come thus or not at all. Now say, frankly:—hast thou devised any plan for my deliverance?”

“Alas! I have been able to perfect nothing more. I hoped to hear that you had obtained the fishing boat.”

"There is no hope of it. Cattarina, too, is detained from me: so that I have only myself to encumber thee withal. Are thy horses in readiness?"

"At a moment's notice. Would that your signoria were on the other side, to try their speed!"

"It depends on thee to place me there," said the countess. "Darest thou entrust thy life to my courage?"

"I dare any thing to save you, lady."

"Answer not rashly. Hast thou, I ask thee solemnly, hast thou that opinion of my courage and presence of mind that thou wilt stake thy life upon it?"

"So help me God and St. Patrick, I am yours!" answered the youth fervently.

"If I misdoubted myself, believe me that I would not expose thee to the danger," continued Clemence. "I must escape from the Favara as thou hast come to it."

"You cannot swim, lady!" expostulated Mardan.

"Nor sink, with thee and a brave heart to bear me up. Listen. I was brought up with brothers. I have lived near the sea. Thou knowest how the people of this country pride themselves on their swimming. I have heard enough of it, to know that every one can swim who does not fear to sink. I tell thee, Irishman, that I fear nothing in the attempt to escape from this place. Not only do I consider my life in danger here, but my pride rebels at the manner in which I allowed myself to be entrapped."

"Still noble lady—"

"Hist. Let me tell thee my plan. Thou shalt then aid me or not as thou wilt. I know enough of the art of swimming to know that a swimmer can buoy up and guide through the water any person who will hold a stick and float passively in his wake. The only danger is that the unskilled follower may become frightened and cling to the swimmer so as to hinder him from using his limbs. I believe myself to have resolution enough to lie passive in the deep water. If thou wilt trust me, the only pledge I ask of thee is to let go the stick by which I shall hold on, if thou seest that I am growing fearful and am likely to catch hold of thee in my terror. Promise me that, if I offer to do so, thou wilt leave me to sink."

"Let us start, noble countess: let us start at once!" cried the Irishman delighted. "The holy Virgin inspires the scheme. Let me seek for a pole for you to cling to."

"The half of this lance will suffice," said the lady. "Break it across thy knee; under the water, to deaden the sound. See; now I will tie this kerchief over this hollow Saracen buckler. I will hold it in my left hand and it will help to buoy me up."

Lie there, thou infidel badge," she said, taking off the turban. "Though thou hast served me a good turn thus far, I preferred to swim and ride in a close iron scull-cap that I also found in the heap of old armour in the tower. Now, Irishman, in the name of the blessed Mother of God, let us start. I shall not speak again till we are on the other side. Lead me whither thou wilt: I trust in thee: if need be, let go thy hold of the lance, and I will sink silently to the bottom, trusting in God."

She went down the steps of the pavilion and, without hesitation, entered the water. She stood on the lowest step and a sign answered the squire's look of inquiry to see if she were ready. Both made the holy sign of the cross devoutly on their breasts: and then the Irishman struck boldly out into the deep water. He was obliged to leave his myrtle bough; the hand that had before upheld it being now engaged with the broken lance to which clung his precious charge. With the other arm, he laboured manfully along. Few were better swimmers than Richard Mardan; and good need he had to put forth all his energy. But the countess behaved nobly. From the time when he wafted her from the steps of the pavilion into the deep water, she moved not a limb nor drew a breath through her mouth. Scarcely her lip quivered in prayer.

Mardan was obliged to keep the pavilion, as long as possible, between himself and the sentinels on the palace. When he could no longer avail himself of the shelter it interposed, he turned himself on his shoulders and rested for a few seconds. Fearful, however, that the strength of his charge might give way, he soon again struck out and steered, in the most direct line, to the little grassy beach where he purposed to land. The moon shone bright overhead and, fortunately for the fugitives, gleamed upon many a white cygnet and strange waterfowl that scudded from them as they disturbed its lazy career. Had a guard from the Favara perceived them, he could not have distinguished their heads from the floating water-birds and the masses of gorgeous lily around.

And now they neared the bank: and still the countess kept her hold. An old family legend had first inspired her with the thought of attempting to escape by this means. She had severely questioned herself of her resolution and strength of mind before she resolved to adopt it; and she now thanked heaven that she had not over estimated her courage. As Richard Mardan rose upon the beech, she rested her knees upon the gravel; and still in the water, fervently returned thanks to the Almighty power who had preserved her through so strange an adventure.

The Irishman led her some little distance beside the walls

that skirted the chase: and then left her amid some myrtle and arbutus bushes while he went to fetch his horses. In half an hour, he returned on horseback, followed by two mounted troopers who led a fourth horse saddled and caparisoned.

"My men were all ready. They are faithful and vigilant. Whither, lady, will you ride?" he asked as he assisted her into the saddle.

"To my uncle's castle—to Mistretto, brave youth," answered the countess.

They all put spurs in their horses and were soon out of sight. Before the break of day, the bugle at the bars of the castle of Mistretto reechoed the cheering summons of the Countess of Catanzaro.

CHAPTER XV.

Late on the same evening on which the Countess Clemence thus effected her escape from that imprisonment which had had the effect of drawing away the Baron of Taverna from the party of the High-Admiral and firmly binding him to the leaguers, Majone took his way towards the archiepiscopal residence. It was true that he had attempted to poison the primate: but he had done so under the guise of friendship; and nothing had openly occurred between them to occasion a cessation of the usual courtesies of life. He had, therefore, no reason to abstain from visiting his sick friend, and many motives urged him to do so;—the principal one of which was—that the said friend did not die fast enough.

The character of the High-Admiral was so strangely composed of frankness, deceit, and villainy, that we never approach it without fearing lest the reader should reproach us with outraging humanity by sketching impossible features. We can only say that the events we are about to relate actually occurred A.D. 1160.

The same or similar groups of anxious retainers and friends surrounded the dwelling of the archbishop or thronged its walls as had greeted the Baron of Taverna on the preceding evening. All inwardly cursed the great minister as he made his way through them; but all retired with more or less anxiety either to escape from his observation or from closer contact with him. His greeting of the chamberlain, Roberto, was so frank and cordial that that functionary wanted presence of mind to debar him from the chamber of his lord: and the admiral closely followed him thither without permitting himself to be announced.

"Caro Hugo!" he exclaimed to the sick prelate: "forgive the familiarity of my address, dear monsignore, but it touches me to the heart to see you in this plight."

The archbishop turned away his head in disgust.

"Rejoiced I am to see so many friends and followers in attendance around you," continued Majone. "This is not such a wicked world, after all! The sympathy your friends show for you proves that a good man is prized—even in this life."

"Do not leave the room, Roberto!" cried the archbishop to his chamberlain.

"No, do not leave us, good Roberto;" said the admiral. "I have brought here a medicine prepared by the most skilful mediciner of Italy; and you shall administer it to his reverence. Sure I am that it will soon restore him to his wonted health."

"I am deeply beholden to your lordship; but I had rather decline it," said the sick man in a tone and with a look of concentrated and bitter irony.

"You are too fond of the infidel Saracens, monsignore; I shall really suspect that you are only half a Christian," persisted Majone jestingly. "I never trust those Saracen leeches myself. One cannot be certain that they have a conscience."

"Roberto;" cried the archbishop: "come hither. Here to this side of the couch. Stoop down. It is poison," he whispered. "I know it is poison; and he will force me to swallow it. Send and summon Taverna or some other kinsman: tell them, for the love of heaven, to come and save me."

The chamberlain left the couch hastily.

"Send in the Bishop of Syracuse before you go," cried the sick man. "Did you not say he was in waiting? Send him in. Instantly. Instantly."

"You had really better take this medicament first," persisted Majone: "it will give you strength to enjoy the converse of your friends."

The chamberlain, however, without quitting the room, had, through the half-opened door, made a sign to those in the adjoining apartment: and the Bishop of Syracuse here entered and took a seat beside the pillow of the invalid.

"I am endeavouring to persuade our worthy friend," said the High-Admiral addressing him, "to take a potion which I have had mixed with the greatest care. I saw the leech myself pour it into this flask," and he produced one of gold from the folds of his ample cloak.

"Is not his lordship too kind?" said the archbishop to his friend in the sarcastic humour that comes over some men when ill.

"Indeed I fear that the stomach of his reverence is too weak to permit him to take anything at this hour;" observed the Bishop of Syracuse.

"Set it down on the table, good admiral," said the archbishop, emboldened by the vicinity of the other prelate, and feeling that

no violence would be attempted in his presence. "Set it down on the table and I will swallow it to-morrow. Will not that be soon enough?"

"As you will: as you will," ejaculated Majone with seeming carelessness. "I will carry back the precious medicine with me: but you are ill-advised, per Bacco! Let us talk of other matters. The king presses you hard for some pretended debt, as I have heard."

"I thought your lordship had heard of it!" sarcastically remarked the sick man.

"Why, caro archivescovo, ye know that Giorgio Majone hears of every thing that the king does; and that his enemies charge him with instigating every harshness."

"Poor injured man!" sighed the archbishop.

"Indeed it is time that our scheme were put into execution," persisted Majone. "What says Matteo of Taverna? You have seen him since his return?"

"He heard of my illness and, as a kinsman, hastened to inquire after me," replied the primate.

A fit of spasmodic suffering here came on—perhaps the show of it was rather encouraged by the archbishop in order to break off a conversation that might implicate his relative. It effectually prevented the continuation of the dialogue. Majone proposed to the Bishop of Syracuse to administer his boasted potion while the invalid was in this almost senseless state: but to this, the other strenuously objected. Foiled and angry, the High-Admiral at length withdrew.

The chamberlain Roberto, meanwhile, had been on the point of sending messengers to the Baron of Taverna and other friends of his patron, when the young lord rode up to the gate of the archbishop's palace.

"For God's sake, my lord," cried the chamberlain, "put an end to this. Majone is with my lord, and trying to make him swallow some fresh poisonous drug. His life is not sure for an hour."

Taverna half drew his sword from the scabbard. "As well do it now, as later!" he cried; and was pushing forward.

"Not in my lord's presence," said the chamberlain: "besides he has his friends and followers in the adjoining room. But what better time could you have than as he returns home? You could come upon him in the shadows of the streets."

"Dost take me for a dastard murderer!" exclaimed Taverna angrily.

Another noble Sicilian here rode up to our hero, and his conversation with the servant of the archbishop was broken off. But the new comer was not one likely to tame down the excited

feelings of the baron: it was Guglielmo Count of Lesina—a man of a stern and fierce temper, and one of the most violent enemies of the admiral. The two rode aside together.

Half an hour later, Majone, preceded and followed by a large body of friends and of servants carrying torches, was making his way towards the gate of Santa Agata on his return to his tower of Baych. With many a laugh and witty jest at the good-nature of the admiral who had allowed himself to be foiled of the object with which he had visited the archbishop, and which seemed to be pretty accurately surmised, the escort came boisterously onwards. Suddenly, one hastened back and whispered to the minister that the street was lined with groups of men in the colours of the Baron of Taverna and the Count of Lesina. Majone turned pale: but after a few moments' consideration, he said, "It is too late to retreat. We are a strong body, also. Go and greet the Baron of Taverna on my part, and bid him to come to me," he said to the man who had brought the information.

The message was repeated to our hero, who stood beside the gate-way with the Count of Lesina.

"We are discovered friend," cried the latter. "On him, at once!"

Both set spurs to their chargers, and Taverna soon came in sight of the bulky admiral.

"Here I am, traitor, villain, poisoner!" he cried. "Here I am, thou monster of all wickedness, thou dishonourer of thy king! Draw and defend thyself."

He struck at him furiously with his sword; but the admiral had also drawn. He was a good swordsman and he easily parried the blow. A few more were interchanged. They were well matched; but the youth and skill of the younger man prevailed; and Giorgio Majone fell to the earth—dead: while, strange to say, the whole company of his friends and followers fled from his side without having raised an arm in his defence.

We must request the reader not to admit any feeling of ill-will against our hero for this act of "wild justice." Such were the manners of those centuries to which some look back with such fond regret. Our next chapter will show in what light the deed he had done was considered by the nobles and the people of the kingdom.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

IMPORTANCE OF PAPAL BULLS AS HISTORICAL RECORDS.

I. AT the origin of Christianity, literature and the arts were in the highest state of cultivation ; the Roman empire had reached its greatest extent, and the ferocious tribes that dwelt round its frontier had sullenly retired within their borders, so that profound peace reigned among nations. But this tranquillity did not last long. Indolence and ease, luxury and pleasures, while they corrupted the minds of the poet, the statesman, and the sage, enervated the strength and sapped the valour of the soldier. Letters and art, from becoming too refined, degenerated into unnatural conceits and barbarism. The peace of the empire was shaken ; barrier after barrier was broken down ; province after province was lost ; until the torrents of barbarians, joining into one common flood, rolled on irresistibly towards Rome, drowning, in one universal deluge, letters, arts, and civilization.

To an ordinary observer, there seemed no hope of saving even a sorry remnant from this general wreck ; but the ark of the Papacy floated triumphant on the moral deluge, and preserved, with the deposit of faith, the torch of science to enkindle the smouldering ashes of letters and art in surrounding countries. For centuries, we perceive this torch burning steadily and brightly through the thick darkness, and gradually diffusing its light to the uttermost bounds of the earth. Every missionary sent forth from the Church of Rome, was as a spark which ignited the burned out ashes, and burst forth into a blaze.

Such being the case, it is clear that any documents emanating from such a source, must possess the highest interest to every inquirer. Whether examined as treating of faith and discipline, or as records of historical facts, or as works of literature and science, they claim the attention and extort the admiration of the learned. When we consider, too, the power which the Popes held over all Christendom, by being unanimously deemed the feudal lords of all other sovereigns, and the arbitrators in all disputes between states and empires, between kings and people, these documents claim an interest possessed by no other human records. No general history of any kingdom, no particular history of any earlier state, no biography of any great and powerful family, no chronicle of any monastery, no annals of any religious order, can be accurately compiled without consulting them. They define and explain the dogmas of faith and morality ; they defend the truth by condemning error ; they re-establish ancient laws and discipline ; they repress the violence of tyrants, and uphold the rights of the oppressed.

Decrees and letters from Rome were received by the prelates assembled in general council with as much reverence as the decrees of the Apostle St. Peter would have been received, had he been seated amongst them. Even the pagan acknowledged their authority; for the emperor Aurelian ordered the case of Paul of Samosata to be referred to the Bishop of Rome. The letters of St. Innocent, in condemnation of Pelagius and Celestine, were received with joy by the fathers of the council of Carthage and Milevi; the Tractoria of St. Zosimus was read with transports of gladness by the council of Africa; and the condemnation of Nestorius and Eutychus by St. Leo was adopted by the council of Chalcedon. By the letters of the Popes, the unjust decrees of bishops were revised; religious orders were established, reformed, and suppressed; universities were endowed and confirmed in their privileges; usurping kings were deposed, and those who had been unjustly deposed were reinstated. Justin the Thracian received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope John I, although he had already been crowned by the patriarch of Constantinople; twenty-eight of his successors imitated his example. With the empire of the West, Leo III transferred the honours and the rights of the Greek monarchs to Charlemagne. In later times, Gregory V confined the right of election to the Germans; Innocent IV reduced the number of electors to seven; and Urban IV forbade the Archbishop of Mayence and the other electors to make Conradin king of the Romans. For two hundred and forty years, the supreme pontiffs deprived Polonia of the rank of kingdom, allowing its rulers to be distinguished by no higher title than that of duke. By a single stroke of his pen, Alexander VI put an end to the disputes between the kings of Spain and Portugal, by defining the boundary of their American conquests.

But the abolition of the feudal system, and the variety of religions introduced in kingdoms and empires, have abrogated this right in the sovereign pontiff, or we should not have had to witness the murders and riots and outrages perpetrated between English and American borderers, regarding the boundary line of their respective territories; nor the murderous warfare between Mexico and Texas. The jurisdiction which the pontiff formerly claimed and exercised, was not an emanation from the spiritual power; but grew out of the necessity of the times. As the sovereign of each state was the feudal lord of the barons within his realm, to whom all appeals were made against the exactions and tyranny of these barons; so the Pope was unanimously considered the feudal lord of these sovereigns, and to him appeal was made against the aggressions of any particular state. As the spawn of the pseudo-reformation had not then

been deposited within the rivers, and shoals of novel sects did not then infest the world, the oneness of faith everywhere professed, added to the harmony of this arrangement. But this is a digression.

Innocent VIII and Alexander VI rendered hereditary the title of Catholic, which had been borne by the kings of Spain from the time of Honorius I. Gregory III conferred the title of most Christian on Charles Martel; and Stephen II on Pepin. It occurs in a bull of John XIII as early as 965. Sylvester II conferred on St. Stephen of Hungary the title of apostolic king. The emperor St. Henry received from Benedict VIII the glorious title of patron and defender of the holy Roman Church; and from Leo X the monster Henry VIII, at that time a Catholic, received the title of defender of the faith, which title many of his successors have enjoyed at the very time that they were sending the professors of that faith to the block, the halter, and the knife. From St. Pius V, Cosimo of Medici received the title of grand duke; and John V, king of Portugal, that of most faithful.

And let not the reader suppose that the pontiffs abused the power entrusted to them, for their own selfish purposes. They sought not to extend their territory, for they have ever been content with their own small patrimony; they strove not to enrich themselves, for, though the treasures of Christendom were poured into their lap, they were freely distributed for the good of religion and the relief of the distressed throughout the world. The propagation of religion, the diffusion of sound morality, the peace of kings, and the happiness of the people, have formed their rule of action. The institution of sanctuaries and the peace of the Church, tended more than any other cause to still the violence of war, and calm the wild passion for revenge which disgraced our ancestors; and their severe denunciations against the practice of duelling, one of the most fashionable vices of modern barbarians, deserve the eternal gratitude of society. How often did they restore peace to Italy, when distracted by faction and civil war? With what firmness did St. Gregory VII repress the lawlessness and insubordination of an emperor, who was fickle in his promises, wavering in his resolutions, and irreligious in his principles! What apostolic zeal, wisdom, prudence, and sanctity, breathe throughout the letters of Innocent III! How the power and grandeur of pagan Rome, acquired by violence, cemented with blood, preserved by treachery, and supported by plunder, dwindles into insignificance, when compared with that mighty empire acquired and preserved by the moral power of Christian Rome! The city of the Cæsars has passed away; but the city of the pontiffs will remain for ever.

As long as the world shall last, the successors of the fisherman will rule the spiritual destinies of the universal Church.

Her armies were not legions armed with battle-axe and sword, but missionaries with crucifix and rosary; no conflagration of towns and villages, no weeping crowds of widows and orphans, marked the progress of the conquerors, but monasteries and hospitals rose up in the wake of these religious invaders. Alms-houses were erected for the aged, hospitals for the sick and the wayfarer, and monasteries for the fervent. The bondsman was raised to a level with his master; the distinction of cast was broken down; the wife was no longer condemned to expire on the funeral pile of her husband; the smoke of human sacrifices no longer rose from Druid altars, and family enmities ceased to descend as an heir-loom from generation to generation. All this we owe to that moral power, to those benevolent yet often imperative decrees, which form the subject of our investigation. Documents invested with greater authority, or arguments possessing greater weight, could not possibly be adduced by the historian, for the technical minutiae and the formularies which accompany them would almost defy the most wily and artful attempts at forgery.

II. REGESTS. Many collections of these documents have been made. In the archives of religious orders, cities, and states, they are to be found; but the Vatican is the great depository, so that its archives may not unaptly be termed the archives of Europe, or rather of the world. For many centuries back, authentic or genuine copies of the most important letters written and received by the pontiffs regarding the affairs of the Christian commonweal, have been therein deposited. The genuineness of the papal letters is attested by the leaden seal appended to them, and in some cases the original autograph letters are themselves preserved: "*Romanis Pontificibus id moris erat, ut epistolarum, quæ ad Christianæ rei utilitatem spectabant, sive illas scripsissent ipsi, sive ab aliis recipissent, authentica exemplaria uno in loco deponerent.*" The letters of John VIII, written in Benevento characters at the close of the tenth century, and those of St. Gregory VII, are the only ones which now remain previous to the pontificate of Innocent III: but from this pontiff to St. Pius V the series is unbroken. These copies, or types, or originals of apostolic letters, are termed Regests. They are of the greatest authority and importance, so that ambassadors have not unfrequently been deputed to the court of Rome to solicit copies of those documents which regarded their respective kingdoms.

The building in which they were kept has various names given to it, in the records and historical documents of the middle

ages. Various derivations are also assigned for the name of regests; but it seems most natural to derive it from the Latin word *regero*, to transcribe, because they consist of authentic transcriptions of the official documents of the Papal court. Macri derives it from the Norman *gister*, to put abed, because public documents are shelved in the registry, and may be said to sleep and lie dormant until they are roused from their dusty slumber by the zeal of the antiquary, or the researches of the historian. Du Cange does not seem to have had an accurate notion either of the nature or the importance of these documents. The reader will consult his glossary without receiving either any very definite or very correct notions on the subject, unless he be satisfied with the vague phrase, "a bundle of papers," *fasciculus chartarum*.

Though the early regests have all perished, there can be no doubt that they were deposited at a very early age in the archives of the churches. Some are of opinion that the collection was begun under St. Anterus, Pope, in 237, as mention is there made of the archives of the Roman Church and of the Lateran register: but whether any other documents than the acts of the martyrs found a place in this collection, must be left to conjecture. Anastasius relates that he collected the acts of the martyrs which had been written by the notaries, and placed them in the church,—that is, in the archives, which were either in the churches themselves or contiguous to them. St. Jerom refers Rufinus to the archives of the Roman Church, to satisfy himself of the authenticity of the letter of Anastasius I to John of Jerusalem. St. Boniface I appeals to the same source ("scrinii nostri munimenta") in proof of the election of Rufus of Thessalonica as vicar of the apostolic see; and we read that Julius I ordered his notaries to collect "causationes (cautiones?) vel instrumenta, aut donationes vel commutationes, vel traditiones, aut testamenta, vel delegationes." At whatever era these collections commenced, it is clear that in the fourth century (St. Julius reigned in 337) there were other documents in the Lateran archives than the acts of martyrs: of the existence of regests in the reign of St. Leo, in 440, there can be no doubt. Cardinal Deusdedit, in his collection of canons, publishes some fragments from the letters of St. Gelasius I, Pelagius I, Honorius I, and of Gregory II or III, which the learned Jesuit Zaccharia has no hesitation in saying were taken from the pontifical regests, although the cardinal has not vouchsafed to inform us of the fact. In 649, during the pontificate of Martin I, Chindasvindus, king of Spain, anxious to procure the first and second part of St. Gregory's book of Morals, sent Tagio, bishop of Saragossa, to obtain it at Rome; but so crowded with docu-

ments were the Lateran archives, that the good bishop found it impossible to discover the object of his search. His piety and zeal, however, were not allowed to go unrewarded; for whilst praying at the tomb of the holy apostle St. Peter, he is said to have seen in a vision a throng of many saints, among whom was St. Gregory, who told him where he would find a copy of his work, near the Confession of St. Peter. Permission to open the place was obtained from the reigning Pope, and, to their great joy, the book was found. Torrigius mentions that this fact was engraved on a marble tablet in the subterranean of St. Peter's, and also in the Vatican library.

To facilitate inquiry and preserve order in such a mass of documents as must of necessity have been accumulated in the Papal archives, the various regests were endorsed, "*ut ad manus quæque facilius haberentur.*" Each bundle, volume, or roll, bore the name of the Pope whose letters it contained; and each document, no doubt, bore the same name as the official bull whose architype it was. The regests of St. Gregory VII, with the exception of two years, still exist in the archives of the Roman court; they were deposited there during his episcopacy, as they are clearly of that period. Innocent III makes mention of the regests of Alexander II; those of Urban II are alluded to by Gregory IX; those of Paschal II by Peter the Deacon; those of Gelasius II and of Lucius II by Honorius III; and those of Honorius II are mentioned in the collection of Cardinal Deusdedit, already alluded to. But the bare memory of their existence alone survives the ravages of time, the carelessness of their guardians, and the havoc of war. The historian must ever regret the loss of these documents, which, like our own state papers, would have tended to throw much light on the most obscure parts of the civil and ecclesiastical polity of the medieval ages. And this regret must be deepened by the knowledge that many of the bulls, of which the regests were the types and the medulla, have perished with the ruin of the monasteries, and the overthrow of the dynasties and states to which they were addressed. Of their value as faithful and unsuspecting records, there can be no doubt; for we find Popes and secular princes alike appealing to their authority. In the sixth year of the pontificate of Innocent IV, he says, in an instrument addressed to the Portuguese monarch, "we have deemed it good to confirm by our bull certain letters found amongst the regests of our predecessors, not hereby wishing to give them any other weight or authority, saving only what they claim as authentic deeds." In the year 1235, there was a great dispute between Wladislaus, duke of Polonia, and Henry; but it was happily terminated without bloodshed by an instrument issued and signed in

full court by Wladislaus; and, in order to give stability and certainty to the arrangement, in case any future dispute should arise, he had the document deposited amongst the Papal regests, “et ad majus facti robur, et evidentiam hæc omnia in registris domini Papæ, domnis episcopis procurantibus redigantur.”

III. COLLECTIONS OF PAPAL BULLS, MATERIAL, CHARACTERS, SEALS, MOTTONS.—Various collections of Papal bulls have been made at different times, and published by order of the Popes. Other collections have been made by canonists, historians of religious orders, and antiquarians: a bare enumeration, much more a critical enumeration of them, would occupy too much of our space. In a crude and imperfect article on this subject in the *Penny Encyclopædia*, the only collection mentioned is that printed at Luxemburg, between 1747 and 1758; and the only bulls alluded to in this collection, as being most celebrated, are “in Cœna Domini et Unigenitus,” which are plainly mentioned for no other purpose than to sneer at the “Romish see.”

The most ancient bulls were written on papyrus, as appears from several of the eleventh century still extant, but after the tenth century, they are generally written on parchment. In the early ages, and even as late as the ninth and tenth centuries, they were written in cursive or running hand, which in succeeding times was found difficult to be understood, for Honorius II, speaking of a privilege granted to a monastery by Alexander II, pronounced it very difficult to read, “non facile legi potest, utpote figuris antiquioribus scriptum.” A small square character succeeded, which was subsequently replaced by the gothic, and this in turn was vitiated by a character imported by certain notaries in the Papal Chancery from their native city Utrecht. The solemn letters of the Pope derived their name from the *seal* of lead or wax attached to them, and not from the Greek word *βουλομας*, as Dr. Foster, in his preface to the *Circle of the Seasons*, erroneously supposes. When heathen gods were worshipped in Rome, and superstitions prevailed among all ages from the cradle to the tomb, it was customary for little children to wear, suspended from the neck, round plates of metal called *bullæ*, inside of which was carved a heart, as a protection against charms. From the similarity of form, the name was transferred from these pagan baubles to the seal which the Roman Pontiffs appended to their solemn letters. The use of a leaden seal may be traced to a very remote period. Maffei declares the practice to have prevailed in the time of John V, anno 685. Ficoroni attributes the origin of it to Adeodatus, anno 669. The genuineness of a seal attributed to Stephen I who was Pope in 258, is very justly suspected. Baronius considers the seal assigned to Leo I. to be in reality a medal struck in commemora-

tion of Attila's retiring from Rome. Vittorelli supposes it to belong to Leo III. Notwithstanding the statement of Mabillon that he had not seen any seal earlier than John V and Sergius I, the Maurists do not hesitate to date their introduction from the third or fourth century. Peter of Orvieto speaking of St. Gregory the Great and the church of St. Agatha which he had consecrated, says, that he had himself seen and had in his hands more than thirty-five privileges written on papyrus, to which a seal was attached, and there is no doubt that these bulls were many of them earlier, and a few later, than the time of St. Gregory.

Many of our readers will remember the dispute which arose 1024, between William, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thurstan of York, regarding primacy. To the first, it was objected that the letters of privileges granted by St. Gregory to his church, which were produced, were not authenticated by the leaden seal used by this Pope and his successors. Thurstan, on the other hand, produced two letters from that Pontiff to St. Augustine, to which were affixed leaden seals; this decided the controversy in his favour. And what reason can be alleged why the Popes should not have adopted the current practice of the fourth and fifth centuries of sealing their letters? Yet critics have been found rash enough to reject as spurious early bulls to which a leaden seal has been appended.

No very ancient instance is recorded of sealing the pontifical letters with wax. The Maurists say that John XV sealed with wax, inasmuch as he occasionally used his ring. But Polidore Virgil does not hesitate to declare that the custom prevailed from the early Popes to St. Agatho inclusively, that is, down to the year 680. In times less remote, briefs were certainly sealed in wax of a red colour, with the fisherman's seal, "*sub annulo piscatoris*," so called because it contained a representation of St. Peter in a boat, casting his net into the sea. Mabillon considers this custom to have prevailed very generally since Celestine III; under Clement IV the practice was certainly very prevalent. Papebroche considers Alexander VI to have been the first who used the fisherman's ring; under Julius III he maintains the practice to have been firmly established. In such great diversity of opinion it is impossible to decide; but we have no hesitation in declaring the custom to have prevailed long anterior to the period assigned by Papebroche.

In the Vatican are preserved impressions of the leaden seals of John V, of Sergius I, and of other Popes; that of Sergius bears the monogram of Christ and his own name. Another seal of the same Pope, mentioned by Ciaconio, bears a cross on one side, and on the other in Greek characters *ΒΟΡΘΗ* CEPTIOU, that

is, *clamor Sergii*. On another the name of St. Peter is added to that of Sergius, which is the first instance on record of a seal bearing the name of the chief of the Apostles. The seals of Zaccary, Stephen II, Leo IV, Benedict III, Nicholas I, and John VIII, are also delineated in the *papyri diplomatici*. One of John VIII bears his own effigy, as does also one of Alexander II, thus affording a plain proof that Eckhart knew little about the matter when he laid it down as a fixed canon, that no seal ever bore the effigy of any Pope. A seal of Pascal II, in 1099, as also one of Clement III, bears the heads of SS. Peter and Paul, separated by a cross, just as at the present day.* Another of Paul II, in 1471, bears full-length figures of these two Apostles on one side, and of the Pope in his pontifical robes on the other; it is a rare and beautiful specimen of art. Occasionally, seals of gold were appended to the pontifical bulls, as to that of Clement VII, in which are described the ceremonies of the coronation of Charles V, emperor of Germany, and to the bull of Leo X, conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on Henry VIII.† The seal was attached to the bull by a silk thread, which was sometimes of a purple, sometimes of a red, and sometimes of a yellow and red colour; silk thread is used when the bull regards matters of grace; a hempen cord when it regards matters of justice.

From the custom which prevailed amongst the ancient Christians of sculpturing, painting, and representing the cross on every object; of signing with it themselves, their garments, their table, their bed, their houses; and of preceding every act with it, as well as with the name of God and his Christ, arose the custom of marking it on the seals of bulls. Boerius conjectures that previous to the use of leaden seals, it was customary to form a circle, divided into quarters by a cross running through the centre; but whatever may have been the origin or cause of the practice, it remained in force long after the use of seals, even down to the seventeenth century. It is difficult to say when the custom of placing a motto or sentence within the circle was first introduced. By some it is supposed to have existed in the early ages of the Church. Papebroche attributes its introduction to Leo IX, who was wont to assume as his motto that verse from Scripture "the earth is full of the mercy of God." "*Misericordia Domini plena est terra.*" The motto of Victor II was "*Ipse est pax nostra,*" and in the quarters of

* Zaccaria (Onomast) declares Urban II to have been the first Pope that sealed bulls with the effigies of the Apostles.

† The seal of the treaty between this monarch and Francis I of France was of gold; and on one side was written, in the Latin tongue, "*Many things are preserved by treaties, every thing by fidelity.*"

the circle were A & Ω, *Jesus Christus*. On the leaden seal attached to his bulls was a half figure of St. Peter, to whom a hand from heaven was giving the keys; round the margin was this scripture "Tu pro me navem liquisti, suscipe clavem." *Thou didst leave thy boat for me, receive the keys.*

IV. DATES OF PAPAL BULLS.—The canons of ascertaining the dates of papal bulls have been long and warmly contested. It is impossible to assign the exact period of the commencement of the practice of dating bulls from the year of the Incarnation. By some, Eugenius IV, in 1445, is thought to be the first who established, revived, or confirmed the practice. Papebroche is of opinion that he extended to briefs the practice which had been hitherto confined to bulls; whatever the change was, it was suggested to him by Blondus, his notary. Mabillon, in his treatise *De Re Diplomatica*—Papebroche in his *Propileum*—Card. Garampi Bremont in his preface to the Dominican *Bullarium*, and Petra in his work on the *Apostolic Constitutions*, assign its introduction to St. Leo IX, who flourished about the middle of the eleventh century, 1049. Cenni dates it a century earlier. But M. Marini, a man every way well qualified for the task, has shown that this style of dating bulls was used as early as the seventh century.* A bull of Honorius I, Pope in 625, to the archbishop of Canterbury, and another of Hadrian I, which is proved to be genuine by Gaetano Marini, both dating from the Incarnation of our Lord, are still preserved in the Vatican archives. The latter thus concludes "Actum Romæ in feria secunda Paschæ anno Incarnationis Domini 773." It is useless to multiply instances, or the bull of Leo III, anno 805, to the monastery of St. Anastasius, "ad aquas salvas" might be cited. But was the practice, when once begun, uniform or general? Decidedly not; for the very fact of there being so many different dates assigned for the commencement of the practice, must indicate the want of uniformity.

In early ages, the Popes followed the current practice of the times in dating their letters. St. Siricius, anno 384, St. Innocent I, anno 401, St. Zosimus, anno 417, St. Boniface, anno 418, signed their letters with the day of the month and the names of the existing consuls of the Roman empire. St. Leo the Great was not uniform in his practice. The reign of Constantine the Great had introduced a new system of computation, called the Indiction. It comprised a revolution of fifteen years, and began in 312: yet subsequent practice dated Indiction I in 313. It

* The same fact had been previously asserted, but not proved, by the Benedictines, in their comments on *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, p. 260. On the authority of Spelman, they declare Boniface IV to have used it in a letter dated 613; but they do not produce the document.

was of two kinds, the Constantinopolitana or Cæsarea, and the Romana or Pontificia. The first, once common in England and France, began on the 24th of September; the second began with January; a third, not often used, began in October. To Felix II, Pope in 490, we owe the first introduction of the indiction: by some it is falsely attributed to Pelagius II, who ascended the papal throne nearly a century later. In after times, we find some Popes beginning the indiction with the 25th of March, and others with Christmas-day: others, dated indifferently from one or other of those days; and hence the dates of the pontifical letters are so perplexingly puzzling. Another era frequently to be met with is that of Spain, which dated thirty-eight years earlier than the Christian: it was not totally disused till 1180. In the tenth century, it was forbidden to use the era of Spain without adding the year of the Incarnation. Other forms were also in use, which it may be of interest to the reader to see briefly mentioned. St. Gregory the Great was the first who numbered the days of the months as we do, omitting the terms "kalends, nones, and ides," hitherto adopted, and still continued by the greater part of his successors. St. Adeodatus (anno 672) is the first who numbered the years of his pontificate; but he was not uniformly imitated by his successors. In a bull of Pope St. Zaccary (anno 751), we find only the year of the emperor numbered. St. Gregory VII (anno 1073), in his less solemn bulls, inserted only the day of the month and the name of the place from which he dated. The "formula regnante domino nostro Jhesu Christo," was also not unfrequently used, especially between the ninth and eleventh centuries. Once only do we find the era of Spain used conjointly with that of the Incarnation. The Greeks do not use the year of the Incarnation in public documents: and even when employed in private documents, it is coupled with one of their own peculiar eras. The Syrians did not use it till the tenth century. It was early introduced into England by St. Augustine: the French seem to have been acquainted with it about the same time; but it was not used in royal decrees and grants till Hugh Capet. What we have said on this subject, will show the variety of formulas adopted in the dating of papal bulls, and will convince the reader of the caution requisite in their examination before the critic venture to pronounce them spurious.

Another important and more difficult investigation now awaits us. In what month, or on what day, did the Popes begin the year? So great is the diversity apparent in the papal bulls, as well as in other documents of the middle ages, that it is impossible to lay down any general rule. Gervase, the monk of Canterbury, bitterly complains of the confusion caused by the want

of an uniform system. Some began the year from the Annunciation; others from the Nativity; other some from the Circumcision; and many from the Passion. Sometimes these terms express the precise time from which the writer dated: at other times they are used as synonymous with, and express no more, than the year of the Incarnation. Some began the year on the 1st of March, after the example of the Romans under Romulus; others on the 1st of January, as we now do, after the example of the Romans from the time of Numa: some began it on the 25th of March; others on the 25th of December; and other some at Easter, on whatsoever day it might fall. Whatever Mabillon may have said to the contrary (*De Re Dip.* p. 186), there is no doubt, as the Maruists declare, that the year of the Incarnation in papal bulls dated *most commonly* from the 25th of March; though it is no less certain that it *frequently* dated from the 1st of January. The difficulty is increased by a want of uniformity in the bulls of the same Popes.

The year of the passion is sometimes used conjointly with that of the incarnation; but denoting a difference of thirty-two years between the eras; at other times, it is used as synonymous with it. Examples may be seen in Mabillon and Du Cange; the latter, however, erroneously confounds “*annus trabeationis*” with the “*annus passionis*.” Trabeatio is derived from *trabea*,—that is, *caro*, flesh; not from *trabs*, a beam or cross; and hence it is used as synonymous with *incarnatio*, “*trabea carnis indutus*.” Though “*annus nativitatis*” or “*annus gratiæ*” is frequently used in ancient chronicles and acts to designate a year dating from the 25th of December, it is not less frequently used as synonymous with “*annus circumcisionis*,” which began on the 1st of January. In an ancient chronicle of the bishops of Auxerre, post 1300, this method of dating the year from the nativity is called the “*mos curiæ Romanæ*,” in contradistinction to the “*mos Gallicanum*,” which, at that time, began the year at Easter. It may be well to note that they began this paschal year three months later than the Roman Curia began the year, “*a nativitate*.” The practice of dating from the 1st of January was not firmly established in France till 1567. The neighbouring countries began about the same period,—some earlier, some later. Many late writers who have treated on these subjects, have not observed the difference between bulls and briefs, and hence have obscured rather than illustrated this *vexata quæstio*. Papebroche, in a dissertation on the subject, deems it necessary to apologize to his readers for having used the terms indifferently. To his inquiries at Rome, it was answered that the Chancery or Camera Apostolica began the year on the 25th of March, and not on the 1st of January. Under Sixtus V, both methods were used; under Gregory

XIV, the practice of dating from the 25th of March became more frequent; but under Clement VIII, the 1st of January was most frequently used. Gregory XV was the first who was constant in dating from the 25th of March; he was followed by his successors; and we are not aware that any deviation has since been made in this practice.

Before concluding, it may be as well to mention a few other particulars regarding bulls. At so early a period as 672, the Maurists consider it to have been the practice of the Popes to add, after the titles of those to whom they wrote, the phrase "*salutem et apostolicam benedictionem.*" John III, in 570, begins a bull in the following terms: "*Joannes Episcopus servus servorum Dei,*" and we are assured by Papebroche that this custom continued in use till the fourteenth century, when Clement V, John XXII, Martin V, Eugenius IV, Clement VII, Paul III, in their briefs and less solemn writings, began with their name, their title of Pope, and the number designating the place which they held amongst those who had filled the apostolic chair. In their letters to individuals, the Popes sometimes place their own name before, sometimes after, that of the individual addressed: *e. g.* "*Sergius (I) gratia Dei Pontifex Romanus Heroni Lingonum Præsuli.*" St. Gregory the Great writes: "*Domino gloriosissimo atque præcelsentissimo filio Edilberto Anglorum Regi, Gregorius Episcopus.*"

The formula, "*bene valete,*" (farewell) which usually precedes the date, has been in use since the days of Charlemagne, or even earlier; for John III, elected in 560, used it, and examples of it are said to exist even prior to him. Leo IX first reduced it to a monogram.

Desultory, incomplete and restricted, as the preceding remarks and observations on Papal bulls may be deemed, they will yet possess the merit of giving an idea at least of the treasures possessed in the decrees of the Roman pontiffs. We have stepped hastily over the flower-bed, culling here and there a flower; to others we leave the task of arranging them. By the unlearned they will have been found dull and uninteresting; but still the fact that many arguments on historico-religious subjects may be deduced from them, will have fully warranted their insertion in a magazine which, while it enlivens the fire-side of the tradesman, the merchant, the gentleman, and the peer, is to be found on the desk of the student and the antiquary. Of one thing the writer rests well assured, that any dissertation which can throw light on ecclesiastical literature or antiquities will be gratefully received by a large and increasing class of readers. Such dissertations possess a real Catholic,—that is, universal interest.

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(Continued from vol. 1. page 457.)

It was at a gay fête on the banks of the Thames, that the lady Sarah and her young companion turned from the merry throng, and, having found a rustic bench so shaded that the sun's rays lighted without penetrating the branches that arched around; and having seated themselves, after a short pause the elder lady thus continued her narrative:

"Where did I leave him? do you remember, Eleanor, at what part of the story he interrupted us?"

"It was at the close of his wedding-day, with his bride dying, and himself the victim of remorse."

"Not dying, Eleanor; I did not say that Mabel was dying: few die of their first grief. She recovered: but happiness returned to her no more. The thought of her disobedience, and of the ruin in which she had involved the young husband whom she so fondly loved, was ever with her; and every passing hour came fraught with some stern avenging truth."

A few weeks after that unhappy bridal, the cottage by the waterfalls was deserted, and the devoted mother had once more resought the world she had so long foresworn, that she might add her scanty means to theirs. They went from the sunshine and the flowers, from the calm and the freedom of the country, to the mighty city, with its pomp and splendour, its crowded streets and its unceasing sounds. Not as the votaries of fashion come to their noble mansions,—away from the abodes of poverty and misery, surrounded by luxury and crowds of flattering and admiring friends,—not thus came those unhappy wanderers. Poor, unknown, alone in the vast multitude, London was indeed to them a peopled desert. They turned from the stately houses and the broad streets, and sought the crowded thoroughfares, that they might find some place where for a small expense they could rest their weary heads: they grew familiar with poverty, learnt to turn away at the sight of suffering they could not relieve, and to deny the alms they had no right to give. They met with shyness and repulsion, and marvelled much at first; but in time they also learnt to be suspicious. I went to visit them in their new abode, and shuddered as I climbed the dark and narrow staircase and looked around upon the soiled furniture and smoke-stained walls of their chamber. The mother sighed, turning away to hide her tears; while Mabel listened eagerly to her husband's words of hope. But Eustace was san-

guine still: his days were to be devoted to his profession, his nights to the pursuit of literature. "Good bye, lady Sarah," he exclaimed on my departure—for I was about to leave London for the continent, on account of my father's health,—“Good bye. On your return, you will find us in an improved abode; and I—I shall have become famous.” I went from England; and save two letters shortly after I left, I heard not from or of the Ardennes again during my long absence. At the expiration of three years, I returned to my native land; and I then sought, by every means in my power, to become acquainted with their abode. I went to the house where I had parted from them; and, after some difficulty, obtained the direction of the less expensive lodgings to which they had removed two years previously. I sought the close and narrow street, and applied at the miserable abode that had been mentioned to me; but in vain: they were not there; and after a few more ineffectual efforts, the clue became lost, and I almost despaired of ever meeting them again, when one day, in purchasing some new works of my bookseller, I took a volume of poems from the counter and glanced over its contents. Something familiar in the style arrested my attention: I turned to the title-page, and there, to my infinite delight, I found inscribed the name of Eustace Ardenne. I immediately inquired of the publisher all that he knew of the author. “Poor fellow,” he said, “I fear that he is but badly off. The bringing out of those poems cost him more than he could well afford, and hitherto he has met with no return.” “The work has not succeeded, then?” I asked. “No, my lady,” he replied; “oh no: the taste for poetry is gone by; and yet it is strange with what a blind infatuation victim after victim risk their scanty means in the full hope of attaining popularity. You cannot conceive the disappointment, the despair it is my lot to witness.” “But surely,” I said, “it is not often that you meet with anything so gifted, so full of fire and genius, as these poems.” “Doubtless, your ladyship is correct in your opinion of them,” he said; “but the reviews have not been so lenient.” “Nevertheless,” I exclaimed, with an enthusiasm that astonished the good publisher; “Nevertheless, the public will yet learn to appreciate the genius of Eustace Ardenne. True merit will win its way in time: the struggle may be severe; the trial long; but in the end it will triumph.” “I trust your ladyship is in the right,” he said. “Doubtless your influence, your patronage, might do much.” “No, no,” I replied somewhat impatiently; “such success would be but transitory: not by such means shall *he* rise to fame.” And having obtained the necessary direction, I hurried to the

carriage and desired the coachman to drive to the obscure suburb the bookseller had named as the dwelling of the poet.

I flung myself back among the silken cushions in all the sorrow of awakened remembrance of the past. This, then, was the result of the high talents, the exalted genius, from which we had anticipated so much. Poverty and failure! How those two harsh words grated when mingled with his name. The bright, the beautiful, the noble boy,—it was thus that I recalled him to my mind,—what was he now? I shuddered as I felt that those few years must have changed him into the broken-hearted and despairing man! I turned to the volume of poems I had purchased, hoping to dissipate the sad thoughts that came crowding upon me. I was at once struck with the power of the style and the grandeur of thought that characterized its contents. True, I was a partial and insufficient critic; but the touch of genius is unmistakeable, and the meanest mind may feel its influence, though it may not fully understand or appreciate the lofty flights of the inspired soul. I reached at last the dwelling of that gifted child of earth, and shuddered as I gazed around. It was in a narrow street, through whose dim atmosphere the sun's faint rays came with a sickly and unwholesome warmth. Pale women, care-worn and miserable in appearance, peeped through their dirt-clouded casements, to gaze in wonder at the unusual apparition of a carriage. Children with premature old age stamped on their half-starved faces, pushed back the hair that hung in tangled masses on their hollow cheeks, pressing forward with eager but unmeaning curiosity as I descended; while one or two, in whining tones, begged alms of me. Alas! alas! it is a mournful sight to see the mingling of want and childhood; to meet, instead of the bright intelligence and the merry glance that lights the eyes of children above the pangs of want, the downcast look—half cunning, half despair—that marks the blight of the young heart,—the triumph of the animal over the spiritual essence. It is in cities only that we meet with such; but there, alas! the sad spectacle passes too frequently unheeded before us.

I stood before his dwelling; and as I did so I thought of his high words of hope when we had parted. How had they been realized! A dirty maidservant stood at the open door, and in answer to my inquiries, informed me that I should find the old lady in the second-floor front; and thus unannounced, I hastened up the narrow staircase, and entered the presence of Mrs. Ardenne. Oh, how often must that delicately-nurtured and refined woman have sighed for her old home by the Waterfalls! how often must she have desired to breathe the fresh unsullied air, and rest beneath the fragrant shade! But no murmur had ever passed her lips: in silent, uncomplaining anguish, she had en-

dured her bitter lot. She welcomed me with her old gentle tones and kindly smile ; but I saw that grief and suffering had done their work, and, in those worn and wasted features, I beheld the near approach of death. Nestled in her arms, lay a pale baby ; and, on a low stool at her feet sat one a little older. I took the child upon my knee ; and, caressing him, strove to conceal my emotion. Disturbed by Mrs. Ardenne's having moved upon my entrance, the baby moaned feebly. I turned and looked upon it as it lay, with its large blue eyes wide open, gazing around. Upon one cheek, there was a deep red spot, and its complexion had that transparent hue that we see upon the face of a fair dying child. Having gently soothed it, Mrs. Ardenne turned to me. "Dear lady Sarah," she said, "this is a happiness I had not looked for. I did not think in life we should have met again." I knew not what to answer. The commonplaces of conversation would have been indeed mockery there. The sick child moaned again. "Poor thing," I said ; "has it been long ill?" "It has never been strong," she replied ; "and we had not the means to give it fresh air or strengthening food. They are gone to persuade the apothecary to come and see it once again ; but human aid cannot avail. Poor patient little angel, it will soon be at rest." I felt that she was right. I dared not whisper hope where hope dwelt not ! I turned to the other child, and caressing him, admired his beautiful and intelligent countenance. "He is like Eustace," she said with a heavy sigh. "My poor Eustace ! you have not seen him yet : you must not expect," she continued with a mournful smile, "to meet again the bright and beautiful one with whom you parted three years since." "Is he so much altered, then?" I asked : and the moment I had spoken I would have given much to have recalled my words ; for I could not look around upon that desolate chamber, and not feel assured with what crushing power that sad reality, the result of his own impetuous rashness, must have fallen upon the proud spirit of Eustace Ardenne. "Changed ! changed indeed," she said. "He hath grown weary of life,—weary of the long and unavailing struggle for fame and fortune ! he, who was once so sanguine, so full of hope,—my poor heart-broken Eustace ! Dear lady Sarah, I know we have your deepest sympathy ; alas ! our sorrows have been heavy, and he hath been sorely tried : but his cup of sorrow is not yet full. My earthly pilgrimage is well nigh over : but Mabel, also,—his still worshipped Mabel,—although he knows it not, is dying ! How will he bear it when he will be left in this cold world *alone* !" My tears stayed my utterance ; and, after a short pause, she continued : "Soon after we came to London, Eustace was called to the bar. He stood, as all who knew him must

believe, at the very gates of prosperity and success: but there was not one who would extend a friendly hand to aid him. Poor, and unknown, he struggled for a year with his despair; and then he gave up his chambers, and determined to devote himself entirely to the pursuit of literature. A temporary success inspired him with fresh vigour; and once again he dreamed bright dreams of a triumphant future! Night and day, with flushed cheeks and fevered brow, he imagined and wrote! At last, the poem, in which he had vested the rich treasure of his mind, and the largest portion of his earthly wealth, was published. Then followed the sarcasm, the sneer, the bitter criticism, until he was well-nigh driven into madness. Little did his persecutors reckon that he, whom for very sport they made a target for their poisoned arrows, was writing for his bread! Long did he strive with the mighty weight that pressed upon his brain and heart: but when he arose from the bed of sickness and suffering, I saw that he was spirit-broken,—crushed,—conquered! and you, who know him well, can believe how I mourned over the wreck that remained of my once high-hearted son!”

Just as she ceased speaking, a slow step was heard ascending the staircase, and there entered a pale and spectre-like figure,—woe-worn and hopeless. “Mamma!” exclaimed the boy, slipping from my hold. And then I knew that I looked on the still young, and once beautiful and happy Mabel; and I felt the mother’s words were true, that the fiat had gone forth, and that mortal aid could not rescue the poet’s dearest treasure from the cold hand of death. She entered the room, and advanced, without appearing to perceive me, towards Mrs. Ardenne; and, taking the baby in her arms, crouched down upon a tattered sofa, murmuring, “He will come: yes, it may yet be saved.” “Mabel,” said Mrs. Ardenne, “this is lady Sarah: you have not forgotten her!” She raised her head, and looked into my face and strove to speak; and then, scenes of the past, long buried in silence, but remembered still,—memories of happy days, of sunshine, and of flowers,—rushed o’er her heart. She bent until her brow nigh rested on her knees, and I saw her tears fall slowly on her infant’s face. As she rocked it to and fro, it was a mournful sight,—that dying mother and her dying child!

She had been closely followed by Eustace, who having tenderly placed the cushions around her, turned, with a faint smile and deep flush upon his pallid cheek, to greet his unexpected visitor. I saw that he was struggling with the bitter recollections the sight of me had awakened. His blighted hopes, his ruined fortunes, rose in strong contrast with the fairy visions that had lighted his young boyhood, when he dreamed the sum-

mer hours away, lulled by the music of the waterfalls. He strove to greet me gaily, but the false words died upon his lips, and he wrung my hand without speaking. I did not tarry long. I was impatient to be alone: and, anxious to use my utmost efforts in the cause of these unhappy ones, I left them, and hastened to my uncle's mansion in Grosvenor Square, there to plead, with all the eloquence I could command, the cause of the neglected author. I spoke of his talents, his genius, his spirit-broken mother, his dying wife and child; and to my great joy, did not ask in vain. Lord W—— was then high in power, and it was but a little thing for him to bestow a lucrative and honourable appointment on one for whom his favourite niece was so deeply and so justly interested. But he did more. He took the volume of poems I urged him so earnestly to peruse, and promised, if upon an attentive examination they proved worthy of my praise, to obtain for them a publicity and impartial hearing which should ensure their success; and bidding me return upon the morrow, he dismissed me, rejoiced with what I had achieved, and confident of the result.

The anxiously-expected morrow came, and I failed not to keep my appointment. My uncle welcomed me with smiles and congratulations, passing high encomiums on Eustace's poems, and expressing his belief that they would obtain ere long all the applause I craved for them; and ended by placing in my hands a letter which would confirm him in an appointment the emoluments from which would for the future place him beyond the reach of want, while it would occupy but a small portion of his time. You may believe that I tarried not in seeking the humble dwelling of those whom I trusted soon to see restored to the station and the comforts so essential to their happiness. I entered the desolate and half-darkened chamber. The shutters were closed, all but one small compartment, which had been left open that it might throw the light upon the desk where the sad father toiled. "Th' insatiate archer" had discharged his first arrow—the baby was dead. Eustace alone was there with his pretty little boy, who, seated at his feet, pencil in hand, was imitating his father's every movement,—now pressing his hand upon his fair young brow, where nor thought nor suffering had yet found a dwelling-place, and then running the pencil rapidly over the well-scribbled paper. Ardenne arose as I entered, but the child ceased not from his occupation. "Look," I said, smilingly; for my heart was light, and in my eagerness to communicate the good tidings of which I was the bearer, I had not stayed to inquire or to think of the cause of that darkened chamber, and the face of Eustace was not more sad than on the day before. "Look," I said; "the mantle of the father hath fallen on the son. Your boy will be a poet."

"Now God forbid," he answered earnestly, "that so dark a doom should be in store for my poor child; for he who hath the gift of poesy hath yet another passion in his breast,—the love of fame, whose ending is despair." "Not so, Eustace," I replied; "as you have hailed me prophet, hear yet a little more;—the cloud is passing from thine own existence, and fame, and honour, and wealth, shall be thine in the future." I went on to tell him all that I had accomplished in his behalf. He heard me silently; and then turning away, murmured in hollow tones, "It is too late—too late." But remembering his apparent ingratitude, he took my hand, and pressed it to his lips. "Heaven bless you," he said; "do not think me unmindful of your kindness. But alas! can riches restore me my dead child, or honour bring back the bloom to Mabel's faded cheek? Do not reproach me," he continued; "do not tell me—what my own heart is ever whispering—that all this misery is the result of my own selfish rashness. Mabel, my poor Mabel, did I not take her from her early home,—from prosperity and happiness,—believing, in my vanity and pride, that fame and fortune waited but my wooing? Alas! with what bitter agony have I watched her fading, as the plant which the lightning had stricken. It was not the hard pressure of poverty alone that wrung that gentle spirit, and dried the life-blood round her heart. Remorse added its blighting influence to crush her to the earth. Not that she ever murmured,—not that she ever breathed a word that I could fancy a reproach; but there is a mute and patient sorrow in her large blue eyes, in her pale face and care-worn brow, more eloquent than words. I have just left her watching, tearless and resigned, by her dead child;—she does not mourn, for she knows that she shall meet it soon in heaven."

He covered his face with his hands, and the large tears stole through his compressed fingers, and fell among the golden curls of his boy, who, roused by his father's earnestness, was clinging in childish sympathy to his knees. I let the first burst of his grief have way; and then, drawing near unto him, I whispered words of hope. "No, no," he said. "Have I not watched her day by day sinking beneath the accumulation of her woes? Did I not," he continued, "wildly toil through the weary night, that I might save from our scanty store a physician's fee. He came; he saw her. In agony of expectation that I cannot paint, I awaited at the stairs' foot his coming forth; even as the criminal dreads the final sentence that bids him live or dooms him to a felon's death, so did I tremble for the result. At last the door opened, closed, and then followed the sound of a light tread as he descended. Eagerly I looked into his face;—nothing was written there; it was a blank, from whence all human emotion

had been blotted out. Unable to endure the suspense, I grasped his arm, imploring him to speak. 'Do not alarm yourself,' he said, in cold and measured tones; 'there is no danger.' I breathed once more, and he continued: 'The lungs are not *yet* touched. I have written a prescription that I think will be of service to her.' 'You will see her again,' I asked. 'Why,' he replied, 'I can be of little service. If she should become worse, which I do not anticipate, send for me; but change of scene is necessary; the sooner she leaves town the better.' I heard no more. I dropped the hard-earned guinea in his hand; but I know not how he passed from my presence. The very light of day became oppressive to me, for my heart was breaking. As the voice of the judge, when he tells the wretched criminal that there is no more hope for him this side the grave, came those chilling words to me. I rushed to the dark and silent attic that I called my own, and strove to meditate upon the desolate future, for I felt that I had betrayed her unto death; I knew that she must die. What to me would be the world or the world's honours, if she were gone? I thought of her as she once had been,—Mabel, the beautiful, the trusting;—Mabel, my love, my bride; and then I recalled her as she is now,—my patient angel, much-enduring wife; until, in the madness of my despair, I cursed the poverty that pressed so hardly on us,—the grating chain whose thralldom we could not break. I thought on these things, until my brain grew dizzy, and the day passed and darkness fell upon the earth; and I heard, as in a dream, the merry voices of the people, as they passed to and fro. One sound I remember well; 'twas an organ, that stayed beneath my window, and played 'Home, sweet home.' But gradually the lurid glow shed by the lamps into my lonely chamber faded away,—the echoes of the busy street grew indistinct,—sight, memory, reason, all forsook me, and I knew and heard no more until I awoke ten days afterwards, weak and exhausted from the effects of a raging fever. Dear Lady Sarah, I am wearying you with these sad details. I would not breathe it to my mother; but Mabel, my peerless, my beloved, *is dying.*"

I was deeply touched. Mother and son, each sorrowing in silence, rather than add unto the other's grief by sharing the bitterness of their regret! but I struggled with my emotion, as I replied: "I trust your fears magnify the danger. You must remove immediately to some pretty residence near town. I believe it will do much towards restoring her, to see you wear a less anxious look, and to know of your brightening prospects." "I dare not hope," he said. "You will become famous," I observed, willing to change the subject. "Lord W—— is delighted with your poems, and he prophesies that ere long all

London will be at your feet." Then did I see that the ruling passion was still strong within, and that neither poverty nor neglect had quenched the poet's fire. For at my words his pale cheeks flushed, and his fine eyes grew resplendent, from the feelings of which their light was a reflection. The bright dreams that had enchanted his boyhood returned once more,—the triumph was for a moment realized,—the wreath of fame in fancy bound his brow,—he grasped my hand. "The prophecy shall be fulfilled," he said. "Yes—yes—they shall court and flatter, while they acknowledge the genius of the lowly mortal whom they have scorned."

* * * * *

Some months had passed away, and the Ardennes now resided in a pretty cottage a few miles out of town. But the devoted mother had gone to her last rest; her weary pilgrimage on earth was passed. She had just lived to see their prosperity,—had once more breathed the untainted air,—had watched the unclouded sun arise and set; but one evening, a few weeks after their arrival, she had sat long without moving beside the opening casement;—they spoke to her;—she did not answer;—they drew near, and looked upon the face of the dead. Calmly, tranquilly, without a struggle, almost without a sigh, the spirit had departed from its mortal shrine. But Mabel still lingered; the fresh air had renovated for awhile her sinking frame, and she wandered forth in her pretty garden, moving among the glittering flowers, and looking as pure and pale as her own lily of the valley. But Eustace Ardenne had become the idol of popular opinion. The tide had set high in his favour; and as yet it had not ebbed. The vacillating world overwhelmed with favour the once lonely and unregarded poet. Courted, flattered, followed, he moved the centre of an admiring throng. I watched him in that trying moment when, amid the glare and dazzle of the lordly halls, he stood surrounded by his worshippers. I heard him hailed as the inspired one, while wealth, and rank, and beauty, smiled upon him, and the lightest word that fell from his lips was heard with rapture and attention. The change was so mighty, the transition had been so rapid, from his own dim and silent chamber to the glittering scenes where now he played so prominent a part, that for a time he did indeed drink deep of that charmed draught. Night after night he mingled in the festival, moving as one in some wild dream. And then, on his return from those courtly revels, Mabel's pale cheek would flush with pride and admiration, as he recounted his triumphs; until he would look into the face of his dying wife, and flatter himself into the belief that the bright colour that came and went so rapidly was the warm hue of returning health.

At last his brief bliss ended ; Mabel died, and the heart of the poet was desolate. What availed him now the plaudits of an admiring world ?—for there was no one left to sympathise with his sorrows, or to share his joy ; no listening and admiring smile awaited him at home. The gentle voice was mute, the loving eye was dim ; she was gone,—she had left him alone. He was overwhelmed with the sudden close, the startling reality, that broke on his rose-tinted visions. She was dead ! Sentence of thrilling import !—against thy dread certainty there is no appeal. The boy wept for his mother, but she came not at his call ; she was gone,—she had passed from earth,—she would return no more. I was with her when she died. I witnessed his terrible grief,—speechless, tearless ; no outward sign, save the suffering written on his expressive face, betokened the depth of his despair. And she had been long laid in the grave, ere he awoke from the lethargy that had fallen upon his spirit ; but from the hour of her death, he has never been what he was of old.

After a time he resumed his pen, writing without intermission ; it was the only thing that lulled the bitter memory of his sorrow ; and once again he offered the public the outpourings of his broken heart. But the world had grown weary of their favourite, or was suffering from a fit of caprice ; or perchance the strain was too mournful. I know not how it was, but the poem was condemned. I went to him to console him for the censure of the many, by repeating the favourable opinions of a few talented and impartial judges. He smiled as I concluded ; such a smile, so faint and soulless, as he said : “ Believe me when I assure you that these things touch me not ; praise or censure falls on my ear alike ; the sting may be as poisonous and as sharp as of old, but the victim can feel it now no more. My ambition,—all,—every thing,—is buried in Mabel’s grave.”

Time passed ; he wrote again ; and once again he became the idol of the coteries, and the object of the million. The star of the Popular Author is in the ascendant. Again he seeks the brilliant assembly, and moves amid the courtly throng, charming by his eloquence and genius ; but they who listen and applaud, they never knew him in his early days ; they have not seen him pass from his bright and glowing childhood to the deep enthusiasm of youth ; they have not known him ere the touch of care had lined his noble brow ; to them he was, he is, but the Popular Author,—a thing made for their especial pleasure, and whom they may praise or censure, criticize or idolize, as the whim seizes them ; they look not beyond the surface ; they do not mark the absence of the spirit ; it is enough that he is here, to smile and speak ; they reckon not of the heart that is broken. And when the flush of excitement deepens on his cheek, and

his eyes are bright with an unnatural fire, they dream not that 'tis the dying struggle of a soul panting to break the heavy chains of earth. But as I see him move through the glittering throng, and hear them whisper as he passes by, "That is Eustace Ardenne, the Popular Author,"—I recal those mournful words: "These things touch me not; my ambition,—all,—every thing,—is buried in Mabel's grave."

Lady Sarah ceased speaking, and a long pause ensued. The story was too true,—too sad for comment.

"Thanks, dear lady," murmured Eleanor at last, her voice broken by the emotion the mournful narrative had awakened. "Thanks for your touching tale. Would it had been less melancholy and less true."

VESPER HYMN.

Ave Maria ! Lady bright
 Bend to earth a listening ear,
 From thy throne of heavenly light,
 Hear us, Virgin Mother ! hear !
 Ave Maria !

Maiden pure and undefiled,
 Who hast felt all human grief,
 Look upon thine erring child—
 Grant her breaking heart relief ;
 Ave Maria !

Bear to God the earnest prayers
 Of a humble contrite soul—
 Dry the weeping sinner's tears,
 Make the wounded spirit whole ;
 Ave Maria !

E. I. G. D.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM (1691).

WRITTEN BY MR. JAMES USHER, AUTHOR OF "CLIO OR THE MUSE,"
ACCORDING TO THE RELATION OF AN OLD MAN WHO HAD
BEEN AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE ENGAGEMENT.*

WE came to Aughrim three days before the fair, and being desirous of seeing the scene of the famous battle that was fought there, and of hearing the account the people who live on the spot give of it, we sent for an old man who was accustomed to make a description of it to strangers. He led us first to the spot where the high road from Athlone enters this little town, for it is little superior to a country village. He turned his back to the town and had the road straight before him in a line; as it lay through a bog that is near half a mile broad, close to the town, but of vast length, for it runs out of sight both to the right and left.

"You see that bog," said he; "this straight road was sometime or other made already across it: the Irish by this road entered the town. As they marched from Athlone they saw it was difficult for the English army, who followed them in order to bring them to an engagement, to get over the bog and come at them by any other passage than the road; and you see the road is very narrow and straight. About half a mile behind this bog, there, they resolved to make a stand: they threw up a battery here at the road,—you observe the remains of it very visible still—which they planted with cannon.

"No more than two, or at most three horsemen can come abreast along the road, and as it is nearly a level and almost a straight line about half a mile, they had so far to mount up point blank opposite the mouths of the cannon. The horse had no other way by which they could possibly come to action, and it is plain if they had attempted to force this passage, not one could ever reach the battery if it were defended. Behind, the Irish horse were drawn up under the command of Luttrell, who also, unfortunately for the Irish, commanded the battery. In this situation the Irish were confident of being attacked only by the English foot; the English foot had the bog to cross under their fire before they could come up to them.

"This was the prospect of things on the side of the Irish. Now let us go to the place of action from the old battery and see the position we were in."

We followed him across the town up to the brow of a hill that lay in length parallel to the way from the town and rose up gradually from the bog to a considerable height. We turned our faces as before to the bog, with a large regular descent between, where he stood.

* Original in possession of J. E. O'Reilly, M.B. Annagh, co. Cavan.

“ Again you see,” said he, “ the bog is narrow. About the middle there runs through the whole length of the bog a small brook or inlet, sufficient to turn a mill. Beyond the bog, but near it, you see a parcel of small hills like sugar loaves ; sheltered by these hills, the English pitched their tents or camps the night before the battle. After the Irish had taken the restoration and laid out their disposition, both armies were in the afternoon in view of each other, expecting next morning to decide the cause of religion, liberty, and property. The Irish fought for common rights of humanity under the banners of loyalty, and the English for security under the pretence of religion. I must not forget to tell you the reason the English had to hasten the attack, was because Lieutenant-General Sarsfield, an enterprising and successful officer, was on his way with a considerable body of men to join the Irish army. They wanted therefore to come to a decisive action before this reinforcement came up. Let us now go down to that part where the centre of the Irish army stood during the action, nearly where General St. Ruth was killed by a cannon shot.”

We followed him to about half way down the descent, when he stopped. We then had the town of Aughrim and the battery I mentioned beyond at the head of the road at some little distance on our left, and the bog beyond which the English camp lay.

“ In front you see,” said he, “ better than I can, three green roads like stripes of meadow ground stretched down on the English side through the bog to the inlet ; these roads were made in the night time by the English for their foot to pass through the bog. In the morning the English foot came to the attack in three columns by those three roads ; under the shelter of a dreadful fire made from several batteries they had erected as near the bog as they could bring their cannon.”

We in this part of his discourse interrupted him to stop his narration till we should go down to the bog to try could we pass the rivulet and get to the three green roads which we saw plainly opposite to us, for we wanted to view the ground where the English army stood. But after passing through the bog till we came near the river, we found the bank so swampy and so like a morass, that we chose to go back rather than to attempt to cross it, so that it was really difficult to pass. When we went back, our old historian went on with his discourse.

“ The Irish army who were drawn up on the side of this hill, to oppose the passage of the English,” he said, “ were much more exposed to the fire of the English by their situation, than the English, who stood on level ground, were to theirs ; but then the English had the bog to cross, in which they had the whole fire of the Irish to bear. They made three very bold and obstinate

attempts, and each time some of them pushed on so far as to cross the rivulet, but they were driven back with a considerable loss and in great confusion each retreat, particularly the third time. M'Guire's regiment of infantry pursued them over the river, and went so far as to dismount one battery of cannon; which being performed, they retreated in good order with little loss.

“The English showed no great strength for pursuing them, or making another attack; it is true they kept up a continual fire, but it was distant and irresolute. Things were in this situation, when two incidents happened that proved fatal to the Irish army. St. Ruth, riding about giving orders, elated with victory, and in hopes of mighty future matters, was killed by a cannon-ball on the spot; and the English cavalry had in part passed, and were passing, over by the road I mentioned, unmolested by Luttrell, who never fired a shot at them, but retreated in good order at the head of the horse, whom he did not suffer to strike a stroke. The English cavalry, as soon as they passed the road, fell in with the rear part of the Irish foot, who were intent on defending the passage of the bog, and in the utmost security of the road,—M'Guire's regiment, with himself at their head, who had so wonderfully signalized themselves that day, and three times repulsed the enemy that stood next them. When this regiment first saw the horse advancing towards them, deceived by the livery and the prospect of victory after great danger, they thought they were their own cavalry come to share the honour. They took off their hats and hurra'd; but the next moment they were attacked and cut to pieces. Amazed and unprepared, however, in surprise and despair they behaved like brave men. Such as could do so, fired their pieces, and clubbed their muskets, for bayonets were not in use. After, they asked for quarter, but were refused, agreeable to the usual ferocity of the English, who were stung by the joy this regiment expressed at the defeat of the English foot. They had no place to fly to, so they fell, after killing a few of the English horse on the ground they had that day defended so well. Not a single man escaped. They lay nearly as close as they stood; their heads, shoulders, and breasts, were covered with blood and wounds. Three or four other regiments which were near them were also to a very few men cut to pieces.

“In the meantime, the English foot passed the bog and the river on the bodies of their countrymen with little molestation, and the remainder of the Irish foot withdrew in a precipitate manner, that could not be called either a flight or a retreat. But as they continued to be pressed by the English horse and foot, who had now joined, the retreat had more the appearance of a flight and slaughter. For I should have told you the Irish

horse under Luttrell had long before marched by a different route, at a considerable distance from the right of the foot; so that the Irish foot being exposed to the whole English army, horse and foot, they had nothing but death before their eyes, without hopes of quarter. Yet they attempted still to keep in a body, but it was not possible to do so long; and they were on the point of being totally broken, when an accident happened that saved them, and put an end to the carnage."

When we were in this part of the narration, we had got back to the summit of the hill following the course of the rout, so that our back was to the bog mentioned and the scene of the preceding action.

"You see," said he, "at a small distance before us, a little circular bog that is white with reeds, in which are several holes without water. Here the Irish foot coming on with precipitation, divided to the left and right of the bog and joined at the other side. The English army followed them in like manner, firing on them as they fled, and harrassed them continually. An Irish drummer, in the confusion of the retreat, threw himself into one of the above-mentioned bog holes and lay concealed among the reeds; this was two hours before the night fell. In this situation, solicitous for the fate of his countrymen, and struck with the imminent danger to which they were exposed, he bethought himself of a stratagem equally new and extraordinary, to stop the pursuit of the enemy. He beat a retreat as loud as he could! The regiments of the English foot who were next to the bog thinking this was done by the order of the General, (taking it for granted that Lieutenant-General Sarsfield with his reinforcements was arrived and ready to attack them in disorder) returned instantly, closed and marched towards this hill, while the whole body of foot imitated them; and the English horse, seeing the foot retire, sounded a retreat likewise and came back in the same consternation. For the Irish foot were not totally broken. Their horse were entire, and in good order, and at no great distance, and if Sarsfield had really appeared with a fresh body of about four thousand men, while the English were dispersed and in confusion, there was a great deal still to be feared.* At the head quarters, they were instantly possessed with the same ideas. Every body imagined the rest had good reason for retreat, and inquired on which side the enemy appeared. But before they got intelligence or could draw their troops together in order, night came on; the Irish escaped, and a fresh pursuit became impracticable."

* It thus appears that Sarsfield was NOT in the battle.—*Editor of Dolman's Mag.*

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILLE.

WHEN we remember that for upwards of four centuries, in the very heart of the metropolis of civilized life, there existed a state prison, to the horrible dungeons of which, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign, or at the whim of his minister or mistress, the most illustrious, the most defenceless, and the most innocent persons in the land were liable to be consigned for indeterminate periods of time, there to undergo tortures and privations which added tenfold terrors to ordinary captivity, we are driven to regard the existence of such a den as indicative of something so "rotten in the state" which tolerated it, that we can no longer feel surprise at the magnitude of the great national convulsion, which, under the name of the French Revolution, overwhelmed in one universal ruin all the institutions of the country.

No event during that season of momentous turmoil and anarchy, was hailed by a long oppressed and degraded people with such tumultuous and phrenzied joy, as the destruction of the dark citadel which had for so many hundred years stared, as it were, their liberties in the face, receiving within its portals such multitudes of hapless victims of despotism and caprice, whose histories, from the moment that the gates of the Bastille separated them from the external world, became, for their friends, a blank mystery, for themselves, a living death. Cursorily to trace the history of that famous prison from its foundation, to examine into its internal arrangement and discipline, to recall the names, alleged offences, and sufferings of some of its most famous victims, and finally record its eventful downfall, may not inappropriately furnish the subject matter of a few desultory pages.

The first stone of the Bastille was laid in 1370, by Hugues Aubriot, provost of the guild of merchants, in the reign of Charles V, a wise and upright sovereign, who little dreamt what a legacy of terror he was, by the erection of that fortress, bequeathing to posterity. Aubriot was the very first prisoner confined in the building of which he had laid the foundation, having been convicted of apostatising to Judaism, and died in captivity. In 1383 Charles VI added other towers, an external wall, and a ditch twenty-five feet in depth, which converted the original structure into a regular fortress. The cells of the Bastille seemed to be nicely adapted to the infliction of every variety of human misery. There were the "calottes," as they were called, or garrets, which were five stories high, and being next the roof, were as insupportably hot in summer, as they

were cold in winter. The windows of these dens were mere crannies of two or three inches in breadth, further secured and darkened by iron bars, widening inwards in a wall six feet in thickness. The central chambers of the Bastille were mostly irregular polygons, from fifteen to sixteen feet in diameter, and from fifteen to twenty feet in height, dimly lighted by narrow embrasures. If through any of these the prisoners were enabled to catch a casual glance of the house-roofs of Paris or the distant country, immediately the feasibility of so poor a gratification to them was discovered, boards were so disposed at the orifice of the window, as totally to preclude its further indulgence. The dungeons were nineteen feet below the level of the court yard, and five below that of the ditch. The unhappy wretch consigned to those loathsome depths, bereft of air and light, waded in slime, and was tormented by myriads of toads, rats, and spiders. The atmosphere was so damp and putrescent, that unless speedily removed from those horrible places of confinement, to which the refractory or suspected were occasionally condemned for purposes of punishment or intimidation, they found in death a speedy release to their sufferings. The only medium for air and exercise afforded to the prisoners of the Bastille, was the central court yard, which was flanked on all sides by walls seventy-three feet high, and in which they were permitted to walk for an hour at a time. To enhance the gloom of this monotonous promenade, two mechanical figures, representing captives loaded with fetters, adorned the castle clock, which was in the full sight of the prisoners, and each time it struck the heavy hours, the figures raised their limbs and rattled their chains!

The ordinary furniture of a state criminal's cell were a bed covered with green serge, a table, two pitchers, a candlestick, a fork, spoon, and tin goblet, two or three chairs, and a tinder-box. The walls were bare, scrawled over with the names of former prisoners, and the effusions to which their ennui or despair had alternately given birth.

“Empoisona ovè Strangola”

was the gloomy sentiment which first greeted the eye of M. de Renneville as he gazed on the walls of the cell to which he had been conducted,—the ominous memento of an Italian prince, its former tenant.

The Bastille conveniently held fifty prisoners, but by crowding them together, at times contained a hundred.

Companionship of course alleviates the horrors of imprisonment, but solitary confinement was systematically inflicted for a considerable length of time upon every fresh comer; and until

he had undergone two or three interrogatories from the lieutenant-general of police.

The internal administration of the Bastille was confided to a governor, his lieutenant, a major, aide-major, and a hundred soldiers. Four gaolers or turnkeys were entrusted with the duty of waiting upon the prisoners. The allowance made by government for their support was sufficiently liberal, and proportioned to their worldly means of existence, which, during their captivity, were sequestered; but the officials of the prison invariably defrauded their miserable captives of more than half their allotted pittance, robbing them of their valuables, and subjecting them by turns to all the endurances of hunger and cold. Such a system of open robbery and peculation never before existed in an establishment supposed to be under the immediate control of royalty.

Perhaps the most interesting insight which can be now afforded into the internal economy of the Bastille, may be gathered from a rare book entitled, "*Inquisition Française, ou l'Histoire de la Bastille, par M. Constantin de Renneville.*" The author had passed eleven years within its walls, and in a voluminous work published at Amsterdam in 1719, and dedicated to George the First, enters into a full and interesting detail of all the circumstances of his captivity. A survey of some of them will supply an ample store of anecdotes illustrative of as deeply organized a system of human misery as ever disgraced the annals of a christian nation.

M. Constantin de Renneville shall speak for himself, as often as we may deem his communications most interesting in the first person. His only crime had been that he had written some foolish verses "*en bouts rimèz,*" written at the Hague, in which under the piquet terms of "*Quinte and Quatorze*" Philip V and Louis XIV were disrespectfully alluded to. A personal enemy had forwarded them to the French minister, M. de Torcy, with whom De Renneville was apparently high in favour, and to whom, upon being taxed with having written the verses, he candidly avowed his fault, and from the minister's blandness of manner believed it had been forgiven. A few days afterwards, however, on the 16th of May, 1702, M. de Renneville was arrested at four in the morning and conveyed under a military escort to the Bastille. The governor of that fortress was then M. de St. Mars, a man of the most stern and unrelenting disposition, which an anecdote of his former life exhibits in all its native ferocity.

When formerly governor of the citadel of Pignevol, he had held in his custody the Comte, afterwards Duc de Lauzun. To facilitate an attempted escape of that nobleman, his valet de

chambre had secretly brought him cord, a file, and other implements, but was detected in the act. Thereupon M. St. Mars consigned M. de Lauzun to a subterranean vault, hanged the unfortunate valet, and gave orders that his corpse should be fastened to the bars of the Count's dungeon. With that wretched object continually before his eyes, deprived of books, with nothing but bread and water to support life, and lying upon straw, the Count, in utter dearth of occupation or amusement, had accustomed a spider to take crumbs of bread from his hand. One day St. Mars surprised his captive thus employed, and hearing from him that he so beguiled his lonely hours, crushed the spider in his hand, brutally observing that criminals were utterly unworthy of any recreation whatever! In subsequent days the Duc de Lauzun assured St. Mars, that the death of the spider had been to him the severest pang of his whole captivity. To return to M. de Renneville: upon his arrival at the Bastille, he was carefully despoiled of all his wearing apparel and valuables, under pretext that they would be duly taken care of for him, and placed in a vast gloomy chamber utterly destitute of furniture. Here, excepting when, three times a day, the gaolers brought him his allowance of food, he lingered for many weeks in absolute solitude, the darkness of the place being such as only to admit of his reading two hours in the day. M. de Renneville's worldly circumstances and former military services had been such as to entitle him to a very competent allowance in prison, and accordingly for the first months of his captivity, he describes his fare to have been of a perfectly sumptuous kind, the usual gaol system appearing to have been that of gradual downward progress from luxury to starvation.

De Renneville had been conducted to the Bastille in May 1702. In July of the same year he was suddenly summoned to leave the roomy chamber he had hitherto tenanted, and thus describes his change of dwelling place:

"The Major opened the gate of a tower called La Bertaudière, as I have since learnt, and leading me up some thirty steps ushered me into a cell of apparently total darkness. I would have inquired of my conductor what I had done to the governor to deserve being consigned to so horrible a den, but without vouchsafing a word in reply, and thrusting my clothes in after me, he hastily closed the door. After awhile I became enabled to survey my dungeon. It was a little octagonal chamber about twelve feet in circumference and height. The floor which was of plaster was encrusted with filth. For the admission of air and light there were but two loopholes left open. They were of a conical figure, dingily glazed and heavily

barred at their wide inner openings, and strongly wired at their external extremities which looking out on a dead wall surmounting the castle ditch, admitted so small a proportion of daylight that I had sometimes occasion to light a candle at noon in the month of August, that I might see to eat my dinner. The bare walls of this cavern were plastered with dirt. The only furniture in it was a small rickety table and so crazy a chair that it was unsafe to sit down upon. The place so abounded with fleas that in one instant I was covered with them. In the evening a wretched mattress was brought to me with a supply of bed clothing, the whole, however, swarming with every kind of vermin. Sleep was impossible, the stench of the chamber was insupportable, and every quarter of an hour the sound of a loud bell at the very door, and the gruff challenge of sentinels, forbade the possibility of repose."

In this dungeon de Renneville remained six months, during which he was only allowed the shirt he wore on his back,—his own plentiful stock of linen affording abundant source of comfort and merriment to the gaolers who daily visited his cell, avowedly clothed in it. He was next removed to a "calotte," or turret chamber, so called from its circular roof resembling the skull-cap worn by the clergy, and here found himself the companion of a young German named Linck, whose only crime had been impending misunderstandings between his country and France. De Renneville and Linck became intimate friends, and being both rich, appear to have mitigated the miseries of captivity by the pleasures of a sumptuous table, the dainties of which, however, they distributed with a bounteous hand, so far as lay in their power, to poorer prisoners.—At different times, other inmates of the Bastille became associates of de Renneville, who mentions, as a leading feature in the penal discipline of that prison, that to punish, or morally torture, those against whom the governor or underlings in office might entertain a grudge, it was common to assign to them for companions, egregious criminals or maniacs. Driven to expedients for passing away the heavy hours, de Renneville and his fellow prisoners had contrived, by means of a chink, to hold communication with the tenants of the chamber underneath them. As a punishment for this offence, (he had committed no other), he was at a moment's notice consigned to a solitary and subterranean dungeon, called "Le cachot de la tour du puits." He had been previously, however, stripped of all his clothes but his shirt, and left for hours standing on the slimy floor of his horrible prison house, shivering with cold and hunger; at last they brought him his bed, upon which, says de Renneville, "I lay down, and had much ado to warm my feet, which, after standing bare three

hours on the wet clammy floor, were well nigh petrified. In vain I waited for supper; none came that night, which I passed in sleepless ruminations on my hapless fate. I was assailed by whole legions of rats. They overran my bed, attacking me in troops; the place seemed to swarm with them. The only weapons of defence I could make use of to repel these odious assailants, were my slippers, with which I wounded many of them. The contest lasted until day-break, when those importunate animals for a time disappeared. Ru, the turnkey, arrived as usual at an early hour of the morning, with provisions for the other prisoners in that tower, but did not enter my dungeon. He threw my allowance of bread and wine down on the miry floor, outside the door of my cell, exposed to the depredations of the rats. About ten o'clock, my gaolers entered my prison, bringing in the half eaten remnants of my food, and accompanied by two soldiers bearing huge fetters, which they ever and anon rattled in my ears. I was still in bed. Corbé, a turnkey, in a voice of fury, informed me that he had brought materials for my entertainment, pointing at the same time to the fetters. One of them was a thick iron circlet, intended to fit tightly round the waist of the prisoner, and be afterwards fastened to a chain, secured by a ponderous staple, to the paved floor of the dungeon. There were besides manacles for the feet, hand-cuffs, and a fearful iron collar for the neck, weighing upwards of fifty pounds. 'Monsieur,' said Corbé, 'if you should be rash enough to cry out, to make any complaints to your gaolers, or offer them the slightest indignity, you shall be laden with all these fetters, and wear them night and day.'"

De Renneville lingered three weeks in the dungeon, and by his patience and silence escaped the threatened infliction of the fetters, which in a few days Ru fetched away, to place them on a priest who had had the temerity to throw his supper in his gaoler's face.

Every night during his stay in the dungeon de Renneville had to battle with the rats, the number and ferocity of which no repulse could diminish.

Upon being removed once again to an upper chamber, he found himself condemned to the companionship of a brawling gigantic madman, of whose freaks and extravagancies it is as entertaining to read in de Renneville's narrative, as it must have been difficult for him to endure them. There was a third inmate of their prison room, an elderly man of the name of Francillon, upon whose weak mind the powerful and noisy maniac had acquired such complete ascendancy, that he made him an absolute slave. The following scene, witnessed and described by de Renneville, will serve as a specimen of the insane

humour of "Le Braillard," by which name the madman was designated in the prison; and the obsequious obedience of his victim. At times "Le Braillard" would be seized with a devotional turn, and upon such occasions, insist upon being joined in his prayers by Francillon. The Litany of Loretto being proposed, "Francillon would commence with Kyrie eleison. 'Kyrie eleison,' responded Braillard. 'Kyrie eleison,' resumed Francillon. 'Speak out, you pack horse, you are mumbling in such a way between your teeth, that I cannot hear a word you say,' interrupted Le Braillard. 'Did you not forbid me to speak loud for fear of affecting your head, which is already but too obviously injured?' Francillon would mildly rejoin. 'Speak as loud as you please, you disobedient beast,' would Le Braillard reply, 'a pretty fellow you for a pious Christian; you're only a middling proselyte if you have been all this while with me without learning the proper mode of efficacious prayer!' Francillon would then resume the litany, Le Braillard interlarding his responses of 'Ora pro nobis' with every kind of abusive language, addressed to the unfortunate Francillon, and before the latter had reached the end of it, would break up the devotional exercise altogether, exclaiming, 'the Devil take you, do not you see what a state I am in: am I in a fit condition to say prayers? Are you mad, that you wish to force them upon me?' And so the devotions came to a premature close. Francillon trembling with fear, at his master's rage, would then timidly say, 'Who obliges you to say your prayers? Do not I know too well that illness has reduced you to such extremity, that a mere trifle suffices utterly to upset you? I have been long enough in attendance upon you to know how to treat your complaint; but for me you had long since been lying in St. Paul's cemetery!' Among other freaks of the madman "Le Braillard," he feigned himself very ill, and sent for a confessor. During two hours that the clergyman remained with him, de Renneville and Francillon were thrust into a wretched closet at the top of the tower, the common receptacle of all its filth. Here a chain attracted their attention, and upon enquiry, they were informed that it had served to fetter a recreant friar, who, for having killed a turnkey in a fit of exasperation, had been condemned to pass two years in that pestiferous den, with neither straw nor pillow for his limbs, lying at night on a pavement begrimed with every variety of nastiness, and breathing at all times noxious exhalations, which de Renneville describes as having been almost insupportable during the two hours that he had been made to endure them. From that solitary nest of infection the monk had been afterwards removed to the cell of three raving maniacs.

De Renneville was shortly afterwards removed to another

chamber, where he found himself the fellow-prisoner of Hugó Hamilton, a Scottish gentleman and former adherent of James the Second, and Christain Schrader de Peck, a Hanoverian. With them he cemented a close friendship, and in their company passed the most endurable moments he had known in the Bastille. The Scotchman was quite unaware of any circumstances which could have led to his arrest and detention; the crime of the Hanoverian had been the turning some great man into ridicule. By de Renneville, on his joining them, both were found in an abject state of semi-nudity and destitution. In the cell occupied by these three captives there was but one grated window, and vain were all the entreaties and remonstrances addressed by them to the prison authorities to allow it to be glazed. That they should be tortured with cold was much more consonant with the spirit of the place. Driven to desperation by the utter disregard shewn to their prayers and sufferings, and still further goaded by the brutality of a drunken keeper and his associates, they became involved in a brawl with these, for which they were summoned to appear before the military authorities of the prison, and at the arbitrary will of the incensed governor, summarily consigned to the punishment of separate solitary dungeons.

“It was on a 17th of December,” says de Renneville, “that I was lowered into my subterranean prison, to which from several open gratings, the wind came in on every side. By the light of a candle I explored my cavern. In an embrasure in the wall I discovered a number of bones, which, upon examining closely, I recognised as those of a human being. An odour too was perceptible like that of a burying ground, and observing that the dungeon floor had been partly unpaved, I took a fancy to scrape up the earth where it seemed to have been most recently disturbed, and at the depth of a foot from the surface, I found a corpse clad in rags, and in an advanced state of putrescence! Rue acknowledged to me that it was the body of a wretch who had hanged himself in that very vault a year before, and that his clothes not being worth the trouble of despoiling them, he had been buried in them on the very spot where he had been found dead. Rue observed, that this was not a solitary instance of suicide committed in that place, for that three others, two men and a woman, had made away with themselves there within his own recollection. Do not imitate their example, he continued, and at the same time embracing me, for you would infallibly be damned, and I should bury you alongside of those that already lie here, uncomfortably enough, and above all, keep my secret, for it might go ill with me if it were to transpire that I reveal such mysteries to you.

“The dungeon so swarmed with rats that it was impossible to avoid treading upon them, and some of these creatures positively crept alongside me as I lay in bed.

“For the first few days I had not suffered very grievously from cold, but upon Christmas eve the wind veering from south to north, blew with such violence into my dungeon that my situation became insupportable. Every thing around me was frozen, I durst not leave my bed, and although lying there wrapped up in all my wearing apparel I trembled again with cold. How far worse must have been the position of Messieurs Schrader and Hamilton, who had but a miserable rug to cover their nakedness! For some days the wind continued to rage with great violence, filling my prison with particles of ice and snow. On the Wednesday and Thursday, I lay motionless with cold. In vain I besought Rue, when he brought me food, which I left untasted, to inform the superior authorities of the situation in which I lay, and that unless removed from such an unendurable den, I should infallibly be found frozen to death. ‘Why the devil do not you get up and walk about to warm yourself?’ was the reply. On the night of Thursday the 28th of December, and eleventh day of my confinement in the dungeon, the fury of the wind redoubled, and so great a quantity of snow drifted into the vault that my bed was covered with it; and so nearly extinguished within me was all animal warmth, that the snow froze upon my person. I lay counting the hours of the night, as from the castle clock they shrilly sounded through my prison bars, until one A.M., when I fell into a state of such utter debility, that I almost ceased to feel or hear: I had but just strength to put my hand to my heart and to ascertain that it was still beating. All my faculties seemed benumbed. My head was in a kind of whirl. From my legs and feet, all sensation had for many hours departed. When Rue arrived with my dinner, I heard the door of the dungeon open, and felt him pass his hand over my face and heart; but the din was so great in my head, that I could not distinguish his words. Will it be believed that my gaolers were barbarous enough to leave me till seven o’clock at night in this helpless state, when M. de Joncas, in opposition, as I afterwards learnt, to the wishes of his colleagues, and threatening to represent their cruelty to the king, insisted upon my being succoured. In a perfectly unconscious state, I was carried to a chamber in the same tower, where, by means of a large fire and other appliances, I was gradually restored to animation. My unfortunate friends Schrader and Hamilton, unable to endure the rigours of their dungeons, survived their removal from them but for a very short time.”

It appears that Hamilton’s life might have been saved, if the

advice of a physician had been followed, who recommended that he should be allowed the privilege of walking two hours a day on the platform of the Bastille. The indulgence was refused him, and he died. When it is remembered that this ill-fated gentleman was altogether unconscious of any crime, the hardship of his fate appears the more atrocious. He was treated as brutally in death as he had been in life. Shortly after his decease, the turnkey Rue stripped the corpse of a shirt, observing that "it was hardly fair to allow a damned soul to carry such fine linen to hell," and left the body lying naked in the same chamber with two prisoners, named Brandeburgh and Kraikser, who vainly entreated that so painful an object as the dishonoured remains of their companion in captivity should be speedily removed from before their eyes. At their repeated solicitations, it was at length carried away, left for some hours lying on the prison stairs, and at night buried in the garden; Corbé, the turnkey, boasting next day that the bodies of Hamilton and other prisoners would serve to enrich the pear trees!

De Renneville, as we have seen, had been transported in a state of insensibility from a frozen dungeon to an upper chamber of the tower. Here he was awakened to a fresh consciousness of existence, by finding himself consigned to the care and companionship of three madmen: Cardel, a Huguenot and religious enthusiast, whose body, in the course of nineteen years' captivity, had become covered with ulcers; Le Charbonnier, a Catholic, crazed also upon religious subjects; and Aubert, a raving astrologer of the most filthy habits.

The party was shortly afterwards enlarged by the addition of another ancient maniac, named Pigeon, whose obscenities and blasphemy introduced fresh disturbances. Cardel, goaded to exasperation by insults from the more insane than himself, contrived to sharpen a knife, with which he kept his assailants at bay. A terrific brawl ensued; gaolers interposed, and the poor enthusiast Cardel was removed to a dungeon, of which the horrors proved fatal to him. De Renneville was abandoned to the company of the three remaining madmen, and endured it for many months. One day, M. de Joncas, an officer of the Bastille who appears to have possessed some grains of humanity, entered the chamber where de Renneville was confined, and read the following couplet, graven on the stone wall:

"Peut-on pousser plus loin la fureur et la rage?
N'est-ce pas surpasser les plus cruels tyrans,
Qui déterroient les morts pour les joindre aux vivants,
Que d'enfermer ici trois fous avec un sage?"

"Who wrote those verses?" he immediately enquired.

“No other but myself,” replied de Renneville; “who have contrived to retain a small portion of common sense amidst all the cruelties which have been practised upon me.” He then addressed a forcible appeal to the feelings of M. de Joncas; the result of which was, his being supplied with provisions, and removed to another cell, where he found himself the companion of four prisoners, less mad than his late associates, but of appearance and habits almost as repulsive.

“Upon entering the chamber in which my four future associates were confined,” remarks de Renneville, “they were as much horrified at my aspect, as they afterwards owned to me, as I was astonished at theirs. My complexion, and the very whites of my eyes, were as yellow as the peel of a quince; my skin stuck closely to my dry, emaciated bones; my beard, which had not been combed out for a twelvemonth, fell down to my stomach; my arms and legs were mere bones; and my hands more nearly resembled spiders’ legs than the limbs of a human being. My whole body was, indeed, little else but a living skeleton. My bristly hair peered through my wig; and the decayed state of my garments seemed to indicate a prisoner grown old in captivity!”

* * * * *

As de Renneville’s narrative proceeds, the heart sickens at its teeming details of complex wretchedness; of ruffians abusing their authority to torture and insult their victims; of ministers of religion profaning their high office by the commission of the most shameless crimes; of brutal violence offered to defenceless women; of men, driven to madness by captivity and ill-treatment, raving for years naked in their cells; of gaolers appropriating to themselves the clothes and food of the miserable prisoners consigned to their charge:—in a word, of suffering, despair, and death, in every variety of form!

Compelled to herd by turns with other prisoners, of desperate character, of infamous conversation, or of disgusting habits, de Renneville, of the brawls that necessarily accompanied and terminated such forced and unnatural associations, seems to have become a marked victim. In 1706, he was thrown into a dungeon, where, in a more than half naked state, he was confined twenty-two days upon bread and water, with a dunghill to sleep on. From this den he was once more rescued, by the timely interference of M. de Joncas, the lieutenant du Roi; but again condemned to be the companion of maniacs. Shortly afterwards, the death of that officer led to the appointment, in his stead, of the ruthless and implacable Bernaville. The terror of his name—he had been the relentless governor of the château de Vincennes—had preceded his arrival; and the unhappy prisoners of

the Bastille justly regarded his appearance amongst them as the harbinger for them of redoubled cruelty and oppression.

“The first reform,” says de Renneville, “which this tyrant introduced at the Bastille was, to block up most of the windows in the tower chambers; and to the floors of each of them fasten huge chains, intended to fetter those who should presume to complain of the quality of the food that might be administered to them. As the ordinary dungeons were frequently too full of water to be made use of, he made others out of upper cells, the gloom and horror of which kept his wretched victims in awe. Even in the chapel, Bernaville contrived to render the sense of their captivity more bitter. In dark cells, barred and curtained, four or five prisoners were respectively penned: the curtain, which concealed from them the view of the altar, was at the time of the elevation for one moment drawn aside, and then pulled back again.”

In 1708, upon the death of the governor St. Mars, Bernaville, who it appears had acquired in high quarters a reputation for sanctity and uprightness which he little deserved, was appointed to the vacant office; and with unrelenting severity exercised despotic sway over the miserable inmates of the Bastille.

After eleven years' imprisonment, during which it fell to his lot to endure every species of moral and physical torture, de Renneville, in tattered plight and utterly shattered health, was conveyed to the frontier under an armed escort, and there turned adrift under sentence of perpetual exile from France. With his own words, descriptive of his latter years passed at the Bastille, the subject of his personal history may be now dismissed:

“I entreat my readers attentively to consider whether it were possible to inflict a more horrible punishment than that of five or six years' close confinement, with three raving maniacs, in a place aloof from every human succour,—no fire in winter, or clothes all the year round! I could learn no news of my wife nor child; nor could I even know whether they were alive, however earnest the entreaties I addressed to my inexorable gaolers, in order to obtain some information from them. For more than eleven years, I never spoke to a woman; for more than five, I never saw one! If the wing of a chicken, or a prune, or a bunch of grapes, or any other article of trifling cost, had been requisite for the saving of our lives, our tyrants would rather have let us die than provide us with them!”

(To be continued.)

A VISION.

It was a bright evening in the joyous month of June. The sun, having run his glorious course over an unclouded sky, was slowly sinking into his gilded western bed,—and in the east the pale moon shed her soft rays upon the beauteous face of earth; but the veil of night was yet raised, and nature's myriad throngs basked, in joyful merriment, in the cool evening breeze. On the tall trees, whose spreading branches cast a refreshing shade around their stately trunks, the feathered choir raised their cheerful notes, vying with each other in tuneful minstrelsy; and on every leaf of nodding grass, a merry insect troop held sportive revels, and made the air re-echo with their sprightly chirrupings. And the many-tinted family of flowers joined silently in the happy hymn of gratitude to God, sending their sweet perfumes heavenward upon the breeze, as glad incense to His praise,—while the gorgeous sunflower, their stately king, turned his bright face in homage towards the setting sun.

The sweet influence of repose fell upon me, and I slept; and, as in sleep we often still hold fast the clue of waking thoughts, I dreamed that I yet wandered through the green fields, surrounded by all the God-created glories on which my eyes had feasted before the spirit of sleep closed their portals against the beauties of the external world; and, as I rambled on, I thought within myself “Can care and want run riot in a world whose features mark it as a scene of joy, and in which each new discovered wonder presents some fresh and fruitful source of happiness to man?”

And, as the thought passed through my mind, I heard a sigh, soft as the tender note in which the dying swan bursts into song, and chants her farewell to her life. I turned, and at my side there stood a being of angelic form,—a shade of care tinged with melancholy his expression of tender love, while a bright dew-drop trickled from his eye, and fell upon his snow-white robe. As I gazed upon him he approached, and touched me; and instantly I felt that we were borne away rapidly through the air. But at length we stopped.

And a sad and solemn voice cried,—“Come and see!”

It was a miserable garret; the low and sloping roof, stained in many places with the oozing moisture of the rain, while here and there a mouldering beam warned the inmates of its approaching fall. The walls, which gave a poor protection against the inclement air, were tottering and crumbling away; the yawning chasms of the floor threatened the incautious intruder with destruction at each unguarded step; and the window, its shattered panes replaced by some scanty rags, admitted in fitful gusts the chilly dews of night. In one corner stood a low frame; &

tattered blanket betokened that it was a bed—and the only other garniture of the room was a chair, fast falling to decay, and a crazy table, on which stood a candle, whose growing snuff betrayed some watcher too anxious to heed its unsteady flame: while the half opened door of a narrow cupboard revealed only some poor fragments of mouldy bread, the last relics of the single loaf which had been the food of the hapless inmate for many a weary day. And, beside the table, sat one whose dress declared her to be a woman, but whose lineaments were those of death. In her trembling hands, whose every bone seemed eager to free itself from the trammels of its confining skin, she held a garment, on which her swollen and bloodshot eyes were fixed with earnest intensity, while her fingers plied the needle with the maddened desperation of want. Ever and anon, her head fell in uneasy slumber upon her bosom. But, waking from each temporary dream with a fitful start, she sought by renewed activity to gain again the time which she had lost. Her breath was short and feeble, and a sharp hacking cough which agitated her frame told of the ravages of hunger, of toil, and of despair.

And, as I gazed upon her, her eyes gleamed with a brightness more than human; her pallid cheek was once again suffused with the colour, which, in happier days, had tinged it with the budding rose's hue, and the buoyant smile of childhood shone upon her face, as if, in that moment, the joys of youth had returned to cheer her dying hour. It was but for an instant, and then her work fell from her hands, and I knew that she was dead!

A low wail, as of mourning angels, was borne upon the breeze that fanned her haggard brow, and the voices seemed to say—"Come! ye who in royal palaces build splendid resting-places for your pampered hounds, while thousands of starving creatures cry aloud for bread—come! look at this, and weep!"

Again all was dark, and the spirit hurried me away. Away! over the wide and trackless plains, white with the crackling frost, on which the trembling sheep, crouching together before the cutting wind, sought to protect each other from the wintry blast, and taught to selfish man a wise and useful lesson of mutual kindness and love. Away! over busy town and silent hamlet—over the happy dwelling, where peace and plenty scatter their richest gifts, and happiness smiles on all; and over the dark spots where starvation mars all that is good in man, and want, driven to despair, plunges into blood and crime. Away! still away!

At length we stopped, and the same sad voice cried—"Come and see!"

It was a long and lofty room, glaring with many lights, and filled with myriad engines in rapid and ceaseless motion. The

din of whirling wheels jarred upon the ear with wearisome monotony, and the atmosphere was pervaded by a thick mist of dusty particles, which made the air hot and stifling. From the windows of this murky prison the eye rested on no bright green fields, to cheer, with the fresh beauty of budding nature, the weary sight; but all around were other tombs, tall and stately, raising their many-windowed walls towards the starry heavens; and from each arose the same unvarying din of ceaseless human toil.

It was night, the season when nature wraps itself in repose—when the joyous choristers of the woods cease from their warblings, and stillness rests upon the scenes, where, beneath the glowing sun, all was activity and life. But here there was no peace, no repose. Scorning the just limits which He who made the heavens and the earth has affixed to human toil—blind to His great division between the hours of labour and of rest, the vampire Avarice had fixed its fangs upon the vitals of its victims, and sacrificed them upon its blood-stained altars.

And many were there—men and women—aye! and children too!—tender beings, whose young forms were withering and wasting away in this catacomb of life. Not erect and dignified, as their God had made them, but bent and crippled into premature old age, with faces sallow and wrinkled with want and toil, and eyes glaring with the dull vacuity of passionless despair, they passed, with heavy and listless tread, from spot to spot, from toil to toil, in wearying, endless round.

But there was one young child, whose careworn pallid cheek and furrowed brow made me single her out from the sad youthful throng that toiled beneath that roof of woe. Of stunted growth, and feeble tottering frame, her fair golden hair clustering around a face in which grief and famine strove for mastery; her young cheek unconscious of the smile of sportive childhood; her lips never uttering the wild laugh of infant revelry; her eyes dull and leaden—their bright flashes quenched in misery—she moved along, a toiler like the rest. Yet not always sad: for ever and anon her eyes kindled with fondness and affection, and at every moment she could steal from her own toils, she ran to whisper words of comfort to some still younger child, some novice in this dungeon of despair, who, yet ignorant of the great Christian truth the poor are forced to learn, that the bounteous God of heaven made the green fields to glad the heart only of the rich man's child, bent and wept beside its heavy task, as it thought of the bright sky and budding flowers of its infant home.

Again the mourning wail of the angel choir was borne upon the wind—and now it seemed to say—“Come! ye, who, blessed with this world's wealth, clothe in silks and velvets your own young babes and lavish upon useless gauds to deck their infant

limbs, the gold that would give joy to many a poor man's home,—Come! look at this, and weep."

Once again the spirit hurried me away.

Away! Over parched heaths and blasted moors; over wild tracts, where the crackling blaze of furnaces, and the hollow roar of forges, betokened the ceaseless activity of busy human toil. Away! To the spot from whence the lurid glare arose that lighted the darkness of the midnight air, and sent its fiery shoots of flame across the starlit heavens,—dimming the lustre of the everlasting stars, and gleaming like a conflagration of the world! Away! still away!

And then down! In rapid descent into regions where the sun never sheds its genial ray, and the calm brilliance of the gentle moon has never poured itself, in silver floods, into these realms of darkness. Down! Through deep wells and yawning chasms; and then on! along narrow galleries in the black rock, where the overhanging mass seemed each moment ready to fall and bury the daring intruder in its ruins. Through dark veins in the bosom of the earth, away! still away!

At last we stopped; and the voice again said, in a tone yet sadder than before, "Come and see!"

It was a small dark cell, cut out by human labour from the black stone, low and confined, and hemmed in, on the side where the rock had been pierced, by a heap of glittering fragments, hewn from the stony mass. And in this tiny cell, by the feeble glimmer of a single lamp, sat a being in human form, and yet scarce to be recognized as a man. His sallow face, overgrown with matted and tangled hair, tinged with a premature grey, was never lighted by a smile; but his hollow eye, fixed upon his weary task, seemed unconscious of aught save misery and want: but still, with heavy, ceaseless blows, he smote again and again the overhanging rock, and piled the produce of his toil upon the growing heap, as one who would have built himself within the hollow cell, and separated himself for ever from all communion with his fellow-men.

And, while I looked upon this solitary being, I heard a hoarse rumbling in the distance, gradually approaching the spot on which I stood; and, at the same moment, a light, advancing along one of the galleries of this subterranean world, caught my eye.

Slowly it advanced; and with it there came towards me a low and heavy cart, whose unwilling motions made the rocks re-echo with a noisy din; and, harnessed like beasts to this, with hard ropes bound round their bent and distorted limbs, there were—great God of heaven—a woman, and a young and tender girl! And the angel whispered to me that they were the wife and child of the unwearying labourer in the rock.

I gazed upon the woman's face, but no lineaments of womanhood were there, for the life of a brute beast had defaced the angel from her brow; and I turned to the child. The child! great God! it was a deformed and withered cripple, a breathing spectre, a sallow stunted dwarf! And between the three there passed no words of love, no glances of affection lighted those care-worn eyes; but a dark frown of settled despair sat upon each brow, and each looked upon the other as upon the buried dead. They loaded again the cart, and in a moment the labourer was alone! alone in the world below!

Once more the wailing song floated in the air, and now it said "Come! ye, who, rich in the joys of domestic love, draw round the cheerful blaze in the bleak wintry nights, bent only on your own enjoyment, and unmindful of the misery that lurks around on every side—misery which your own hoarded wealth might banish from the land! Come! look at this, and weep!"

In an instant all had faded away, and I was again lying upon the green sward, where first I had sunk into repose. The angel still stood by my side, and, turning upon me his tender mournful gaze, he said, "Would you that these things should end? Then let man, whose grasping avarice has caused this misery and woe, remember the great aim of the good Creator who framed the beauteous world in which he lives, and who showers daily in his path His richest and most bounteous gifts. Let him look upon that world,—let him trace in every offspring of its Maker's hand, the immortal truth, that it is formed for the happiness and joy of all; and then, returning to his sphere of active life, let him remember that he, who, for the sake of paltry gold, or to please the idle fancy of a passing hour, sacrifices the health and happiness of his fellow-men, or fails, from his own ample stores, to minister to misery and want, will stand as a murderer before the Throne of Heaven!"

I awoke—and, alas! I found that it was not a dream.

LEICESTER S. F. BUCKINGHAM.

* A paper like the preceding can hardly be subjected to the criticisms of political economists; but as it may shock the theories of many, we will state our conviction, that the writer does not intend to reflect harshly upon those who offer work to the poor, either at the needle, in the factory, or in the mine, at such wages as, owing to the competition for labour, the poor themselves are glad to receive; but only to call upon the wealthy to remember that such suffering does exist, and to alleviate it by every means in their power, either by private alms or by encreasing the wages for which it is undergone. A wider field for employment would diminish the competition for labour; would compel employers to offer higher wages to those whose skill or strength they needed; and these higher wages would enable the latter to leave their wives and children at home, instead of sending them forth to earn their share of food and clothing.—*Editor Dolman's Magazine.*

AN ANALYSIS OF WIT, FROM ÆSOP TO PUNCH.

ALMOST all who have ever attempted to give a correct definition of wit have signally failed in the endeavour, and among this number may be enumerated several of our most acute analogical writers. Even the explanation of the great Locke himself, is extremely deficient in conveying a just notion of the characteristics peculiar to this operation of the human intellect. And thus one author after another has jingled together a profusion of mysterious expressions for the purpose of delineating its subtle and variable particularities, but each in succession has proved but a mere shadow and phantom of the reality. Dryden has declared that "wit is a propriety of thoughts and words; or in other terms thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject." This imagined exposition is, however, vague and meagre to a remarkable extent, and might apply equally well to any other description of literary composition. The renowned essayist on the human understanding observes, on the contrary, that "wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and the putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found an assemblance and congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Here, however, the interpretation, though nearer the truth than the preceding one, is very erroneous in restricting the range of wit to *agreeable* pictures only, since a witty remark may be both painful and inelegant; though the wit is undoubtedly always of a higher character when chastened by propriety and rendered pleasant to the imagination by elegance. Addison, in a more obscure and cramped spirit, remarks that "every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader;" but this is merely the mention of a single phase in the appearance of this mental kaleidoscope. Cowley in a more cunning manner has attempted to define wit under the guise of a negative, where he remarks:

" 'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet ;"

in addition to which he very justly alludes to the line of distinction which separates genuine wit from that fustian whimsicality and exaggeration of the ridiculous, which constitutes the burlesque,

" 'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage ;
Not a tall metaphor in th' bombast way
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca.
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude."

With all veneration, however, for the illustrious names we have mentioned, we thoroughly discard the preceding explanations as valueless from their excessive indistinctness; and we maintain that the subjoined definition, which was advanced by a nameless analyst upwards of one hundred years ago, is at once the most accurate, the most condensed, and nevertheless the most diffuse, which has ever appeared. "Wit," says this anonymous writer, "is the lustre resulting from the quick elucidation of one subject, by a just and unexpected arrangement of it with another subject."* Under these admirably selected words are couched all the prodigious varieties of aspect which this intellectual capacity is capable of assuming; while the language also intimates the absolute necessity there exists for an unexpected accuracy of contrast between two given subjects, in order to constitute real and legitimate wit. And it is impossible to deny that this peculiar operation of the mind consists in the illustration of one thing, by placing in juxtaposition or comparison with it, some other thing of an opposite and congruous nature, while the more unanticipated the similitude, and the more appropriate the allusion the greater the sparkle and brilliancy of the wit. Hence it is evident, that some proportion of judgment is requisite, in order to guide the imagination in the just selection of the materials; whereas with mere humour the more extravagant and outrageous the conceit, the richer and more irresistible it becomes; for as the latter consists simply in ludicrous references to foibles and oddities, it almost necessitates the absence of all comparison, or calculation, or judgment. To speak more definitely: wit, in the smartness of its ebullition, has a marked affinity for satire, whereas humour, in the grotesqueness of its merriment, has a particular relation to burlesque. Wit is shrewd and subtle, humour is genial and jolly. Again, wit is succinct and rapid in its appearance, it starts from the tongue in a repartee or a retort, it astonishes into gratification by its suddenness, and flies off as glibly as Puck "girdled the earth in the winking of an eye." Humour, on the other hand, is continuous and prolonged, it delights in the elaborate jocoseness of detail, it wins the hearer by its exquisitely gradual advances to a climax. Nevertheless, it is almost a matter of supererogation to trace out the characteristics of a mental operation so familiarized to every reflective mind as wit. While the origin of the difficulties which surround one on attempting to describe its capacity and mode of operation, evidently result from its mutability and incalculable variety, a variety which is even multiplied by the difference of tone and habit among different

* From a pamphlet dated 1744, preserved in the British Museum.

nations, as well as by the difference of tone and habit among different generations. Thus every age has a peculiar description of wit, such as is in accordance with the disposition prevalent at the time; though, of course, its copiousness and vigour depend solely upon the idiosyncrasy of the individual.

Some sorts of humorous writing are imbued with a character of positive repulsiveness, while others afford unmitigated gratification: nevertheless, the true aim of wit is invariably either to impart a degree of sudden brightness to a subject which is otherwise inherently unpalatable from its seriousness, or to enliven the fancy with its flippancy, or to scourge immorality with its acuteness, or to charm the imagination with strange allusions to the mental or bodily whimsicalities of another, or to startle reason with the quaintness of some preposterous simile. Though, strictly speaking, the latter effects might be more appropriately attributed to satire and raillery and quibbles and quirks and the other countless offspring of humour. The main end, however, to which legitimate wit tends, is the instruction and amusement of its auditors, though it of course, like everything else, may be degenerated by extravagance in one way or another, and thus become liable to the imputation of obscenity, or ribaldry, or profanity, or actual meanness.

As man is the only animal who thoroughly enjoys a laugh— notwithstanding old Æsop's opinion to the contrary—so from the very earliest periods we find him to have ever entertained an especial affection for the humorous. Thus the most remote sovereigns of Europe, with an occasional exception, like that of Philip Augustus, were constantly attended by their fools or jesters; and Homer introduces the buffoon Thersites among the tents of his heroes with much propriety. Nay, the ancient Romans went so far as to erect a *ridiculi ædícula*, or chapel of laughter, near the gate Capena, and even to worship a fellow called Momus, who was regarded as the god of mimes and folly; and so excessive a delight did the Grecians of old derive from the comedies of Aristophanes, that they obliged their supreme magistrates to levy an extraordinary tax, the proceeds of which were presented to that dramatist as a token of their estimation; and this, be it remembered, notwithstanding he had ridiculed in the grossest manner the wise Socrates and the admirable Euripides. Still his exquisite attic refinement of style, and the inimitable drollery which he infused into such a character as that of Philocleon in the *Wasps*, exercised a fascination over his fellow-citizens which infinitely outweighed any occasional imperfections, whether of manner or of matter. But it is no less remarkable than perceptible, that wit is always welcomed with contemporary applause, while very frequently the sublime and the tragic do not receive their just meed of approbation until seve-

ral years have elapsed after the demise of their creators—a truth, which is glaringly instanced in the persons of Milton and Otway. Indeed, from the appearance of the blasphemous and indecent jocularity of Lucian, to the innocent quips and cranks of Charles Lamb, humourists have, with scarcely an exception, been cheered on with plaudits. Yet, until a very recent date, these authors have been more or less defiled with libidinous qualities, and tarnished with a detestable levity of manner; for which impurities the satires of Juvenal are particularly remarkable. Nevertheless this fine poet, amidst all his grossness, lashed the licentious habits and vicious propensities of his age, with the most caustic and virulent irony—an irony that was scarcely approached by the more dulcet diction, but less furious flagellations of Horace.

A novel kind of wit is observable in the Spanish fictions; and Cervantes, who originated this school, charms us by the many really good qualities of his ludicrous hero Don Quixote, though he convulses us by the vast absurdity of that redoubtable champion. In this celebrated production the main sense of the comic arises from the notion—eminently facetious in itself—of a ceremonious private gentleman conceiving himself to be impelled, by principles of honour, to the performance of the most valorous deeds of knight-errantry; a picture, whose grotesqueness is infinitely heightened by the leanness and senility of the warrior, as well as by the incorrigible meekness of his steed Rozinante. Yet, in defiance of the esteem we entertain towards the good old man for his excellent heart, and his really sound sense on many topics, we cannot help experiencing immense delight at the scrapes into which he is incessantly being plunged by his pompous and exquisitely rash proceedings. At the same time, the ludicrous grandeur and solemnity of Quixote is prodigiously heightened by the low fun of his esquire Sancho Panza. That this work was renowned for its humour immediately after its publication, is placed beyond dispute by the following noted anecdote:—When Philip III, according to the narrative, was standing upon a balcony of his palace upon one occasion, he observed a student underneath the windows reading a volume in a meadow, and noticed the young man indulging occasionally in the wildest gesticulations, beating his forehead at intervals, and, altogether, testifying the most extreme delight. After he had observed these movements for some time, the monarch at last exclaimed—“That scholar is either mad, or he is reading *Don Quixote*!” And we are informed that upon enquiry the latter supposition was found to be correct.

Liable to as many objections as the great romance of Cervantes de Saavedra is worthy of commendations, the prodigious

fiction of Rabelais forms in itself an epoch of wit. At once excellent and detestable, it presents a jumble of incomparable jests and despicable puerilities, relieved at intervals with touches of genuine wisdom, large-hearted sentiments, and intolerable buffooneries; peculiarities which, combined together, render the history of Gargantua and Pantagruel a monster phenomenon in literature—at once the meanest and the noblest work of wit that ever proceeded from the invention of genius:—a kind of satire on the supposed crimes and imperfections of popes and monks, and other religious personages, as well as on a miscellaneous assemblage of follies and atrocities, this book astonishes the reader with its profound erudition and unostentatious learning, while it disgusts him by its ribaldry, its profanity, and its general licentiousness.

In broad relief against the more mannerized, and, if possible, more demoralizing gaiety of the French, are the comedies of our own antique dramatists. No one amongst them abounds with more inimitable humour than Ben Jonson: his characters are depicted from the life, and that with a profundity of conception and appositeness of execution that is actually marvellous. Yet, as he invariably attempts to inculcate some fine moral principle, through the agency of each character, so he delineates individuals who, with all their admirable drollery, are rendered loathsome and detestable either from their deceitfulness, their avarice, their sneaking treachery, or their vulgar malevolence. But with the comedy of Shakspeare our affections go heart and soul with his wits and his humourists. We would do all sorts of kindness for “bully Bottom,” if he would only get Pyramus and Thisbe rehearsed all over again; we should like to see Master Silence dispensing apples and hospitality at Justice Shallow’s to all eternity, on condition of his singing us another stave; and as to that “bag of pudding,” that “stuff’d neat’s skin,” that destroyer of sack and capons, that economist of bread, Jack Falstaff, we would give something just to see him strolling down the Cheap again towards the Boar’s Head Tavern, “larding the lean earth as he walked along!” Falstaff, indeed, according to a trite observation, stands without a parallel as a comic creation. He is a braggart—but with a sly glitter of the eye, that lets you know he is aware that the character of bravery is assumed: he is a liar—but he lies with a honied chuckle: he is a tippler—but he fingers his cup with such a relish that you forgive him: he is a hoary debauchee—but he inundates you with such a torrent of wit, and alludes to his white hair with a quirk so unconscionable, that you cannot rebuke the old rascal, for roaring with laughter. You bid him farewell with regret at his departure; his wit has been so jocund

and so joyous that you not only love the old man for his innate happiness of disposition, but are grateful to him for the mirth he has excited in you. A similar remark, though in a lesser and variable degree, is applicable also to the other fine humourists of Shakspeare.

Unlike the startling naturalness and unaffected jocoseness of the Shakspearian comedy, are the plays of Molière. His characters are all drolls and masqueraders; the *contretemps* are fraught with such facetious vivacity, the dilemmas are so neatly plotted, and the equivoques are so furiously funny, that the imagination is dragged into attention, as it were, by the collar of its coat, and the nerves of risibility are tickled unceasingly by the exchange of smart sayings and repartees. As a specimen of this, witness the interruption of the squabble between Sganarelle and his wife in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, and the scene where the two valets enact the gentlemen of fashion in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. This smartness and flippancy of dialogue has been indifferently attempted by Congreve, whose elegant language and refined taste are set off, as it were, by the intolerable licentiousness of his cotemporary Farquhar.

But for thorough and legitimate burlesque, of the broadest and raciest description, nothing had previously approached the *Hudibras* of Butler. Notwithstanding its execrable indifference to harmony and incorrigible looseness of rhythm, there is in this parody of an epic such a profusion of sarcasm upon everything that is obnoxious, such a tomahawking in all directions at the more flagrant vices of mankind, such an irresistible flow of humour, such villainously good caricaturing of humanity, that this doggrel has been elevated to the very topmost position as a burlesque; and the incidents which it embodies, did not appear too insignificant for the “graver” of our own glorious Hogarth. Although the occurrences narrated are scanty and unconnected; although the measure is of a very dangerous kind, as having a great tendency to become wearisome; although the composition is interrupted by long colloquies between Ralpho and the hunchback knight, the poem does not pall upon a discriminating taste,—so rich is the ore of its wit, so shrewd and stringent are its commentaries, so just and appropriate the language, so terse and nervous the descriptive passages. With a hero, whose woollen breeches were well lined with a supply of bread and cheese and black-puddings; whose puissant sword, a

“—— trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting had grown rusty;”

and whose charger was

“—— sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal and eyes of wall;”

with Crowdero, and Trulla, and Sidrophel, the last-mentioned of whom

“ ——— had been long towards mathematics,
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology ;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself and plies his feet
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again :”

Butler was enabled in an eminent degree to describe alternately low circumstances in the grandiloquent and pompous style of the heroics, and to debase a grand and lofty sentiment by a mean and petty metaphor,—two things that constitute the principal part of burlesque. Nor were the popularity and intrinsic merit of this production at all deteriorated by the fact that its chief object was to uncloak hypocrisy, at that time so miserably prevalent; to disclose it in all its villainous meanness, and, at the same time, to betray to the thousands who were at that period blinded and gulled by their tawdry display of erudition, the shallowness of those alchymists, and concoctors of sympathetic draughts, and astrologers, and transfusers of blood, and pretenders to research and science, who then battered upon public credulity. Such a capacity for satire and wit, combined with such laudable and useful motives, elicited at once the gratitude and applause of his contemporaries, while it ensured the more subdued, but more permanent approbation of posterity. Unlike the elfin gamesomeness and freakish sportiveness of Paul Scarron, the verse of Butler clothes his ideas as with an uncouth and distasteful garment. Thus *Hudibras* hobbles onwards with occasional stumbles, and at an unequal pace, while the *Gigantomachia* and the *Eneid* travestied rattle along with a sprightliness commensurate with the whimsicality of the themes. A similar nimbleness of manner had been ineffectually attempted by Seneca in his *Apocolocyntosis*, as it was afterwards by Garth in his *Dispensary*. Still, notwithstanding the immeasurable superiority of both these writers in melodiousness and elegance of style, their humorous efforts sink into insignificance before the extravagant pomposity and flagrant bathos of Butler.

In another branch, however, of this species of composition, we find the rugged drollery of *Hudibras* thoroughly eclipsed by a subsequent author—the morose but mirthful and sarcastic Swift. Defiled, if possible, with a still more impudent libertinism of expression, and a filthiness of imagination that is actually despicable, there are passages of such caustic satire and stinging raillery in his *Tale of a Tub*, and especially in his *Gulliver* among the Yahoos

and the Houyhnhnms, as cannot be compared with any other work of any other author, of whatever age or of whatever country. Neither is the power, or indeed the influence, of these productions diminished by the circumstance that, whereas the satyrists had hitherto restricted himself to the castigation of some individual vice, or of some particular class of society, or of some distinct nation, Swift here placed the gross mass of mankind before him for an indiscriminate attack; he regarded every foible and monstrosity that is discoverable, as peculiarly the target at which the arrows of his invective should be strung. Ecclesiastics, and warriors, and statesmen, and students; the drunkard, the despot, the charlatan, the libertine,—all are rendered in turn the medium of inculcating some sound and healthy notions of morality and justice; while the costly attire with which the most seductive abominations are generally concealed, are each in succession torn away, and the hidden gangrene and unimagined foulness laid bare in all their contagious and repulsive loathsomeness. There is, indeed, only one other satirist who can be mentioned as at all comparable to the shrewd dean Jonathan in the vastness of the range of his raillery; and that individual is the admirable Le Sage, who, in his single intellect, combined a marvellous copiousness of fancy and a simplicity though propriety of style, with a facility of facetiousness and a reckless indifference as to whom his ridicule might prove offensive to. These qualifications are displayed to an extraordinary degree, in his *Asmodeus*; while they have elevated his *Gil Blas* to the highest position which that description of literature can attain, rendering it the marvel and despair of all subsequent novelists.

As a sort of direct contradiction to the preceding humourists, may be mentioned the more subdued, though not less ludicrous, comic powers of Addison. Hardly inferior in point of attraction, though diametrically opposite in disposition, *Sir Roger de Coverley* wins upon our affections as swiftly, though as imperceptibly, as that archest of all arch wits, Sir John Falstaff. There is such a goodness of heart about the honest country knight, and such a liveliness of temper, though modified by such an amusing dignity and solemnity of manners in his attention to his religious duties, that we rejoice with Will Honeycomb, whenever the old squire cheats himself into an oblivion of his disappointment in love, by giving way to emotions of calm happiness and enjoyment. Nevertheless, we detect ourselves occasionally in the very fact of deriving a kind of malicious satisfaction at the scrapes into which Sir Roger is so repeatedly tumbling, and at the numerous extravagancies of which he is guilty; though we cannot bring ourselves to acknowledge for an instant that we entertain sentiments of contempt for the old gentleman's sim-

plicity and outrageous lack of guile. But, besides the innate charm and fascination of the character itself, the little occurrences in which he is involved are described with such a winning artlessness of manner, and the humour is so much enhanced by the adornments of a wit of the finest lustre, that the very mode in which the author's conception is conveyed, becomes as precious to the scholar as the character of Sir Roger himself. What, for instance, can be more sparkling or epigrammatic in its point, than that observation uttered by the old bachelor knight about the tantalizing widow upon whom he had doated, when he exclaims, with a most *naïve* truthfulness, that if she had but married him, he would have given her a *coal-pit* to "keep her in clean linen," and her finger should have *glittered* with a "hundred of his choicest acres!" Here the jewel is brought out with double brilliancy, from the sudden and surprising association of it with a hundred dirty acres; while the purity of the linen becomes positively dazzling, from the unexpected mention of the coal-pit. Nothing, in fact, can be more refined or more sunny, than the quiet jocularly displayed throughout those inimitable papers in the *Spectator*, wherein Sir Roger and his merry associates disport themselves; they are interwoven with so much amenity of disposition, and so much earnestness of feeling.

Not long after this admirable writer had lapsed from among his competitors, a new genius of the comic broke in upon the literary world, with a brightness that vied even with the manes of Cervantes. And, as the knight-errant of La Mancha covered the excesses of an exaggerated chivalry with a torrent of ridicule and hunted it to the death with explosions of laughter, so did Fielding annihilate with his irony those mawkish sentimentalities and strained efforts at the pathetic which had been brought into vogue by Richardson. Possessed of a perfect acquaintance with the various phases of English manners and English habits as they then appeared, in the higher ranks of society, but especially among the more rude and homely circles, Fielding was eminently fitted for the office of portraying them. For, although his wit was not the most brilliant, or his command over the human heart the most magical, or his language the most eloquent, his works are masterpieces, from the rough exuberance of his humour, the buoyancy and vivacity of his style, the genuine richness of his assumed dignity, and the polish and appositeness of his expressions. Liable, together with his contemporary Smollett, to the imputation of unnecessary grossness and indecency, a stain which is attributable rather to the general levity of the age, than to any innate partiality to the obscene, there is nevertheless a prodigious counterpoise of real large-heartedness and fine-feeling which invest even the most burlesque passages

of his fictions with an indescribable beauty. Who does not remember that exquisite account of Parson Adams, when he endeavours to instil into the mind of Joseph Andrews, the propriety of quelling all excessive exhibitions of passion, whether of rage, dislike, or sorrow, and how his homily is suddenly interrupted by a neighbour running in with the intelligence that his "little Jacky" is just drowned? Who does not remember how thereupon the affection of the father puts to flight all the fine-spun theories of the ethical philosopher, and sends Mr. Abraham Adams dancing and stamping about the room until Jacky runs through the doorway into his arms, dripping wet, but otherwise uninjured? Still, from the very abundance of his comic abilities, Fielding has shared with his fellow-wits of every generation, the stigma of being rather a caricaturist than a true delineator of human nature, as it presented itself to his scrutiny. Yet, though his humour was not mellowed down with moderation, such as that of Goldsmith or Burton, the very personage who has most elicited these cries of disapprobation, the Squire Western of *Tom Jones*, bears such an impress of the actual about it, in all its coarseness and bluster, that we are compelled, on mature reflection, to acknowledge that it carries along with itself unmistakeable evidence of having started spontaneously rather from the memory of Fielding than from his imagination. Nor can we fail to admire the native kindness displayed by this racy wit in the many captivating sentiments and situations scattered through his writings; while we condemn the viciousness which has insinuated, into his finest productions, impurities of the most vile and nauseous description. Perhaps the brightest testimonies of his capacity for satirising the vices and for probing into the motives of the heart, are found in two mere fragments, but fragments as invaluable as the torsoes and mutilated limbs discovered in the Parthenon: these are his history of a *Journey to the other World*, and his life of *Jonathan Wild*; the former replete with an oddity and a depth of thought which must render it a favourite to every philosophical reader, the latter fraught with terrible and momentous truths, that betoken such a yearning for the moral regeneration of mankind, as must always make it a pleasant study for every real lover of his fellow-creatures.

Almost simultaneously with the conception and appearance of these extremely popular works, a wonderful man was startling Europe with the multiplicity of his accomplishments and the formidable bitterness of his irony. Compelled by the animosity of the French government to retire from the adulations of the Parisians, and driven into seclusion more especially by ecclesiastical influence, he still issued a series of compositions on the

most diversified subjects, from an intellect that appeared to be exhaustless. Essays, and tragedies, and romances, and epics, and comedies, and odes, and philosophical disquisitions, and histories, and lyrics, and biographies, and criticisms, and operas,—all of which sparkled with extraordinary acuteness of wit and peculiar sagacity of perception. The main weapon which Voltaire used, whether in assailing the awful sanctity of the temple, or the meretricious pomp of the palace, or the miscellaneous evils that sprout up like fungi in all parts of the social system, was “ridicule;” and, to borrow the forcible expression of Marmontel, he wielded this instrument of his vengeance fearfully and cruelly. With a daring and hardihood that were the wonder of his admirers, but particularly of his opponents, he denounced as pernicious, ideas that had been sanctified by the accordance of centuries, and held them up, with a curling lip and an untremulous hand, to the scorn and derision of the world. But his attempts to quell the domination of superstition over intellect too often degenerated into a malicious and odious vituperation of religion and rectitude.

Unlike that most incomparable of all poetical wits—Pope, Voltaire had been compelled to sequester himself from familiar intercourse with the more enlightened of his fellow-countrymen: while Pope enjoyed without interruption the caresses and flatteries of his compeers. It is, however, remarkable that one who could distinguish himself so preeminently as the latter in the mellifluous tongue of poesy, found himself (to utter a paradox) cramped, as it were, by the very looseness of prose. Let any one examine *Martinus Scriblerus*, and he will inevitably experience disappointment; for, devoid of that shrewd insight into the natural emotions of the heart so conspicuously displayed in his *Essay on Man*, and of the artificial emotions as evidenced in his *Rape of the Lock*, and of the vigorous satire and irresistible archness of his *Dunciad*, this book seems to be a mere collection of etymological eccentricities and extravagant conceits, such as the preposterously grave enquiry: “Which is of most value in the eyes of Omnipotence, a possible angel or a positively existent fly?” So that, maugre its exceeding quaintness, *Scriblerus* has not one redeeming quality that is even tolerably substantial. With all the taudry jingle-of-bells and grotesque antics peculiar to the Scaramouch of the Italian carnivals, it has likewise a similar absurdity, and throws itself into similarly monstrous contortions to excite merriment.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES.

WHOEVER travels in France, or habitually reads the productions of her press, can hardly fail to observe how imperfectly we are known or appreciated by our neighbours; whom, on the other hand, we are supposed to view with little fairness in estimating their merits. Yet, whatever may have formerly been our illiberality of feeling, or stinted measure of justice, more recent intercourse, calmer consideration, and, probably, the triumphant close of our last contest, which rankles in their breasts with deep and vindictive bitterness of reflection, have greatly softened our long-cherished sentiments of hostility, and made the balance of impartiality in these reciprocal judgments decidedly preponderant on our side. An evidence—than which a more illustrative one could hardly be adduced—of this relative subsidence of national prejudice, may be drawn from a comparison of the substance and spirit of the two vast literary enterprises, the *Biographie Universelle*, for above thirty years in process of publication at Paris, and the *Biographical Dictionary* now in course of composition, under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, in our metropolis. Of the foreign compilation, though, in many respects, of acknowledged value, scarcely can a British article be found that does not teem with errors of fact, or misrepresentations of character; compressed, too, in the scantiest space: while we can assert, that our emulous undertaking betrays a far less taint of this warped feeling in French biography. In direct personal narrative, or details of individual history, it is also much more accurate as concerns France, than its model is on English ground. At least, we have not, we are confident, young though it be in birth, to apprehend the introduction of living names amongst the dead—an anticipated obituary, of which, as in the martyrology of John Fox (see *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. i. p. 232, ed. 1721), more than one instance may be discovered in the Parisian achievement. Thus, the great vocalist Braham, “le seul chanteur Anglais qu’on puisse citer,” as there distinguished, is reported to have fallen a victim to the cholera in August 1831, when he certainly was alive, and, for aught we can learn, still continues so. Our old friend, General Arthur O’Connor, is also classed with the deceased since 1830, though, from personal communication, we can affirm that he long survived that year, and have every reason to believe that, at this hour, he breathes our vital air at the château or demesne of Bignon, near Nemours (Seine et Marne), the birth-place, we may passingly remark, of Mirabeau, and not Provence, as maintained by M. Thiers in his *History of the French Revolution* (tom.

i. p. 123, ed. 1828).* The entire article thus prematurely devoted to General O'Connor, is a tissue of faults. His son is represented as having married his own mother, "la fille de Condorcet," his father's wife. One of Arthur's brothers, it is averred, was executed for high-treason in 1795; and another, Roger, after his trial at Trim, in August 1817, is said to have emigrated to the United States, and there pursued, for a long time, the legal profession—all statements totally at variance with truth. These specimens, which form a very small portion of its aberrations (so multiplied in the English department as to furnish ample materials for two or three volumes of corrections), will sufficiently characterize the *Biographie Universelle* as regards us.

Our own work, we repeat, is far superior to its predecessor in reciprocity of national justice. Yet a cursory inspection has revealed to us some mistakes, which the learned source whence they emanate had not prepared us to expect. These, certainly, are not numerous: but one, from associated circumstances of no common celebrity, appears to us entitled to particular notice, and detailed elucidation. In the article of Antoine, or, by preeminence, "Le Grand Arnould," the child and champion of Jansenism, that most striking effort of pulpit oratory, the sermon "Sur le petit nombre des Elus," is distinctly ascribed to the Jesuit preacher Bourdaloue, who, eloquent as he truly was, the pride, too, of his order, Pascal's impeachments against which, his life, in the expression of Boileau, best refuted,—the ornament, in short, of the Christian ministry,—was yet without any claim to this surcrescent laurel in further decoration of his ample garland of fame. It was, beyond all controversy, the production of his rival in genius, Massillon, an Oratorian priest, and bishop of Clermont, in whose collected sermons it forms that for Monday in the third week of Lent. The text is from St. Luke, iv. 27, as exhibited in the Vulgate: "Multi leprosi erant in Israël sub Elysæo Propheta, et nemo eorum mundatus est nisi Naaman Syrus;" and never did words escape the human lips more impressive on an audience, than the startling passage erroneously

* "Il était né sous le soleil de la Provence," says the historian, who again errs in the date of the great orator's death, which was the 2nd of April, 1791, and not the 20th, as stated by him at page 282. The original habitation of the family was, indeed, in the south, but Mirabeau, the father, so misnamed "L'Ami des Hommes!" had removed to the north, where he purchased the demesne of Bignon; and there his celebrated son first saw the light on the 9th of March, 1749. Some years ago, Arthur O'Connor bought the property from his heirs.

In this early production of M. Thiers, we could indicate other faults; but a most glaring one is that which, in the second volume, page 70, represents the late Austrian Emperor, Francis II., as the son of Joseph II., who left no offspring, instead of Leopold, Joseph's brother and successor, the father of many other children. The author's anti-English prejudices emerge on every occasion, as, indeed, they do more or less in his maturer continuation, now in press.

attributed to the distinguished Jesuit in the *Biographical Dictionary*. “Justes, où êtes vous? restes d’Israël passez à la droite: froment de Jésus Christ démélez-vous de cette paille destinée au feu. O Dieu! où sont vos élus? Quand même dans cette terrible séparation qui se fera un jour, il ne devrait y avoir qu’un seul pécheur de cette assemblée du côté des réprouvés, et qu’une voix du ciel viendrait nous en assurer dans ce Temple, sans le désigner, qui de nous ne craindrait d’être le malheureux? Qui de nous saisi de frayeur ne demanderait pas à Jésus Christ, comme autrefois les Apôtres (St. Matt. xxvi. 12) Numquid ego sum, Domine? Peut-être que parmi tous ceux qui m’entendent, il ne se trouvera pas dix Justes; peut-être s’en trouvera-t-il encore moins; que sais-je? O mon Dieu! je n’ose regarder d’un œil fixe les abîmes de vos jugemens et de votre justice; peut-être ne s’en trouvera-t-il qu’un seul! Et ce danger ne vous touche point, mon cher auditeur? Et vous croyez être ce seul heureux dans le grand nombre qui périra?” The sensation created by this terrific apostrophe, which constitutes part of the peroration, was agonizing; and, if differing in its nature, was quite equal in intensity, to the bursting effusions of enthusiasm occasionally wrung from impassioned minds, or to any recorded triumph of the faculty of speech on inflamed imaginations. In the absence even of the conspiring, the all-efficient aid, as pronounced by a great master (*Cicero de Oratore*, iii. 56), of action or voice, it cannot be read untremulously or unmoved. The language yielded not in force, nor the roused emotion in order, to the invocation by Demosthenes of his slain countrymen on the fields of Marathon, of Salamis, and Phocæa (’Οὐ μὰ ἐν Μαραθῶνι προκινδυνεύσαντας τῶν προγόνων-κ:τ:λ, de Corona, § 60; relative to which see *Longinus*, § 16, and *Quintilian*, lib. ix. 11); nor to the resounding acclamations at the Council of Clermont, in 1095 —“Deus vult! Deus vult!” under the electric impulse communicated to Europe by Peter the Hermit, the success of whose eloquence, says Gibbon (chap. lviii.), the most powerful orators of Athens might envy.* Nor again, without prolonging this

* In a recent number (xxxv., p. 36), of the *Dublin Review*, we find it confidently asserted “that Benjamin of Tudela (in Navarre), had travelled before the Crusades,” which, however, we pronounce an error; for the first marshalled host, collected and animated by Peter’s eloquence, proceeded on its expedition in March 1096 (Gibbon, chapter lviii.) when Benjamin was not born, inasmuch as it was not till 1173, or seventy-seven years subsequently, that on his return to his native Spain, he read for his Israelite brethren the narrative of his peregrinations. It was originally printed at Constantinople in 1543, 12mo., the text being Hebrew; but though twice afterwards published with Latin versions, it is usually referred to in the French translation of J. P. Baratier, achieved when this most precious of students was only thirteen years old, in 1735, and then issued from the press of Amsterdam. The translator, however, is of opinion that Benjamin (relative to whose age, see Malte-Brun’s *Précis de la Géographie Universelle*, tome i.) never

enumeration of parallel instances, was it inferior, however various in source or end, to the responsive cry of the Hungarian magnates in 1742, when appealed to by their queen, with her infant son: "*Moriamus pro Rege nostro Maria Teresia.*"* The

performed these journies, of which he only compiled the facts, as has equally been imputed to Gemelli-Careri, author of the *Giro del Mondo* (Napoli 1699, 6 vol. 12mo.); but the venerable Alexander von Humboldt vindicates his Italian predecessor from this impeachment, in his *Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne* (1811, 4to.) Even our Bruce has been absurdly charged with a similar imposition. Mr. Charles White, in his *Three Years in Constantinople*, states (vol. ii. p. 198), "That though printing was not there authorized until 1726, the Jews and Armenians had established printing presses at the houses of the chiefs of their faith, as early as the end of the sixteenth century, but exclusively for religious works." The date and purpose of Benjamin's book prove, on the contrary, that it appeared before the middle of that century, and embraced *not* a religious subject. In 1740, and again in 1742, Dr. Johnson published, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a sketch of Baratier's life, in allusion to which Mr. Croker, at page 119, vol. i., of his octavo edition of Boswell, subjoins a note demonstrative of his little acquaintance with this juvenile prodigy, who died in 1740, at the age of nineteen, when he had become one of the most learned men in Europe! This short span of existence, and his general character, may well warrant the application to him of Malherbe's lines—

"Et rose il a vecu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin."

His biography, by the versatile pen of Formey, the descendant, like himself, of French refugees, first appeared at Utrecht, in 1741—it is curious.

* In various countries the male title has been given to female sovereigns, as we have had occasion to observe elsewhere. Margaret of Denmark, with Mary and Margaret queens of Hungary, in the 14th century, were each designated *Rex* in all public acts, and so was Christina of Sweden. In Livy we find (lib. i. 39), the elder Tarquin and his wife Tonequil, named *Reges*; and again (lib. xxxvii., cap. 3), Ptolemy and Cleopatra of Egypt, similarly conjoined. In Spain, also, Ferdinand and Isabella were addressed as *Los Reges*. The son, then in Maria Theresa's arms, was the future Emperor Joseph II., her *firstborn*, which I specially mark, in order to correct an error in the *Athenæum*, No. 912, p. 385 (for the 19th April), where, an elder brother is assigned to him; but none such ever existed. His father's brother, Charles of Lorraine, whose statue in the Place Royale at Brussels we well recollect, before it was destroyed by the French in 1794, was, no doubt, meant. There, moreover, he and his wife, the sister of Maria Theresa, were, like their predecessors, denominated "*Les Archiducs*," the male, as in grammar, absorbing the female gender. He governed Austrian Flanders from 1744 to his death, in 1780, and won universal love.

In the same page and article of the justly esteemed periodical, an extract from the autobiography of Caroline Pichler is allowed, unrepvingly, to confound the academician, Jean Baptiste Mirabaud with the revolutionary protagonist Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau; names, though consonant in utterance, differently written, and most dissimilar, indeed, as distinctive of their bearers. The former, as his successor, Buffon, in the French Academy testified, was a mild, moral, and unobtrusive man of letters, who died in 1760, aged eighty-five years, when his assumed synonym was a child of eleven. To the virtuous old man is, therefore, unconsciously of its utter falsehood, suffered to be ascribed, that most daring defiance of the Deity, *Le Système de la Nature*, which appeared ten years after his death, but to which his respected name was most audaciously prefixed, as the author, by Holbach and his associates, though elaborated in their own pandæmonium. Such was their infamous practice, suggested and exemplified by Voltaire, like resurrectionists, to despoil, morally at least, the dead, and diffuse their works of evil on the apparent authority of the most honoured characters:—nothing more unprincipled can be imagined.

late Mr. Charles Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, page 257, describes in glowing terms the thrilling impression which he witnessed on an English congregation, on being addressed by Dr. Hussey, the bishop (Roman Catholic) of Waterford; and Burke's correspondent, in the borrowed denunciation of Massillon, which Voltaire, under the article of "Eloquence" contributed by him to the original *Encyclopédie*, presents as unmatched in power and expression. This infidel coryphæus, we also are informed by D'Alembert (*Eloges*, tom. i. p. 30, ed. 1787), had constantly on his table a volume of the great preacher's sermons, *Le Petit Carême*, as models of taste and grace of diction.*

J. R.

* The passage which our learned correspondent so appropriately illustrates, is thus literally translated in a little work, entitled "Holy Readings," which we noticed in our last number :

"Let me suppose that your last hour and the end of the world is come ; that the heavens are about to open above our heads and Jesus Christ to appear in his glory in the midst of this church ; that you are now gathered together to hear him, like trembling criminals on whom a favourable judgment or a doom of everlasting death is about to be passed ; for, deceive yourselves as you may, you will die just such as you now are : all the plans of amendment which now fool you, will fool you on to your death-bed : such is the experience of all ages. You will find nothing changed about you save that, perhaps, the account which you will then have to give will be a little longer than that for which you would have been called upon to-day : so that by thinking what would be your lot if you were to be judged at this instant, you may almost tell for a certainty what will happen to you at your death.

"Now then, I ask you, o'erwhelmed myself with fear and without separating my lot from yours in this matter, but arousing within me that same state of mind which I wish you to put on : I ask you, then, if Jesus Christ were now to appear in this church, in this congregation to judge us, to make the fearful separation of the goats and the sheep, do you think that the greater number of us all would be placed on the right hand ? Do you think that we should at least be equally divided ? Do you think that there would be found amongst us even ten just ones, whom the Lord could not heretofore find in five whole cities ? I ask it of you. You do not know ; and I myself, I do not know. Thou only, oh God ! dost know those who belong to thee. But if we know not who do belong to him, we know, at all events, that sinners do not belong to him. What then are those now present ? Wealth and rank go for nothing : you will be stript of them before the day of judgment : what then are those now present ? A great many sinners who do not wish to be converted : a still greater number who do wish it, but who delay their conversion : many others who, as often as they are converted, fall back again into sin : and a great many who think that they have no need to be converted at all. All these must be damned ; separate, then, these four classes of sinners from this congregation as they will be separated at the last day.....Come forth now, ye righteous ones ! Where are ye ? Faithful children of Israel, pass to the right hand ! Grain of Jesus Christ, separate yourself from this chaff that is to be burned !.....Great God ! where are thy chosen ones ? and what is left for thy share ?"

At one part of it, almost the whole audience in the King's chapel to whom the sermon was preached, were seized with an involuntary shudder and half rose from their seats, so as partly to confuse the preacher, whose consequent agitation made his language appear still more impressive.—*Editor Dolman's Magazine.*

THE VICTIM OF THE PENAL LAWS :

A TRUE TALE.

OH God, how beautiful is all around !

The very air wafts gladness on its wings ;
The lark's light note, the river's bubbling sound,
Which aye its tale of tranquil pleasure sings,
Seem to reprove our heart's vain murmurings—
Yet all to me but grief and sadness bear—
To me oppressed with want, and weary woe and care.

In vain I strive to school my heart : in vain
I tell myself it is but for a time ;
That soon my soul will spurn this weary chain
Which now it drags, and live in love divine ;
If I avail to make God's promise mine,
And trust all-firmly in his dear Son's love,
Soon shall I live for aye with blessed saints above.

In vain, in vain ; my wife and children rise,
Troubling my breast with fond imaginings :
For tho' in them my only happiness lies,
Yet thinking on them further sorrow brings ;
For they are delicate and gentle things,
Unfit to bear up 'gainst this world's rude frown,
Which deepens darkest still on those it sees cast down.

Yet I have been a steady working man ;
And late and early ever at my trade :
And from the time I business began,
But little rest—few holidays have made ;
But struggled hard, and what I owed have paid—
Yet now expect the poor-house for my age ;
Oh may the quiet grave first close my pilgrimage!

I'm very weak : this perfume-laden air
Seems to oppress, not cool my fever'd head.
Yon princely pile mocks it, at my despair,
With its vast wealth, while I am wanting bread?
Would for a time I were in its lord's stead !
The poor should not thus lie in my domain ;
And I be gorged with wealth, and they half crazed with pain

Mother of mercies, lookest thou on me ?—
Thou know'st my woe, my heart's deep sufferings :
Sweet Virgin Mother, I look up to thee—
Oh be not angry at my murmurings,
For thought of thee composure ever brings.
I think how weak, how trifling is my care,
To that dread woe that thou on earth didst willing bear.

But for my faith, I should not be thus poor—

My fathers wealthy were in olden time,
Ere savage laws denounced forfeiture

'Gainst all who held the cross a blessed sign.
And fondly own'd the faith they deem'd divine—
That faith our fathers held these thousand years,
And which oppression's wrong but aye still more endears.

My father's lands were all made o'er in trust
To an old friend—one of the ruling creed—
An honest man, a faithful friend and just.

And well it speaks for Irish hearts, indeed,
They were so true in the then bitter need ;
For but so many men were faithful found,
None of our ancient faith would own one foot of ground.

My father's friend had died—then came his heir,
A man o'erflowing with religious zeal—
The souls of "papists" were his anxious care,
And soon this holy love he made us feel,
And left us homeless, and without a meal;
For all our lands his father held in trust,
He kept unto himself—such laws were then held just !

He was our cousin, too, this holy man,
And *his* son now doth rank among the great;
He, too, our creed doth quite sincerely damn—
A firm upholder of the church and state;
And talks of Babylon and such foolish prate,
As if the true "beast" be not he who steals
Another's rights, and no compunctious sorrow feels.

My mother died in utter wretchedness;
Poor soul she could not bear our misery—
I well remember how she'd fondly bless,
And gaze upon us with sad tearful eye,
And would herself e'en common food deny,
And try to cheer us with a bursting heart,
While she too deeply felt that from us she must part.

She daily grew more weak ; and her quick breath
Could scarcely draw for pain and weariness,
And on her cheek there flamed the sign of death,
And her short cough was such uneasiness :—
'Twas pitiful for those she loved to bless,
To see their mother die with scarcely food,
When their hearts' blood they'd gladly coin to do her good.

She died.—Though I am old and hastening fast
To the same grave, by the same scenes attended,
There rise before me visions of the past—
Sad past and present in strange misery blended;—

My death like hers by no kind hand befriended ;
I feel this moment all the wild sad fear,
A trembling boy I felt o'er my dead mother's bier.

Peace to her soul ! she's long, I trust, been blest,
With those just spirits perfect now in heaven,
Who there at length enjoy eternal rest,
Cleared from all stain of this earth's sinful leaven.
Pure joy unspeakable to them is given ;
And having shar'd our human miseries,
They look down on us now, and love and sympathize.

My father bore up for a time, and strove,
For our lov'd sakes, to endure his wretchedness.
It might indeed one's deep compassion move,
To have seen him tend his "little business,"
And mark each paltry gain with eagerness ;
He who had lived with such abundant store,
Nor ever seen the poor go hungry from his door.

My sisters died off one by one ; their day,
Closed while they yet were good and sin unknown ;
My father oft would kneel and wildly pray,
That heaven would spare him one, but only one
To bless his sight :—but then again would say,
"Why should I murmur when God's hand is shown,
Or weakly strive when heaven but claims again its own."

Poor man I pitied him ; his mind grew weak,
And showed a strange unnatural gentleness :
And when but one remained, her he would seek,
As if impelled by some fond restlessness,
And her thin hand, poor soul, he would caress ;
In truth 'twas very pitiful to see,
A strong brave man so quite cast down as now was he.

The night the youngest died, beside her stood
As sad a pair as in this world drew breath ;
The grave ne'er pastured yet on fairer food,
She seemed, dear love, too beautiful for death ;
For beauty in her sweet face lingered yet,
My father only said "now all are gone ;
God gives and takes away—His holy will be done."

From that night forth, he seemed to be quite sunk—
Life had no more for him of good or ill ;
He sometimes babbled, as with sorrow drunk,
But oftener far with fixed look sat quite still ;
Then the full cup to overflow to fill,
Quite paralysed he grew on all one side :
But mercy came at last, and the heart-broken died.

He had been a keen sportsman in his youth,
 A kind and joyous man whom all men loved,
 A man of kindly impulses in truth,
 One whom a tale of sorrow ever moved,
 Who pitied e'en the culprit he reprov'd ;
 Our dear old house used to resound with glee,
 And song and harmless mirth and loving gaiety.

He was a very child among us all—
 A happy joyous set in those old times !
 Our merry dances in the dear old hall,
 Our quaint conundrums and our quizzing rhymes,
 Which he with loving laugh imposed as fines—
 He would have spoiled us but we loved him so,
 We could not bear in aught to cause him slightest woe.

My mind is surely wandering, or these scenes
 Of childhood would not thus before me rise !
 Not as they often do like flitting dreams,
 But now quite visibly before my eyes,
 The whole once-happy scene distinctly lies ;
 And yet there is a mist before my sight,
 The earth grows dark around and only memory bright.

There is a strange wild fluttering at my heart,
 I feel my weary race is nearly run.
 Strange that when now about from earth to part,
 These scenes should rise before me one by one !
 My life seems sinking with yon setting sun ;
 I feel I'm dying. Thou, my God, art near,
 Widow and orphan's friend, dry Thou the mourner's tear.
 R.

PEEP AT ALL THINGS AND A FEW OTHERS. No. VI.
 BY BO-PEEP.

scribing Haymaking—Mr. Digby Bayard and History—Grottoes—Gentle
 oldiers—The Agricultural Society—The British Archæological Association at
 Vinchester—St. Cross—Netley Abbey—Death of Earl Grey—Mr. Capes and
 his Church—Night—Entertainment to Order.

Another warm, close, cloudy day. The clouds hang low and
 threaten a continuance of the unhappy weather. St. Swithin has,
 this year, brought us. 'Tis true the mercury in the barometer
 rises—it always tells us what the weather is actually about—a
 prophet of present things : and those whose hay is not yet
 mowed, hope today to collect it. How busily the women
 thrash around the hay-cocks ! Armed with long forks, which

they brandish over their heads, they look like savages of a southern island or western continent, preparing to celebrate some cannibal rite. How loud and shrill their voices sound as they gabble together, and ask the news of the morning! Grateful should we be if those who vex the world to promote education, would establish classes to teach the next generation how to modulate their voices! The voice is said to be an index to the soul: we hope not; or harsh and discordant are the souls of most of those we know. Better than any letter of introduction—better than any accomplishment—is the habit of modulating the tones of the voice, so that every sentence may fall like music upon the ear of the soothed listener. And yet how often do “educated” young ladies, after producing the usual amount of harmony beside the pianoforte, turn and reply to the compliments of their auditors in voices that seem fit only to sing accompaniments to the bagpipe!

Hark to the clang of the mowers whetting their scythes! Sweeter than any drawing-room music, it rings cheerily o’er the landscape and blends, in one rich diapason, with the twittering of swallows, skimming around the old gables, with the shrill clarion of the lusty cock, and the busy hum of the million bees that hang in the yellow-blossomed lime trees. And now, once more, they fix the whetstone upon their sturdy loins; and, bending the brightened scythes in regular array, sweep after sweep brings down the hissing grass. The old oak trees, and the many-flowered Spanish chesnuts, rise up upon their stems of pride, and again stand forth in their strength and growth of centuries. What a shabby, money-making age is this we live in! What gentleman, in the days of old, would have “laid up” his park for hay, would have debarred himself and family from their accustomed strolls on the velvety green sward, and would for months have made his place look as ragged as a bank of full-blown Scotch thistles, that a few trusses of hay might reward his parsimony? Verily, we rejoice when St. Swithin avenges the outraged feelings of gentility upon such degenerate and mercenary holders of broad baronial lands, and of seats and castles which used to dot the landscapes like so many Broad Stones of Honour.

Thus has hay-making brought us to Mr. Digby’s high-flown code; and we hope that, in the next edition of his deservedly popular work, he will insert, amongst his “rules for the gentlemen of England,” one forbidding them to dispark their grounds, and turn the ancient haunts of the deer into “lawns” and “hay fields,” suited only to the rural propensities of retired citizens.

Hay fields and the Broad Stone of Honour are now inseparably, though curiously, connected in our mind with the horrors of the

grotto of the Daiha, and with the hereditary propensities of French chivalry. We must explain:—When we, last month, spoke of the atrocities of French warfare in Africa, and quoted, for the many French readers of this Magazine, the appropriate illustration of the acts of their heroes, drawn by their own great Montesquieu (*quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre*), people little knew what just cause we had for animadversions stronger even than those we gave vent to! People little knew, that, at that very time, Colonel Palissier was smoking a whole tribe in their cavern because, to him, they had behaved like human hornets, and that his cookery was instigated by the commander-in-chief, and would be adopted by the French Government at home. For the amiable Marshal Soult tells us that he himself would have been tempted to forget his habitual kindness, and would, perhaps, have “done something very severe” under similar circumstances. Shame upon the people who can thus speak through their organs; or, if they disown the atrocious excuse, yet do so with hearts and lips still reeking with aspirations for “military honour” and “the glory of French arms”!

For ourselves, we own that we are glad of the occurrence for the excuses which it has drawn forth—glad that the glory-loving public of France should be made to understand that to smoke six hundred human beings, of all ages and sexes, in a subterranean cavern, is not worse than to starve them in a fortress *à la Vauban*, or to pass them *au fil de l'épée*, in a town taken by assault. Let the Parisian world have every means of knowing what things their “dreams are made of”; so will they be able to estimate the “honour” that will redound to their brave warriors, and of the justice of their own feelings, when they next greet Colonel Paleçon at the Opéra Comique. Surely they will subscribe to buy him a *flambeau d'honneur*? It will be as bright as the sabre d'honneur lately purchased for a mighty victor.

To return, however, to the Broad Stone of Honour—which is certainly nowhere near the grotto of the Daiha—it records a transaction of the French in Italy, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, which has been wrongly held to be illustrative of their recent broil and of their national mode of warfare. It seems that, in the wars of Francis I, six thousand Italians retreated, with their property, to the grotto of Longara, near Vicenza, and were there smoked to death, in the African style. So far, the parallel is sufficiently exact for most journalists; but for the honour of chivalry, which we are about to cry down, we must now observe that the deed was done by adventurers and camp-followers; that it was disowned by the army, instead of having been instigated by the commander-in-chief; and that so

far from the deed being approved, as Mareschal Soult has approved the African feat, two of the perpetrators of it were hung up, at the entrance of the grotto, by Bayard, who, if he was not all that Mr. Digby states of him, was certainly very different from modern French heroes.

In recording this transaction, the author of the *Broad Stone* ingeniously makes it illustrate the claims he puts forth in favour of gentle blood, as contradistinguished from the churlishness of churls: he says—"There were some gentlemen and their wives who, when they saw the preparations to smother them, had resolved and endeavoured to force their way out, and rather to die in battle, than to be suffocated in the cave; but the peasants who were with them, and who were the most numerous, pushed them back with their pikes, saying, 'Since we must die in this place, you shall remain and die with us.'"—*Chap. I.* Mr. Digby's narrative is taken from De Berville's *Life of Bayard*: but De Berville was no historian.

History, that of Sismondi, for example, will tell us that these nobles who were amongst the refugees, "intreated the French to make an exception in their favour, and to let them ransom themselves, their wives, and children, and all of noble blood; but that the peasants, their companions in misfortune, exclaimed that they should all perish, or be saved together." A very different story this, M. de Berville and Mr. Digby! The whole proceeding is here explained, in accordance with the feelings and principles of those much be-lauded ages, which made war for booty's sake—reserving the man of gentle blood for ransom, and sacrificing, with ruthless barbarity, all who could not pay for mercy. We much doubt whether the indignation of the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* would have been equally moved, had none but peasants been smoked to death in the cavern of Longara.

De Berville was a Frenchman; and Bayard lived in a ruthless age: but sorry we are that a person of Mr. Digby's eminence and piety should have so disguised and refined the actions of a duellist, a debauchee, and a sworder, who had no other eminence than that which he derived from his military talents, from his skill in wielding his weapon, and from the liberality with which he scattered the booty which that weapon won for him. The author of the *Broad Stone of Honour* but improved upon the suggestions of a mere panegyrist: still such charity makes his testimony in favour of the ages he admires more than suspicious. Let those who doubt the character we have given of Bayard, look into history, and judge dispassionately the conduct of him and of his compeers. The morality of chivalry tolerated much which the superior morality of commerce turns from with dis-

gust. What should we now think of a soldier who has first slain his enemy in a duel, "throwing himself on his knees to thank God for his victory, and kissing the ground three times"? (*De Berville*, liv. II.) Such were the ages of chivalry: are they to be regretted?

And now having secured the displeasure of all *fancy* historians by showing things as they were, let us cast our eyes to our own brave troops and judge of military tactics as they are, and as, doubtless, they ought to be. Lord Heytesbury has proclaimed the County Cavan and other districts of Ireland; and hundreds of English soldiers are poured into the land to keep that peace which the consistent rule of Sir Robert Peel cannot enforce by means of the regular tribunals. Alas for the poor red coats, how tired and travel-worn they are! so long have they been accustomed to be wafted from quarters to quarters in England on the comfortable benches of second-class railway carriages, that their poor feet are blistered by a two days' march, and their shoulders galled by the weight of the knapsack! But comfort awaits them in Cavan: this is an age of civilisation, and we make war like gentlemen—if not like ladies. It is true that they are obliged to encamp upon the open fields; but every care has been taken that they should not catch the rheumatism: the floors of their tents are boarded over as soon as they are pitched; and iron bedsteads are unpacked on which they may repose their weary and delicate limbs. We rejoice to know that they are so well prepared to face the hardships of another Peninsular campaign, should our evil fate ever again draw us to that comfortless land. Boarded floors and bedsteads are there but seldom met with: and it is consolatory to think that, even if obliged to lie *à la belle étoile*, they will still have more comforts than fall to the lot of the jaded traveller for pleasure in Spain.

Cruel it is in the government to outrage the natural delicate feelings of men otherwise so tenderly cared for! When the comfort of the outer man is so kindly studied, it is perverse to degrade all the fine feelings just engendered by treating the soldier as if he had no delicacy, no modesty, no self-respect. And yet such is the practice of our military authorities. Two soldiers are, at this time, smarting from the lashes they received at Windsor because they refused to strip naked and to be examined by the surgeon in the presence of all the regiment. That they should have had any sense of decency or decorum, was not intended by their rulers. The object with which their "creature comfort" is attended to in Cavan, is to teach them to take care of themselves when they are thrown upon their own resources: and the object with which their natural sense of

decency is outraged at Windsor, is to teach them not to be withheld by any refined or moral feelings in the gratification of their desires. If ever we send an army into the field again, which Heaven avert, it will, we doubt not, do credit to its training, *morale et physique*, as our neighbours phrase it.

But our troops will not have far to march. A spirit is appearing in Ireland which promises to give them opportunities of showing their various qualifications before the end of the next winter. Orangeism is itself again: and under the favouring auspices of Sir Robert Peel's government, is only doubting whether it should collect its votaries in bodies of forty or of one hundred thousand. The first grand display is to take place on the 12th of August—"a day fortunately," say the projectors, (so anxious are they not to excite unfriendly feelings among neighbours), "fortunately not embittered by anniversary recollections of either the battle of the Boyne or of Aughrim." Kind considerate preservers of the public peace! Their only object is to show that if Repeal can gather its millions, Orangeism can assemble its thousands. Between the two, we see what will still be the "chief difficulty" of a Tory government.

What merry laughs rise up from the hay field! The sun is absolutely struggling into visible existence; and the barometer is still a true prophet. The waggon is creaking beneath the windows of the Watch Tower: and heap after heap is received into the opening arms of the man at the top that loads the discoloured grass. Small fragrance it now, alas! emits: for the smell of warm, fresh half-made hay is, when untainted, one of the sweetest of those outpoured by the bounteous nosegay on the earth's ample breast. The sea spreads out its smooth glassy surface on our right hand—unruffled by the slightest curl on the crest of the swelling waves: and through the mass of clouds overhead, a few stray beams fall bright upon that tiny boat that, with every sail set, seems almost becalmed in front of that rocky island. Lord Spencer says that there is a bright and a dark side to farming; and certainly if the farmer beneath us thinks the colour of his hay less green than he could wish, he may look upon the *sonnenstrahl* upon that little boat, and agree to the truth of the assertion of the late President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England:—for it brings him limestone with which to manure his land.

"There is no part of the season," says his good-natured lordship, "in which the agriculturists may not find full and entire employment. I won't say that it is—at least lately—a profitable occupation. I am too much of a practical farmer to tell you that; but although it has not been so profitable as I could wish it to be latterly, yet I don't think, so far as I am concerned, that it has diminished in its interest

at all. It is also a most agreeable occupation, and suits every man, whatever his disposition may be. If a man likes to look at the dark side of things, then there is scarcely any kind of weather which is not bad for some part of his crop. I cannot say that I am fond of looking at the dark side of the picture. But, on the other hand, if a man likes to take an agreeable view of matters, then the same weather which is injurious to some part of his farm, will, he knows and feels, be good for another. (Cheers.) Therefore I say that farming suits everybody's taste. Those who like grumbling can find in it plenty of opportunity for grumbling, and those who like to be pleased can always find something in it to please them." (Laughter.)

Now this is sad twaddle: but the agriculturalists cannot be in so sad a state as they represent themselves, when remarks, so little encouraging, can draw forth such renewed laughter from the objects of the noble speaker's banter. To be sure, they had just dined and were cheered by the bad wine ever produced to such eager mobs: and as the motto of the society is "PRACTICE WITH SCIENCE," they had no reason to complain that they were not told how to unite Practice with Profit. Some members of the Royal Agricultural Society think indeed that the motto might be amended according to our suggestion: but they are still able to pay ten shillings to hear great lords talk about what they do not understand, and learned professors lecture upon infinitesimal small doses of manure brought from the farthest bounds of the earth, to enrich the apparently poverty-stricken soil of England.

Is the reader aware that the revenue of the Cape of Good Hope, for the past year, admits a receipt of ten thousand pounds, levied upon vessels exporting guano, at the rate of twenty shillings per ton?

But we have not yet done with the Royal Agricultural Society. The Duke of Richmond rises:

"Awoke a louder and a loftier strain:

Such as none heard before nor will again"—

until his grace is once more upon his legs. He tells us "that every man must do his duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to place him:"—an after-dinner parody of Nelson and the catechism: and Providence having made him, last year, the owner of a "roaring" horse that won the prize, it is the duty of his grace to bellow forth the claims of the farmers, and still to invoke protection to the poor bantling body which cannot stand alone. The two greatest cowards in England are the Church and the Agricultural Interest: they are always "in danger" and clamouring for "protection." Wonderful that either of them should be still in existence; we marvel when the interests of both will be merged in that of the community.

But the British Archæological Society, or Anarchæological Society, or Wayward Society, or Wright Society, or whatever be the name it rejoices in, is also gathering its members for the enlightenment of the world. We only wish the parties would enlighten us as to their own proper designation: for when learned bodies with hard names fall out amongst themselves, they remind one irresistibly of poor Matthews' definition of metaphysicians:—"when a man who does not understand what he is talking about, talks to another who does not understand him, those are metaphysicians." However, the old town of Winchester wears an unusual aspect of gaiety. Six learned men perambulate the street on one side, and four on the other. They are hastening to examine the old pile of Saint Cross, where Lord Guilford's almoner already moans over the call about to be made upon the thin cheese and table-beer with which (by the statutes that secure to his master two thousand pounds a-year and fines to a greater amount) he is bound to relieve and refresh all WAYfarers. He, too, is puzzled to know whether the learned men who are approaching may properly come under that designation, and prays to his master's god, Plutus, that they may arrive after the quarter of an hour during which alone he complies with the injunctions of the founder. By George, it is so! The clock has done striking: they have missed it: and can no longer successfully put in the claims of WAY-farers: he scorns their WRIGHT, and sends them back as empty as they came, to feast on such store as they may find on Arthur's Round Table.

Twyford Downs and every barrow in the neighbourhood also trembles at the approach of the learned invaders of the sanctity of the grave. Disappointed in their attempts upon the buttery of St. Cross, nothing is too sacred for their sacrilegious endeavours: they cannot discriminate between WRIGHT and wrong; and sepulchres that have been respected by the heathen and the Christian, must now give up the bones and memorials of the dead to the inspection of these learned anarchists.

Netley Abbey, too, trembles in every tottering pillar amid its embosoming trees. 'Tis a sad sight to see the motley crowds whom these wise men have drawn after them to desecrate its peaceful solitude! Nor will they go forth hence unrefreshed by the inspirations that were denied to them by Lord Guilford. Booths are erected amid the ruins; and tables groan beneath bottles and baskets of cakes.

" In a rush-bottomed chair,
A hag surrounded by crockery ware,
Vending in cups to the credulous throng
A nasty decoction miscalled Souchong—
And a squeaking fiddle and 'wry-necked fife'
Are screeching away for the life! for the life!

Danced to by 'All the world and his wife.'
 Tag Rag and Bobtail are capering there,
 Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—
 Two or three chimney-sweeps, two or three clowns,
 Playing at 'pitch-and-toss,' sport their 'Browns.'
 'Two or three damsels frank and free
 Are ogling and smiling and sipping Bohea.
 Parties below and parties above,
 Some making tea and some making love.
 Then the 'toot—toot—toot'
 Of that vile demi-flute—
 The detestable din
 Of that cracked violin,
 And the odours of 'stout and tobacco and gin.'
 Dancing and drinking!—cigar and song!—
 If it's not profanation, 'it's coming it strong,'
 And I really consider it all very wrong."

Poor Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.! It is sad to have to lament his death so soon after that of Sidney Smith: for he too was a *Canon* of St. Paul's. We did not know there was so much wit in the church. We wonder if "The Great Gun" be a parson also?

But a still sadder knell has lately startled us; and though the blow has been delayed to a later period than is awarded to most men, yet we could not, without a sentiment of sorrow hear of the death of Lord Grey. With honour unspotted, he had passed through a long life: firm and unbending in his advocacy of civil and religious liberty, he long sacrificed office and power to his honest support of what was then called Catholic Emancipation; and, at length, by the instrumentality of the Duke of Wellington, successfully carried through parliament the measure for which he had prepared the public mind by the advocacy of a life. The measure was, in truth, forced upon the parliament and the crown by O'Connell: but whatever willing co-operation parliament exercised in favour of the bill had been called into existence and kept alive by the powerful appeals which Lord Grey, and those who acted with him, had ever made to the good sense of the country. We are not among those Catholic writers who can see no difference between Whigs and Tories; and though we feel no gratitude to the government that restored rights they could no longer withhold, we do feel grateful to those men who sacrificed, through long years, the possession of that power which statesmen hold dear rather than betray principles which involved our well-being. To Lord Grey and the Whigs who, with him, fought for us, we do and ever shall owe a debt which we gladly acknowledge.

But throughout a long life, Lord Grey was consistent. At his first entrance into the lower house, he brought forward a motion for the reform of parliament; and was afterwards ever ready to promote the measure which he carried amid a nation's enthusiasm. It has been asserted that the will of the people demanded the Reform Bill, and that, therefore, no praise is due to him who was but the people's instrument in carrying it. Such an argument might stand if Earl Grey had, like the Duke of Wellington, been compelled by outward pressure to carry a measure in opposition to his own convictions, to his own professions through life: but when we see him supported by a people into whom through life, he had laboured to instil his own principles, we award to him not only the honour due to one who achieves a triumph by the help of public opinion, but that still higher honour of having materially helped to create that opinion which, fifty years afterwards, justly recognized in him its leader.

The imperfections of the Reform Bill are not to be charged upon its authors. The Chandos clause, which has prevented subsequent improvement, was carried by Mr. Hume and the Radicals in opposition to the government and in disregard of Lord Althorpe's repeated warnings of the effects it would produce.

Earl Grey was a thorough English gentleman: in his public and his private life, respected while living, lamented when dead. The Coercion Act rises in judgment against him: but now that he is no more, we willingly allow his many claims to our admiration to conceal, in their brightness, the one darker spot on his fame.

Power departed from Earl Grey and the Whigs when deserted by Irish liberal members; they were obliged to abandon the Appropriation Clause in legislating for the Nuisance, yclept the Irish Church. A recent exposure has shown how admirably Tories manage such matters:—the Ecclesiastical commissioners having a surplus in hand of about four hundred thousand pounds, instead of originating any fresh discussion as to the manner in which it should be expended, quietly absorbed it themselves. So the umpire who was called in to decide whether the oyster should belong to the man who had first seen it, or to him who had given the first view-halloo, ended the discussion by swallowing the oyster himself and presenting to each of the disputants a shell.

And talking of shells, as the public press has busied itself in discussing what Mr. Capes should do with the church he has recently built at Bridgewater, we must protest against those instigations which urge him to bestow it upon the creed whose

communion he has disowned. We have never been able to understand the principle upon which poor Mr. Sibthorp acted, no doubt with the best intentions. He had bought a chapel at Ryde for one thousand pounds: he had expended two thousand of his own upon it: when he joined the Catholic Church, he restored the building to the original owner, requiring of him only repayment of the original purchase money. "A most honourable, liberal man" the proprietor, of course, considered him. But if, at that time, the convert believed the faith he had just left to be false, on what principle did he so liberally restore a building for the inculcation of it. We are not casuists enough to understand the state of conscience which prompted the transaction.

Mr. Capes, however, has built the church at Bridgewater himself, with his own funds; but a small amount having been asked for or raised by subscription. In the name of common-sense, why, therefore, should he not "do what he likes with his own"? Let him restore to subscribers all that they advanced, for a purpose which he can now no longer conscientiously fulfil; but let him not be swayed by a feeling of false delicacy, to give up that to which his late communicants have no possible claim. Were he now asked to give half-a-dozen thousand pounds towards the erection of a Protestant church, he would answer: "I do not believe in the creed which you wish to promote: I cannot help to promulgate that which I believe to be error." An answer which would be good hereafter, must be good now: let not a mistaken feeling of honour have power, according to a French expression, "*escamoter une église au bon Dieu!*"

At a time when so many Anglican divines are coming over to us, it is important that this principle should be well understood. They seem, indeed, to have given up the fond hope of bringing over with them the population of the country, and the wealth and buildings of the Establishment; and to be following the advice that was given them by a writer in the first number of this Magazine. Like rational and conscientious men, they are honourably abandoning an untenable position. We take credit to *Dolman's Magazine*, that it should ever have advocated a course which is now confessed to be right by persons whom we esteem so highly. Having won them over individually, may we now prevail upon them not to abandon the *matériel* which may help them, side by side with us, to achieve further conquests, to extend the unity of faith.

Since Mr. Capes has abandoned his church, cartloads of the poorer members of his late congregation have driven over, each Sunday, to the Catholic Church at Cannington, there to learn more of the communion he has joined. These poor people

should not be compelled to go so far for what their late pastor can secure to them at home.

But the hay-makers have finished their merry toil. Swath after swath of the yellow hay has been piled upon the creaking waggons, and the bright green stubble grass has seemed to smile as heaped up litter was raked from above it. The rick is doubtless well covered in ; for the sun has but come out at intervals through the day, and has never given promise of more settled weather. Red and watery it sank beneath the horizon, and gave true prognostication of that which was to follow :—

“ Sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat ?”

All is darkness without. Black clouds hang low over-head ; and heavy drops of rain patter against the broad panes of the Watch Tower. A gloomy-looking night, in sooth ! To bed. To bed. We have done a good day's work ; and have snatched moments between whiles in which to pen our flitting fancies. Would they had been more cheerful : but the day was against us ; and when, oppressed by the sombre hue of the sky, we sat down to write, an anecdote came across our remembrance which marred our inclination to sprightliness as much as an injunction to talk dooms a timid child to silence. We will recount it ; and then wish the reader a good-night.

The first course had been cleared away : the guests had been chatty and agreeable : but the beauty of the plateau and of the flowers it upbore had been discussed and conversation had began to flag. The master of the house had talked on for some minutes with the usual volubility of a polite host, when it suddenly occurred to him that there was a hitch in the service of his dinner-table ; that the second course had not made its appearance as soon as it should have done. But he put on an unobservant air, and asked one of the party to take wine with him. The flagging conversation was reanimated for a moment : but it was with a galvanic life : soon again it drooped. Every guest seemed to have said his say, and to be settling down into silent expectation. The host called the butler.

“ Why does not the second course appear ?” he anxiously whispered.

“ I do not know, sir.”

“ Go and see. Mr. So and So, a glass of wine ?”

Bows were exchanged : and the wine was quaffed by the quivering lips of the anxious master of the house : for the butler returned not, and the second course was still to be sighed for. A footman was sent to call the first messenger, and fresh efforts were made to induce the company not to observe that

anything was amiss. But all in vain. Manfully indeed they struggled against the now overwhelming consciousness ; but conversation sank at length into whispers, for the awkwardness of many was too apparent not to be catching. At length, the butler returned to his master's chair.

“ Well. Where's the second course ? ”

“ It is not quite ready, sir. ”

“ But what does the cook say ? ”

“ Nothing, sir. ”

“ Nothing ! What is it owing to ? What *does* she say ? ”

“ Why, then, sir, she says that——that——that if ever you could be entertaining in your life, now's your time. ”

Who can be entertaining on compulsion ?

From the Watch Tower,
26th July, 1845.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Spain, Tangier, &c., Visited in 1840 and 1841. By X. Y. Z.
One Vol. 8vo., pp. 396. London : Clarke, 1845.

THIS is a remarkably pleasant book. We do not, of course, mean to vouch for the accuracy of all the facts, nor for the justness of all the opinions stated in it, or in any other work which we may review ; but we gladly bear testimony to the liberal tone in which it is written, and the apparent anxiety of the authors to rise superior to national and religious prejudices, and to ascertain the truth on all the different subjects they handle. We can, therefore, recommend the work as giving, on the whole, a fairer account of Spain than can be gleamed from any other book with which we are acquainted.

But the great charm of the book arises from the off-hand, careless, spirited style in which the author's incidents of travel are recorded, and in which his descriptions of the country and of the people bring them before the eye of the reader. Few, however, would be tempted to visit Spain by the pictures of it which are here presented. We say nothing of the discomforts that travellers have to endure, of the absence of most of those accessories of civilized life which are found in the rest of Europe ; but the desolate uninteresting appearance of the country, and the absence of almost every attraction, except the remains of Moorish civilization, show that our crowds of English wanderers are guided by a happy instinct, when they all turn their vagrant steps from the sunny Peninsula, and seek lands that do, in some measure, reward their exertions.

Think of travelling four hundred miles through a country “ uninteresting, arid, dreary, and flat ! ” “ There are, indeed,” says “ X. Y. Z. ” “ parts which look like the channels of ancient rivers ; now, not a rivulet moistens the arid soil. From Miranda, where the river Ebro is yet but a small stream, to Madrid, where the miserable Manzanares usurps the name of a river, I do not recollect seeing so

much as a hatful of water. The whole of this tract bears the appearance of having been raised, gradually and without convulsion, from the bottom of the ocean.

“Approaching Madrid, the land is covered with rocks of all shapes and sizes. Over this whole tract, there is little or no cultivation—trees there are none—not a twig—excepting a few avenues at the entrance of some cities, as at Burgos and Madrid.....For miles, leagues at a time, not a human being, not a cottage. I should think we often went twenty miles without meeting one living or moving thing. Vehicles of any kind are still rarer—I may say non-existent. During our long five days journey, we met *one* diligence!—the return one from Madrid.....It is needless to allude to the absence of gentlemen’s country seats, which has become proverbial: though prepared as I was for this, I did not think that *Chateaux en Espagne* would prove so entirely edifices of air.”

We had began to quote from the earlier pages of the work, and regret that our space will not allow us to multiply extracts. The writers bear grateful testimony to the “nature and simplicity of the Spaniards;” “much to their sincerity and frankness in their social relations; great kindness of disposition and amiability of temper; and an unaffected wish to oblige and serve strangers in all things, save in that which *we* are too often inclined to consider the touchstone of good will—entertaining—*i. e.*, feasting; spending their money and health upon them, commonly *called* hospitality.”

“It is melancholy to note how entirely all persons amongst themselves, of whatever class or party, seem to despair of alterations for the better. Those who are most fully alive to the deficiencies and evils which so forcibly strike strangers in Spain, seem, when they speak, to have scarce a hope of improvement. I have repeatedly heard them say—‘Time, that brings change and advancement everywhere else, will do nothing here.’ This feeling of despondency we have found universally prevalent, even here in Madrid; and there is little probability that things will mend as we proceed to the south and south-east, where the sultriness of the climate is likely to foster an increasing degree of idleness; and where, with more Moorish blood, there are, as all accounts declare, far more crimes of frauds and of violence committed: a sad counterpoise to the finer scenery, richer soil, and more sunny climate.”

Four years have proved the justice of this feeling of despondency. Yet there be writers in England who would hold up the institutions of Spain as models for the regeneration of our own country!

We conclude by thanking “X. Y. Z.” for the information and amusement they have given us: some of the letters are highly entertaining, and we recommend the volume to all who may intend to travel, or who may regret that they cannot travel, in Spain.

Collections towards illustrating the Biography of the Scotch, English, and Irish members of the Society of Jesus. By the Rev. Dr. Oliver. 1 Vol. 8vo., pp. 282. London: Dolman, 1845.

This work must be interesting to the Society of whose members it

treats, and will doubtless find a place in their libraries. The merit of such a work must depend upon its accuracy, and to this we cannot speak ; but a sufficient guarantee for exactness and research ought to be found in the name of the Rev. Dr. Oliver. By-the-bye, why does the writer thus inscribe his name on the title-page, instead of adopting the designation usual amongst Doctors of Divinity, even in the Anglican church ? A contemporary Magazine has lately remarked upon the slovenly typography and paper of most Catholic books. He should have remembered that “cheap books” must necessarily be cheaply got up : they are meant to sell, not to wear—any thing but their reader’s eyes. We cannot however say much for the mechanical departments of the volume before us—uninfluenced, as they must be, by the hope of an extended circulation. The book does not bear the name of any printer, though we think we can trace it to an Exeter press : but surely Catholic writers ought so far to conform to the ways of society, as to assume that style which is justly theirs, and which all would cheerfully accord to them. So eminent an antiquary as George Oliver, D.D. may despise these minutiae ; but they should be attended to for the sake of those who may be influenced by his example.

The Physiology of Digestion, considered with relation to the principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M.D. London : Simpkin and Marshall, pp. 154.

How many hard words to denote that this is a Cook’s Assistant—a book to enable people to do justice to the good things that are set before them ! For if it be true that, when heaven sends meat, the devil sends cooks, we take it to be no less true that, if the devil be foiled of his attempts to tamper with the cooks, he generally succeeds in sending indigestion to mar the gifts of Providence. Mrs. Glasse tells the artist how to defeat the first wiles of the prince of darkness. Dr. Combe tells the gourmand how to defy his assaults upon the last citadel of his power.

We cannot help considering all works on digestion in this light. Every man, woman, and child, can tell what food agrees or disagrees with them ; “or,” as Dr. James Johnson writes, “they are fools :” indigestion is produced by eating that which, either, in quality or quantity, they know, or ought to know, to be hurtful. It is a question between appetite and health. To those who may think the remedy worse than the disease, we recommend the little book before us. It contains a vast fund of information, inculcated in a clear and pleasing manner. Above all, the details that are given of the case of Alexis St. Martin, the American, who had a hole in his stomach, through which Dr. Blondlot made all his convincing experiments on the operation of the gastric juice, will interest all lovers of themselves, of the marvellous and of the true.

Economy; or a Peep at our Neighbours. 1 vol. pp. 375. Ollivier, London.

A very pleasant, readable, gossiping book, describing the residence

of an English family in Guernsey to practise economy. The cost of living in Guernsey is contrasted with that of Devonshire, and the principal saving is found to result from the cheapness of wine. People must be very fond of wine to leave their country for its sake; and yet we have known many English on the Continent who have done so.

We would not severely criticise the fair authoress of this volume: but we should like her better if she would use English exclamations when, in her own language, "she cannot restrict herself without bursting;" and if she would not be so very, very lively; here is a sample of her style:—

"The cow and horse, *voyez-vous?* are tethered. Indeed, they say the cows would burst, if they were not so restricted amid this rich pasture-land. Surely such an elegant creature as the Guernsey cow could never be so greedy! they are milked three times a day, *but* we do not see that they are fatter than our cows in England. The horses are decidedly in better condition than our common farm-house horses; and *it is a perfect picture—a Cuyp in itself—to see the market-women, gracefully seated between their panniers on their matted saddles, cheerfully, in their Guernsey French, conversing together.*"

As our authoress seems to be a homely, motherly person, we may ask her the meaning of the "*but*" we have printed in italics; do animals usually grow fatter the oftener they are milked? We may observe also on her skill as a painter, since her "pictures" express in what language her personages are conversing together! Nor is this the only slip of the brush in the sentence we have quoted.

The Philosophy of the Water Cure; a development of the true principles of health and longevity. By John Balbirnie, M.A. M.D., 1 vol. pp. 386. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1845.

This work is written in a bombastic and magniloquent style, which throws an air of chaletanism over what may be good medical advice. We will quote the conclusion, which, in comparison with many passages, is "weak as water":

"*Our task is done; our voice has died into an echo!
What is writ is writ; would it were worthier!*"

"All feeble and imperfect as this *Defence of Truth* is, we commit its destiny to the decision of Time—the impartial arbiter of all things,—bidding it the valediction of a great poet to the production of his brain:

"*from this my solitude,
I cast thee on the waters: go thy ways:
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.'*"

If, after such a commendation, the "waters" do not support the "book," and the "book" the "waters," we shall doubt whether they contain the "true principles of longevity."

However, if regular medical assistance failed us, we certainly would not willingly die without trying the water-cure—or kill.

DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. VII.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1845.

VOL. II.

PICTORIAL ART IN ITS CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

(Concluded from vol. 1. page 444.)

PERUGINO was to the Roman school, what Masaccio was to the Florentine. It is true that his style is at times stiff and formal; but, judging from the few specimens we have been able to inspect, we must readily acknowledge that we trace in it the evidence of those feelings of grace and tenderness, that were afterwards the distinguishing characteristics of the artists who followed in his steps. The beauty of his youthful heads is especially admired. Fortunately, our National Gallery has, somewhat recently, been enriched by a beautiful specimen of Perugino's works (No. 181), which is peculiarly interesting and instructive, as being apparently the model from which Raffaello derived the type of his Madonnas.* Perugino is classed by Kugler, as well as by Rio and others, in the Umbrian school, of which school, says the former, "purity of soul, fervent unearthly longings, and an abandonment of the whole being to a pleasing-sad enthusiastic tenderness, are the prevailing characteristics."

The influence which he exercised over the Siennese school was very great. The Peruginesque style continued in vogue at Sienna for near half a century; and Pacchiorotte and Beccafumi, his illustrious disciples and imitators, attained to a high degree of eminence as artists of this epoch. But the more important labours, undertaken at a later period, by Pinturicchio and Raffaello, in the celebrated sacristy of the Duomo, completed the conquest which Perugino had begun; while the latter found at Cremona another worthy representative, in the person of Boccaccio Boccaccini. Meanwhile, the intimacy subsisting between Perugino and Andrew Verocchio and Lorenzo da Credi, the master and the fellow-disciple of Leonardo da Vinci, insured to his doctrines a legitimate influence over the magnificent and Christian school of Lombardy. But it was at Bologna, more

* It was purchased by government of the late Mr. Beckford for 800*l*.

especially, that this great Umbrian artist found a sympathy which had the happiest effect upon art. The true Bolognese school, was not that of Domenichino and the Carracci, so long and justly the object of worship to the materialists, but the ancient and religious school of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which was only extinguished in the general ruin of art during the sixteenth. It was distinguished yet more, perhaps, than that of Florence by its traditional piety. Vitale, a pupil of that Franco, whose name, Dante, in the passage before referred to, has preserved from oblivion, was one of the most scrupulous of artists belonging to this school; and so likewise were Jacopo Avanzi, Lippe Dalmasio, and Simone dai Crocefissi.* Among the primitive glories of the Bolognese school, the name of St. Catherine of Bologna ought not to be forgotten. Catherine Vigri was born at Ferrara in 1413, became an abbess, and died at Bologna in 1453. To her many other virtuous and pious qualities, she united the ardent cultivation of music and painting: two of her pictures, both of which represent St. Ursula, are preserved, the one at the academy of Venice, the other at Bologna.

“We see, then,” says M. Rio, “under what auspices Christian art at Bologna had developed itself down to the commencement of the fifteenth century, with a tendency more and more decisive, which could not fail to determine, sooner or later, the natural sympathies of that school. The vicinity of Florence, where naturalism had already begun to threaten the pure religious element, and where paganism was to show itself, ere long, yet more menacing, might have been dangerous for the Bolognese school, if the habit of an almost exclusive admiration of the works of Vitale and Lorenzo, of Avanzi and Simone, of Dalmasio and his disciples, had been less profoundly rooted in the national artists and in the people. It was towards the mountains of Assisi and Perugia that their predilection was to be directed; and, although the communications between these two schools may not be established by a very imposing mass of historical proofs, it is easy to supply them by the identity of the end, the spirit, and the inspirations which were evidently drawn from a common source, so that instead of considering them as two distinct schools, it would be more simple to regard the one as a ramification of the other, and the more so, inasmuch as there is a striking resemblance in their ultimate destinies; for both became extinct nearly at the same time, in the commencement of the sixteenth century.”†

* Felsina Pittrice, vol. i. p. 17. The favourite subject of Vitale was the infant Jesus in his manger.

† De la Poésie Chrétienne, pp. 245-6.

The peculiar types of beauty, grace, and expression, which Perugino first revealed, were transferred from his mind to that of Francesco Francia, and were ultimately brought to perfection by Raffaello. Francia, styled the brilliant star of the Bolognese school, drew his inspirations from the same source, and deserves to be ranked with Perugino, Fra Angelico, Lorenzo di Credi, and some others, in that choice circle of pictorial artists on whom ought to concentrate the admiration of the Christian. He began his career as a painter so late as his fortieth year, and produced his first work in 1490, which placed him at once in the highest eminence of art. The type of his Madonnas was of unequalled perfection. However, we are told that, in the ten years which followed his first attempt, he enlarged his style; that his colours acquired an additional charm and vigour, his contours more roundness and fulness; and these acquisitions, combined with the exquisite purity of his types and the celestial expression of his figures, so won the admiration of the Bolognese, and even of foreigners, that he was soon unable to supply the numerous demands made upon him for churches and private oratories. With some, Francia is an especial favourite. His works, however, are somewhat scarce; there are but two of his pictures in our National Gallery, and we believe none in the Louvre, though the Berlin gallery possesses several, and those of Vienna and Munich one or two each of exceeding value. "One of the most interesting events in the life of Francia," says M. Rio, "was the poetical friendship which he contracted in his old age with the young Raffaello, whom he had never seen, but whose appearance he hailed afar off as that of a star whose brightness was soon to eclipse all others." This friendship ceased, however, after the adoption by Raffaello of his later manner. Francia had numerous pupils, among whom his son Giacomo, Lorenzo Costa, and Amico Aspertini, were the most distinguished. These remained faithful to the style of their master; but others of his *élèves*, and, among them, the famous engraver Marco Antonio, yielded to the seductions of paganism.

Omitting, as we are obliged to do for the sake of brevity, the mention of many other disciples, both of Francia and Perugino, we arrive at the name of Pinturicchio, whose pencil, not less fertile than graceful, has left the traces of its marvellous power at Perugia, Sienna, and Rome. He was the contemporary of Perugino, if not the pupil. He adorned many churches with his exquisite frescoes, particularly the Santa Maria del Popolo, the first church the stranger hails as he enters Rome. Some of his works are well entitled to compete, for purity, grace, and angelic suavity of expression, with what is most admirable in the productions of the school of that great master Perugino.

We shall not here dwell on the works of Pinturicchio that were executed, by order of the too famous Alexander VI, for the Borgian tower, the pontifical palace, and other edifices, ignoble as was such a task for a painter of the Umbrian school; but shall proceed to observe that, after quitting these mercenary labours, in the year 1495, he produced, for the church of Santa Anna, in Umbria, a picture, which, for depth and purity of sentiment, for the beauty of its types and the freshness of its landscapes, was comparable to anything that had yet issued from the school to which we have just adverted. It is, moreover, to be admired as the expiatory performance of a pencil, naturally pure and mystic, that, after having been momentarily sullied by impure productions, reverts with redoubled enthusiasm to its primitive inspirations, and draws from that very aberration a vigour analogous to that which the converted sinner derives from a fault sincerely atoned for. Neither can we do more than simply allude to the magnificent labours in which Pinturicchio was engaged conjointly with the great Raffaele. Suffice it to say, that the merit of Pinturicchio is to be judged of by the productions of his best days, to be seen in the Duômo of Sienna, in the Vatican, and in four of the most frequented churches of Rome; while the proofs of his decline are relegated to obscure places, where nothing induces his admirers to go in search of them.

Among the artists engaged with Perugino in the embellishment of the Sistine chapel, was Luca Signorelli, of whom Vasari speaks, from personal knowledge, as one of the most famous and popular painters of Italy. He departed widely, however, ere long, from the purely Christian style, in ambitious endeavour to surpass, or at least equal, those contemporary artists who were most in harmony with the dominant taste of the age. He set himself to the study of the naked figure; and the combination of anatomic truth with linear perspective, the laws of which he already understood, soon placed him on a par with the most celebrated naturalist painters of the Florentine school; and the protection of Lorenzo de' Medici becoming now necessary to him, as a means of luxurious indulgence, he painted for that prince several pagan divinities in complete nudity, so that the charms of paganism and naturalism were intimately blended in one and the same subject. In this new direction, his style gained in force what it lost in pureness; and hence the reason that to this day his painting of the *Last Judgment*, in the cathedral of Orvieto, is so much admired.

We now arrive at that illustrious artist whose career formed the crowning and the close of the pure Umbrian school, inasmuch as to him is assigned the glory of having carried Christian art to its highest point of perfection. It is almost needless to

say that we speak of Raffaello. "Sprung from a family of artists who enjoyed some celebrity in the town of Urbino," says M. Rio, "Raffaello came to Perugia about the year 1500, and became the pupil of Perugino, who was then at the zenith of his glory. Thus situated, as at the source of the inspirations which were most in accordance with the natural tendency of his genius, the young Raffaello so identified himself with the manner of his master, that the works of the one are with some difficulty distinguished from those of the other."* During the first ten years of his brilliant career, all his works were marked by that mystical impress which characterises the productions of the Umbrian school, and to which he added that undefineable charm, which it is as impossible to express in words as it is to reproduce by imitation. In his twenty-first year, he had completed the *Sposalizio*, a subject peculiarly adapted to his poetic and pure imagination. The more this extraordinary work is examined (pronounced at once *naïve* and sublime), the more it is perceived that the painter designed, by the graceful air of the heads, by the attitudes, by the skilful choice of the costumes, and all the other accessory details, to surround his two principal personages with whatever can impart the idea of a celestial purity. In 1504, Raffaello visited Florence, and there made the acquaintance of Fra Bartolomeo, the friend of Savonarola, as well as of the young Rodolphe Ghirlandajo. The influence which his talents and genius exercised over these two artists, is an important fact in his history and that of the Florentine school, the naturalist tendency of which now needed more than ever a counterbalance from foreign spiritualism. The results of these individual influences we may refer to by and by; and proceed to observe, that in the interval between 1505 and 1508, during which his sojourn at the capital of Tuscany was interrupted two or three times by visits to his native town and the *atelier* of his old master, we recognize the most interesting epoch of this great artist's career, inasmuch as at this period most of his *chefs-d'œuvre* of a purely Christian character issued from his studio, and of which a very large number are found at this day dispersed in the different capitals of Europe. We need not enter, in this general sketch, into any analysis of the distinctive merits of these productions, from the *Sposalizio* to the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*, as that analysis may be found already, ably executed, in the works of M. Rio, Vasari, and other writers, besides that it would take up much more space than we can spare. The two paintings just mentioned, may be regarded as the extreme terms of the Christian

* On the works attributed to Raffaello in his own country, see Rumohr, part 3, § 2. Only it is necessary to be somewhat distrustful of the indulgent admiration shown for whatever is in the possession of the Museum of Berlin.

genius of Raffaello, and as two of the most marvellous productions of the pictorial art. And yet, would it be believed, that the *Sposalizio*, so happily popularised in France by the fine engraving of Longhi, and so highly commended by M. Rio for its *naïveté* and sublimity, is so little comprehended, even at Milan, where it now is, that the knowing connoisseurs of that city (as we are informed by M. de Montalembert) regard it as a *tableau d'apprenti*, and regret the 40,000 francs which it cost.*

Meanwhile, the excellence and originality of the works of Michael Angelo could not fail to make a deep impression on his future rival of the Vatican. Paganism was becoming more and more in vogue among the Florentine engravers and artists; still, it had not as yet reached him, nor once sullied the purity of his pencil; and none of his biographers even assert that he had gone, in the wake of so many others, to seek for classic inspirations in the presence of those antique statues which had been transported at great cost to the gardens of the Medicis. This noble repugnance for everything that tended to degrade Christian art explains why Raffaello found at this period so few illustrious patrons.

In 1508 he was invited to Rome by Julius the Second, and had the unexpected happiness of being placed upon a theatre worthy of his genius, and to present himself as the continuator of the labours of the Umbrian school in the Vatican. He began by painting the roof and the four walls of the hall *della Segnatura*; on this surface he had to represent four grand compositions which embraced the principal divisions of the encyclopædia of the time, namely, theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence. Raffaello, long familiarised with religious allegory, made here the most admirable application of it; and not content with the suggestions of his own mind, he put under contribution that of some of the brightest spirits of the age, and among others wrote to Ariosto for counsel. From these combined inspirations resulted, for the eternal glory of Catholicism and of Christian art, that chaste and magnificent composition which is without a rival, and we may add, without a name, in the history of painting. And Raffaello, in surpassing all others, and even himself at length, seemed to have fixed the fatal bounds beyond which Christian art, properly so called, should be no longer able to advance.

* We are told by the same writer, that the early or Christian manner of Raffaello is so little familiarised in France, that he recollects to have read in the *Revue de Paris* of the 10th October, 1836, an article, the author of which appeared perfectly astonished that a picture of Raffaello, of the date of 1506, could have so excited his admiration. What, asks the Count, would this writer have said before the *Crucifixion*, of Cardinal Fesch, of the date of 1503, and the *Sposalizio*, of 1504?

And is it not a singular fact, that the moment of decadence from this pure style was precisely that in which the gifted artist had put the finishing touch to the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament*? at the very time when a new world seemed to be opened before him, when he found himself in the midst of all Christian inspirations, under the immediate patronage of the Roman court, and upon a theatre where he could flatter himself that all Christendom was looking upon him? "The contrast is so striking," observes M. Rio, "between the style of his first works and that which he adopted in the last ten years of his life, that it is impossible to regard the one as an evolution or a development of the other. Evidently there has been a *solution of continuity*, the abjuration of an ancient faith in the matter of art, for the purpose of embracing a new faith." The singular discordance between the earlier and later works of Raffaëlle has consequently had its corresponding effect upon those who have seriously occupied themselves with the history or the theory of art; some have laid it down that the former must possess more attractions for souls habitually passive, because they are gently transported by them into a world of serenity and innocence, where reigns an eternal peace; whilst the latter, executed by the artist with greater vigour of touch, with more life and expression in the characters, with an ampler breadth and variety of forms, ought rather to gratify active imaginations; and thus Göthe gives an account of the difference of the impressions produced on himself by the two styles of Raffaëlle.* Others, again, have hazarded a totally different explanation, as Rumohr, for instance, whose view of the matter would lead us to the conclusion that in the earlier pictures of the great artist the classic taste predominates, and in the later, the modern. He maintains that the artists of antiquity sacrificed motion and expression to the mathematical instinct of harmony in all the combinations of lines, of figures and forms, and that this sentiment was preserved in part down to the middle age, when, in the course of the fifteenth century, it was discarded by the Florentine school, but continued to be cultivated by Perugino and his pupils. When, however, the change in Raffaëlle's style took place, this symmetrical element of beauty gave way to the picturesque; the fusion and harmony of the colours, the tone, the aerial perspective, the chiaroscuro, the grand masses of light and shade, the nice gradations, and all the other technical resources of the art, were to acquire an æsthetic importance which they had not possessed hitherto.† But unfortunately, this luminous distinc-

* Kunst und Alterthum, 3 B. i. t. p. 145-148.

† Italiänische Forschungen, 3er th. p. 81-84.

tion between symmetrical and picturesque beauty is at variance with what Rumohr states elsewhere respecting the merits of the Umbrian school. There is doubtless a certain simple purity common to it and the productions of the best ages of antiquity; but in the works of Perugino and his disciples there prevails above all a seraphic element, which is entirely independent of symmetry and ordonnance. It is this element, introduced for the first time into pictorial art by Christianity, that, as M. Rio well observes, gives to the pictures of the Umbrian artists so great a superiority over others, and which renders them more effectual than a beautiful poem to souls provided with the necessary faculties to perceive and appreciate that order of beauties. Raffaello died at the early age of thirty-seven, A.D. 1520. The account of his death, and the effect it produced in Rome, are beautifully told by Lanzi, in his *History of Painting*, to which we must refer the reader.

The evil occasioned by the abuses which had been introduced into public education in the time of Savonarola, was aggravated and reproduced under forms yet more dangerous by artists devoted to all the profane inspirations of their patrons. The monuments of pagan art in the garden of the Medicis, the objects of a sort of veneration, had insensibly modified those ideas of the *beautiful* which Christian painters and sculptors had hitherto conceived of it. Naturalism, encouraged by the growing corruption of manners, had openly taken possession of the sacred places, and the profanation committed by the monk Lippi was of every day occurrence; that is to say, instead of the Madonna, the Magdalen, or St. John, the altar-pieces very often contained the portraits of young women of questionable virtue, around which, without respect for the holy sacrifice, pressed a noisy crowd of curious and profane persons.

What could be more natural than that the imagination of the spectators should become depraved by representations of this sort? Attractive nudities were then exhibited without shame; and not only was the traditional costume of the Virgin and the holy women not observed in these figures, but that with which they were clothed made them look like courtesans. For these enormities Savonarola assailed the painters with reproaches, and in a tone of the most vehement indignation, demanding of them by what right they came thus to expose their own vanities in the churches, and maintaining that the Virgin went forth simply and modestly clothed, and that the celestial beauty of her countenance was as the reflex of the sanctity of her soul. Moreover, the pencil of the artist was yet more licentious when employed in the decoration of palaces, or of private houses; it was there that paganism gave itself free scope; and caused to enter by the

eyes into the youthful mind what elsewhere gained entrance by the ears. The madonnas placed in oratories, in lieu of edifying the family that assembled there for the purpose of prayer, produced a contrary effect.

The sacrifice of all the nudities which so shocked modesty in its most sacred asylum, was therefore the first pledge exacted by Savonarola from converted parents, opposing to their laxity in so grave a matter the severity of Aristotle, who, with no other than the light of pagan philosophy, was sufficiently instructed to signalize in his *Politics* the danger there was in placing before the eyes of youth such immodest and uncomely images. Savonarola experimentally knew to how great an extent the vocation of the truly Christian artist was enabled to assist the soul in shaking off its languors and its doubts, and to facilitate its aspirations towards God.

It is well known that among the most enlightened men of his country and his age Savonarola made many friends; and it is therefore hardly to be wondered at that of all classes of his fellow-citizens that of the artists furnished him with the greatest number of champions religiously devoted to his cause. Some of these were not only his friends, but they became apostles and martyrs on his account.

Suffice it to mention the names of Giovanni delle Cornioli, the first famous Italian engraver on stone; of Baldini and Botticelli, also celebrated engravers; and of Lorenzo di Credi, the painter. But the artists of greater note who were his more particularly devoted adherents, were Fra Benedetto, an eminent miniature painter; Fra Bartolomeo, who had been the constant auditor of the discourses of Savonarola, and had entered completely into his views on the reform of the pictorial art; Luca della Robbia, the inventor of a new process of preserving bas-reliefs in all their freshness, and who had founded in his own family an original and mystical school, and so fruitful withal, that it may be said to have filled Tuscany with its productions.

Fra Bartolomeo and Lorenzo di Credi, though placed under similar influences, yet resemble each other only in their common repugnance for every species of profane subjects, and in the fidelity with which their pencils were exclusively consecrated to Christian pieces: in everything else they present a perfect contrast. The soul of Bartolomeo was habitually filled and inflamed by religious or poetical aspirations, the love of God, or the enthusiasm of art; which may be attributed in part to his intimacy with Savonarola. During a long interval of cessation in the artistical career of this famous artist, occasioned by an absorbing enthusiasm for the reforming priest, only one work proceeded from him: it was the portrait of the monk himself, who was represented

by Bartolomeo in his preaching costume and attitude, thundering forth from the height of his pulpit, and raising his finger prophetically towards heaven in a threatening and inspired manner, in which, however, there was nothing that would compromise the dignity of the preacher. It was a tribute offered by a deeply felt admiration; the artist had put into it his whole soul, his whole enthusiastic heart; so that to his contemporaries this portrait appeared to make ample amends for so many years of inaction. He also painted, in a chapel of the abbey of St. Mark, at Florence, the extasy of St. Bernard before the Holy Virgin, a subject marvellously adapted to the then recent habits of the artist, and more suited than any other to reconcile him with his art.

In the meanwhile the young Raffaele had arrived at Florence, and the close intimacy which immediately sprung up between these two great painters was as a new era in the career of Bartolomeo. Raffaele exercised a most happy influence over his friend. The productions of Bartolomeo had hitherto been deficient in grace of expression. There was a something in his style too *brusque*, rude, and angular. His severity in the choice of subjects, and the relief given to his figures by the means of the *chiaroscuro* were what constituted the special merit of Fra Bartolomeo, and it must be confessed, that under this double aspect he had left far behind him most of the Florentine painters. To render his productions more perfect, it was necessary for him to learn to give greater suavity to his *contours*, and to his Virgin heads a little of that celestial expression which would elicit instinctively the angelic salutation. This important service Raffaele afforded him; and during the nine years of his life, after the departure of the latter for Rome, the impress of this fine genius was never effaced from his imagination, any more than the remembrance of his friendship was obliterated from his heart. The influence of the great expressive painter is not, however, so perceptible in those pictures which Bartolomeo executed immediately after the arrival of Raffaele. It is to this epoch most probably that we must attribute the grand fresco painting in a corridor of the convent of St. Augustino of Sienna, as well as many Madonnas and Holy Families that are dispersed over Italy and Europe, and which have nothing of that which characterises the second manner of Fra Bartolomeo.

In 1508 he lost Raffaele, without losing any of the advantages he had derived from his intimacy with him. A journey to Rome which he undertook shortly after, to see the marvels executed in the Vatican by Raffaele and Michael Angelo, gave him also the opportunity to pay his tribute to the eternal city, and the subject could not be better chosen, either as regards the artist or the place, namely, the two colossal figures of St. Peter and St.

Paul which are now to be seen in the Quirinal palace,* and which are treated with that taste for the severe, the grand, and imposing in style, without which the effect of such kind of pictures would be necessarily deficient.

On his return to Florence, he had to meet and refute two accusations made against him; one was, that he had endeavoured to conceal under large draperies his inability to paint naked figures; the other was, that he was incapable of executing full length drawings. This was very likely a trap laid for him by his enemies; but he knew how to vindicate his art without violating the decency that he had imposed upon himself; instead of a Danaë or a Venus, he produced a St. Sebastian, which at once closed the mouths of the most fastidious critics in anatomical science. And as to the second charge, he soon set that at rest by the production of the evangelist St. Mark, a gigantic work, which denotes a rare energy of conception, and might be readily taken for a Daniel, an Isaiah, or some other prophet of the Old Testament.

In order to have an idea of the capabilities of the artistical talent of Bartolomeo in a totally opposite style, it is necessary to examine attentively the collection of his original designs, and, besides the *Madonna* of Cardinal Fesch, to study that which still forms the principal ornament of the cathedral of Lucca. This is, without doubt, of all his works, the one most worthy to be compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Raffaele, whether for the nobleness of the figures, or for the grace and purity of the *contour*, not to speak of the colouring, which would easily bear comparison with what is most universally admired in the Lombard school. This *chef-d'œuvre* was executed in 1509, the year following the departure of Raffaele for Rome.

Another painting of his, of a sacred character, and of the same date, is still at Lucca, in the church of St. Romano. It represents, in the upper part, the Eternal Father in the midst of a group of angels; and below, St. Catherine of Sienna and St. Catherine of Alexandria, rapt in extasy at the foot of the cross. Here the resemblance to the style of Raffaele is so striking, that some have thought it could not be explained otherwise than by his direct participation in the execution of the work; and it has been said that Fra Bartolomeo did nothing but apply the magic of his colours to the *contours*, full of life and grace, as traced by the more skilful hand of his friend.†

* The St. Peter was finished by Raffaele, on account of the sudden departure of Fra Bartolomeo, who could not reconcile himself to the climate of Rome, nor with the confusion into which his mind was thrown by so many monuments of antique and modern art. *Fra le antiche e le moderne opere che vide e in tanta copia, stordì di maniera, etc.*—VASARI, Vita di Fra Bartolomeo.

† Rumohr, Italiänische Forschungen, 3ter. th. § 1, pp. 71, 72.

Without seeking to enumerate all his known works, or to range them in the order in which they were produced, it may suffice to add to those already noticed, two or three of the more important among the latest that came from his hands. *The Angelic Salutation*, to be seen at the Louvre, and bearing the date of 1515, is a brilliant composition and replete with originality, where the Virgin, in lieu of being on her knees in a retired place, is seated on a throne, receiving the homage of many saints at the very moment in which the angel Gabriel appears to her in the air; but the picture of much greater dimensions, which he executed the same year in the church of St. Romano, at Lucca, a most happy performance, will advantageously sustain a parallel with all that he has done most successfully, in his sublimest style; it is the *Madonna of Mercy* taking under her protection the people of Lucca, who are represented by a multitude of women, of children, and old men, in the act of prayer, over whom she seems to be extending her mantle supported by angels. For knowledge of design, force of relief, and harmony of colouring, it would be difficult to find anything more nearly approaching perfection. His death took place in 1517.

Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, brought up in the school of Savonarola, and the friend of Bartolomeo and of Raffaello, during the youth of the latter, remained faithful throughout to Christian inspirations, investing them with a colouring more sweet, harmonious, and expressive perhaps than that of any other Florentine master. His fine frescos are almost all destroyed, and to appreciate the truly poetic creations of his Christian and graceful imagination, we are reduced to a very small number of *chefs-d'œuvre* dispersed over France and Germany, and a few Italian towns!* He and his favourite disciple, Michael di Ridolfo, were the last of the purely Christian painters. He died in 1560.

Our limits will not allow of our entering into any detailed examination of the partly naturalist school which flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. We can only state that the four principal disciples of this school were Piero di Cosimo, Mariotto Albertinelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Pontormo: they all excelled more or less in colouring, "that subordinate element of painting," but they never owned an inspiration purely and profoundly Christian, if we except Andrea del Sarto in two or three of his frescos, his famous heads of Christ, his *Madonna di San Francesco*, his *Madonna del Sacco*, and some *Holy Families*. His *Charity* at the Louvre, is moreover as remarkable for purity of design as for simplicity of

* The Museum of Berlin contains a fine picture of the *Assumption*, and so does the Louvre at Paris of the *Incoronazione*, by Ghirlandajo.

composition. In his *Sacrifice of Abraham*, which he painted for Francis I of France, he displays a grandeur and dignity truly extraordinary; and Vasari signalises with enthusiasm the divine expression of living faith and firmness which is remarked on the countenance of the father at the moment he is about to sacrifice his son. The figure of the young Isaac appears borrowed from the famous group of the Laocoon, and is in itself a masterpiece of art as regards the perfection of design.* It must, doubtless, have been such specimens as here instanced of this great artist, that the lines of Mr. Reeve, in his *Graphidæ*, so excellently and pointedly refer to:

“If there was one who felt the blessed ties
Which link the souls of human families,
'Twas he who group'd in such endearing beauty,
Affection kneeling at the feet of Duty;
Bade Charity caress her cherub sons,
And drew her heart to those adopted ones;
Show'd Abraham mourning with a father's grief,
O'er the dear victim of his great belief;
And circled round the infant from above
With sainted companies of mortal love.”

The *mixed* naturalist school, that is to say, that in which were still combined some religious and poetical elements, and which had thrown considerable *éclat* on the Florentine school during the first half of the sixteenth century, was extinguished with Pintormo (to whose performances we regret that we have not space even to allude, though highly extolled by both Vasari and Michael Angelo), in order, it would seem, to make way for the *pure* naturalism of Angiolo Allori and the imitators of Michael Angelo. The mention of the name of this latter mighty genius, furnishes the occasion to observe, that the omission of any notice of him, is justified by the fact that his influence on the great painters of whom we have spoken was feeble and almost unperceived. The grand revolution which he brought about in the arts of design, ought to be attributed rather to the paintings of the Sixtine chapel, the value and effects of which are more appreciable in a notice of the Roman school. And somewhat similar reasons may be given for our silence on the works of Leonardo da Vinci.

The works of Giotto at Padua, served to originate a school there, the noblest monument of whose genius remains in the Baptistery of that town: its most noted members were John and Anthony of Padua, and their fellow-countrymen Giusto and

* The original of this picture is, according to some, in the museum of Lyons, according to others, in the gallery of Dresden.

Gaurient. This school continued long to flourish at Padua, and to furnish paintings for the decoration of churches in all the adjacent towns; and such was the development it had acquired at the commencement of the fifteenth century, that its principal, Squarcione, numbered one hundred and thirty-seven pupils in his *atelier*. Soon, however, under the direction of this very chief and his pupil, the celebrated Mantegna, a fatal deviation took place in the heart of this society, by the introduction of pagan models from Greece and Italy. Subsequently, indeed, Mantegna reformed his taste and style, insomuch that when one of the best judges of Christian art in modern times, one who united in his æsthetic judgment all the candour of a noble mind joined with the lights of a surpassing genius,—we mean Frederic Schlegel,—visited the Louvre, at a time when a multitude of *chefs-d'œuvre* from all parts of Italy were there accumulated, he did not hesitate to say, though at the risk of being looked upon as a barbarian, that two allegorical productions of Mantegna, then in the collection, were those before which he was obliged to stop the oftenest and the longest.* None of the disciples of Mantegna left behind them any grand reminiscences in the north of Italy, a practical proof of the fatal influence which the pagan element exercises over the arts of imagination, when imagination is not rigorously subordinate to the religious element. How wide the difference between Milan and Mantua in this respect! And, happily for Venice, she also avoided all contact with that pagan school, and preferred putting herself in communication with the purer sources of Umbrian art. Carlo Crivelli, one of her oldest painters, some of whose finest pictures are to be seen in the Milan gallery, repaired to put himself under the tuition of the Umbrian Fabriano, whilst the latter came to Venice in 1420, and there founded the school of the Bellinis.

Meanwhile, Christian art, in the absence of profane monuments, had continued to flourish in its purity in Germany, on the Rhine, and in Belgium, as is evidenced by the admirable school of Van Eyck and Hemmelink. Fortunately, Venice possessed many productions of these princes of Germanic art; and there is still to be seen there the famous Breviary of the Cardinal Grimani, unique for the beauty of its miniatures, painted by Hemmelink. One John of Germany, whom we find to have been the *collaborateur* of the Vivarinis, came from the Lower Rhine. The Vivarinis themselves deserve well of Christian art, and its true friends cannot fail to cherish their memory in learning to know their works. They were the real

* *Vor keinem Gemählde habe ich hier öfter und länger verweilt, etc.*—See his Letters from Paris in 1803, in the sixth volume of his works, the edition of Vienna.

fathers of Catholic painting in Venice, though M. Rio is of opinion that the Venetian school was the product of the assimilation of all the good elements of the various ultramontane and Italian schools. According to him, the great movement in art was there begun by the two brothers Bellini. Nothing now remains of the fourteen grand frescoes which they had the honour to paint in the ducal palace, representing the history of Alexander III, and Frederic Barbarossa at Venice. As some amends for this loss, however, the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice has preserved enough of the pictures of Gentile Bellini to enable us to judge of him, and among them we may notice particularly the magnificent *Procession of the True Cross*, which the pious artist has thus signed: "Gentilis Bellinus amore incensus crucis, 1496."

As to his brother John, the churches and galleries of Venice are full of his paintings, which are worthy of admiration, both for the purity they display of the author's imagination,* and the imposing gravity of all the male personages represented; but we cannot admire the type of his Virgins, notwithstanding their grave and prophetic melancholy. In general, indeed, it would seem that the whole of the Venetian school, excepting, perhaps, the Vivarinis, have most frequently failed in the representation of the Holy Virgin. We scarcely know of a single Madonna truly beautiful by Cima da Conegliano in the Barbini collection. This Cima da Conegliano may, however, be regarded as one of the most gifted artists of the Christian school of Venice; at least, his picture of *St. Thomas and our Saviour*, at the academy, surpasses all the rest in majesty and grandeur. Grace was not the predominant quality of Conegliano's pencil; and hence the reason, probably, that female figures are so rarely introduced into his pictures. But what severe beauty and intensity of expression in his types of Christ, of prophets, apostles, evangelists, and doctors! His rivals were Basaiti and Carpaccio, who, in some of their pieces, attained to the highest ideal of Christian beauty. Concerning the former, it is said that the history of art offers few compositions more exquisite and more pathetic than his *Dead Christ*; and, of all those attributed to Basaiti, it is, without contradiction, the most perfect, not only with respect to imagination and expression, but also for design, colour, and perspective. Cima, Basaiti, and Carpaccio, were pupils of John Bellini, and were, probably, more richly endowed with the Christian *verve* than their master. However, to the latter ap-

* To the credit of Venice, as well as of the artist, be it said, that there is not a single pagan or mythological picture among all those which John Bellini executed by the orders of the Venetian patricians, at a period, from 1460 to 1515, when Florence and Rome were inundated with paganism.

pertains incontestably the glory of having founded a school, which maintained, till the middle of the sixteenth century (a longer period than any other), the traditions of Christian art, and which gained the popular suffrage, in spite of the dangerous rivalry of Giorgione and of Titian. As contemporaries or successors of the painters we have just noticed, there were also Mansueti, Catena, and the two Santa-Croce, who adorned Venice with a great number of excellent works.

But it was not at Venice alone that the influence of John Bellini operated such happy results; it extended itself to all the towns of the patrimony of St. Mark, from the Frioul to the frontiers of the Milanese, in spite of the competitive pretensions of the two powerful schools of Mantegna at Padua, and of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan. Bergamo, in particular, presenting, in Cariano and Previtali, disciples qualified to contend with those whom he had found at Venice itself. Treviso also produced its Pennacchi and Bissolo, worthy continuators of his doctrines; whilst in the Frioul, one of Bellini's most cherished disciples, Martini, better known by the name of Pellegrino, founded an entirely local school, which remained true to the traditions of Christianity.

We now stop, arrived at the limit of an epoch marked by wholly different characteristics from those we have been hitherto noticing, and during which the pictorial art, throwing aside the yoke of ancient traditions, yielded to the impulse given to it by Giorgione, Titian, and Aretino. The dualism of a good and evil principle, so long in the presence of each other, now begins to cease. Whatever fresh elements of perfection the innovators could pride themselves upon, it is certain that the Venetian school, ever since its foundation in the fifteenth century, had the glory of excelling in at least one constituent of pictorial pre-eminence, namely, colouring; the Florentine school, in like manner, surpassed all others in the science of design, and, in general, in the representation of the contours of the forms; while the Umbrian school was equally eminent in the expression of the pious emotions and pure affections of the soul. And these three separate classes of endowments may be said to constitute perfection in painting.

The indications which the purely Christian style of art, as we have been considering it, furnishes to us of the spirit of the people of those times, and the end to which they made that art subservient, are so excellently stated in the case of Venice by M. Rio (to whose work we are under great obligations), that we cannot do better than conclude this paper with citing his observations on the Venetian school, for the purpose of a general as well as particular application:

“The characteristic of the Venetian school,” says he, “was eminently religious. If painting had its separate history, and, so to speak, irrespective of the general movement of the human faculties among a people, this deep-rooted, inveterate attachment to the traditions of Christianity among artists would be a mere isolated fact and almost imperceptible in the annals of the republic of Venice. But the revolutions which the fine arts undergo being the surest index of those which take place at the same time in the imaginations of men, the study of the former is able to guide us to the most instructive results, and hence becomes susceptible of the highest interest, even under a philosophical point of view. The works of painters, like those of poets, when they are avowed, encouraged, and extolled by their fellow-citizens, are the faithful mirror wherein are reflected successively all the modifications, as they occur, in the national genius. Individual inspirations, however striking they may be, always partake strongly enough of the stock of ideas which supports the intellectual life of the community, to render it impossible there should be any difficulty in the comparative appreciation of peoples and of epochs. Thus, we have seen that at the close of the fifteenth century paganism had already taken possession of the Florentine school, and the sermons of the monk Savonarola, combined with the information afforded by history, represent to us philosophy, poetry, and, in a word, all the branches of literature, and even public manners, as infected with the same contagion. At Venice, on the contrary, without any of those violent shocks which Savonarola gave for ten consecutive years to the Florentines, art maintained itself pure far down in the sixteenth century, in spite of the classic enthusiasm which showed itself on the surface of society, but which, not penetrating into its intricate depths, threatened not as yet to dry up the sources of Christian poesy, from which the Venetian artists had largely and unanimously drawn; whence it would be right to conclude, according to the relations we have sought to establish between the products of art and the national genius, that Venice preserved much longer than Rome and Florence the religious impress which particularly distinguishes the Italian republics in the middle age.

“This conclusion, so little conformable to our inveterate prejudices against Venice, will be, doubtless, repudiated by the greater number of my readers; and yet it is an incontestable historical truth that Venice, notwithstanding all that can be said of her secret tribunals, of her celebrated courtesans, and of her commercial machiavelism, was the most Christian of republics.”*

* De la Poésie Chrétienne, pp. 526-528, etc.

In accordance with the view of this able writer, we conceive that if, instead of confining our attention to the mere surface of history—to exterior facts and events—we were to penetrate deeper, and interrogate those monuments which reveal with greater fidelity and truth a nation's taste and genius, some very precious and unexpected discoveries would issue from that interrogation, imparting quite another aspect, a totally different colouring to the annals of Christian nations, and particularly to those of the Venetian republic. A crowd of local details, hitherto lost and buried in the mass of general facts, would doubtless rise upon us, exhibiting men and things in their true light and character, and we should feel our imaginations, our hearts and thoughts, to be elevated more and more above the prejudices of publicists and philosophers. And in the case of Venice we might exclaim with Mr. Milnes, who appears to have read her history with the eye of a true poet and artist:—

“ Prime model of a Christian commonwealth,
 Thou wise simplicity, which present men
 Calumniate, not conceiving; joy is mine
 That I have read and learnt thee as I ought,
 Not in the crude compiler's painted shell
 But in thine own memorials of live stone,
 And in the pictures of thy kneeling princes,
 And in the lofty words on lofty tombs,
 And in the breath of ancient chroniclers,
 And in the music of the outer sea.”†

THE DYING GIRL.

RAISE me, I fain would look
 Yet once again upon the varied face
 Of Nature, and thereon God's finger trace
 As in a written book.

Hath the spring come at last?
 Ah yes! I feel its soft breath on my brow;
 The modest lilac pours its fragrance now
 Fearless of winter's blast.

* See “Memorials of a residence on the Continent, and Historical Poems.” By R. Monkton Milnes. 1838. p. 38.

Amid the blossom'd limes,
The hoarding bee with never ceasing hum
Gathereth sweet honey for her straw-roof'd home
Beneath the mantling vines.

And the first butterfly
Spreadeth his downy pinions to the breeze,
Or hovereth above the chestnut-trees,
A living type of joy.

I may not wander forth
To cull the violet, or lift the buds
Of the frail wind-flower, lady of the woods,
From the fresh dewy earth.

In vain, in vain for me
The cowslip raiseth her rich golden hue
Freighted with odour, and the fairy fern
Quivers unceasingly.

Would I had passed away
When Earth was mantled in her veil of snow,
Methinks it is so sad to perish now
When all around is gay!

Rebellious spirit, peace!
Thou shouldst rejoice that thou art early taken
From this world and its sorrows, to awaken
In joys that never cease.

Then let not thy fond heart,
Mother, be troubled. Thou hast watched my bed,
Pillowing upon thy breast my aching head;
Mourn not that I depart.

To us a hope is given
Full of sweet promise. Where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary soul finds peace,
We soon shall meet :—in Heaven!

E. J. G. D.

“DARKY DUFF,” THE MADMAN.

(A TALE OF SOUTH MUNSTER.*)

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

It was on a raw and dreary-looking morning, in November 1844, that I left my secluded home in the Queen’s County on a trip to Dublin. I arrived in Abbeyleir about seven o’clock, when I found that the “day coach” to Dublin had gone more than a quarter of an hour, so that I had no alternative but to go on the “boat car” to Mountmellid, from whence I could proceed by the Grand Canal “Fly,” or consign myself to the “care and protection” of Misther Foley, the driver and guardian of that most wretched of all public conveyances “Waters’s caravan.” I had previously travelled by the canal, and found it far from agreeable, so I now resolved to try my luck in the van; for, however tedious and inconvenient it might prove in other respects, it had at least this advantage, that as it was not so capacious, I should avoid the society of those gentry of questionable character, with whom I always found the canal passage boats infested.

The morning, as I have remarked, was cheerless and dreary, even for foggy November, and, in no very enviable mood of temper, I prepared to “gather myself” into the front of the van.

“Try the back, this place is engaged,” exclaimed a gruff voice inside, as I laid my foot on the step to ascend; and, on looking in to reconnoitre, I perceived an old woman, enveloped in a rusty silk gown, and bonnet of the same material, a young woman, rather handsome and respectably attired, and a grey-haired serjeant of the 69th regiment; all seated very comfortably, and seemingly very well disposed to banter me on my disappointment.

“Try the back,” said the soldier, pulling a stump of a cigar from between his black teeth, and discharging a large mouthful of saliva through the aperture ycleped a “window,” at which I was standing.

* In many parts of Ireland, the peasantry say, that the only infallible cure for epilepsy, or as they term it, “falling sickness,” is the “fat” of a corpse, reduced to a powder, and drunk by the sufferer, mixed with water, milk, or any other liquid. The writer of this tale was himself one of a party of peasantry, who, in the month of February 1839, “raised a corpse” (that of a young woman who had been about six weeks buried), for the purpose of procuring that singular nostrum for a young man in the neighbourhood. It was duly administered; but, before there had elapsed sufficient time to test its efficacy, he died by violent agency. Some say that church-yard clay is equally effective as the human “fat:” but certain it is, that grave-soil is given in Ireland as a specific for more than one inveterate disease.

I did "try the back," but it was full to suffocation. A whole squad of Tipperary boors, who had arrived by "Beanione's car" on the previous evening, and who were *en route* to Dublin to "see the agint," were wedged together, sulky and shivering, in the rickety and gloomy vehicle.

"What the devil am I to do?" I muttered in despair.

"No certain seats in school, sir," chuckled James Morrissy, the rough and burly proprietor of the "caravan office." "The 'boys of Tipperary' got the start of you; and, by my song, I think it's as good for you to keep your tongue in your cheek, for should you go to logger-heads with them, you would come off but second best, I am thinking."

Gloomily and angrily, I ascended the top of the vehicle, wrapping myself as well as I could against the cutting blast of the winter's morning, and inwardly wishing "Waters's caravan" and every body in and about it—myself excepted—at the bottom of the "herring-brook."

"Only one of the box seats is engaged," said the coachman; "there is another vacant, and you can occupy it, if you wish, sir."

Without reply, I shifted myself to the box, and had scarcely set myself to rights, when another passenger made his appearance at the wheel, and, stretching me his hand, politely, yet coldly, requested that I would assist him to ascend to his seat.

The new comer was a man apparently about forty years of age, though I afterwards found he was very little on the downhill side of thirty. His face was pale, cadaverous, and slightly marked with small-pox; and yet he was not an ugly man. His forehead was broad, high, and intellectual; and when he raised his dark eyes, which was but seldom, they shot forth a blaze of animation and melancholy intelligence, such as I had never remarked in any human individual. His hair, naturally dark as the raven's wing, was thickly interspersed with silver; and, on the whole, he had the appearance of a man labouring under either extreme corporeal disease, or, what to me appeared more probable, intense and long and deeply-rooted mental anguish or remorse. His outward person was closely enveloped in a wrapper of shaggy dark cloth. On his feet were a pair of strong and ill-polished leather boots; and on his head was a hat, which, although the worse of the wear, had evidently seen a day when it would have done no discredit to the veriest dandy,—the proudest "jackeen" that sports his figure on the flags of Grafton-street or Stephen's-green.

"All right," shouted one of the ragged helpers, as he concluded the process of harnessing and setting-too the miserable-looking animals designated "horses," and delivered the stumpy whip and ragged ribbons into the hands of the driver.

“A double LL,
Means nothing at all,”

sung out one of the bye-standers; and, amid the shouts and laughter excited by this repartee, the miserable vehicle drove away.

My position was between the coachman and the strange passenger. The former I found cheerful and communicative, and even intelligent. The latter never opened his lips; seemingly absorbed in a reverie of no pleasing nature, for he every moment emitted a loud and deep-drawn sigh, and seemed incessantly fidgetty and uneasy. As the morning advanced, the atmosphere brightened up, the chilly wind which blew the preceding night subsided, and, by the time we reached Maryborough, a distance of seven miles, the weather had undergone a most favourable change, and everything promised a continuation of fine weather during the remainder of our journey. Here we changed horses; and some of the passengers took breakfast. The stranger, however, kept his position on the box, not paying the slightest attention to the jokes, and sallies, and interrogatories of the ragged group of beggars, by which, as usual in Ireland, the vehicle was surrounded, although he flung a copper to every one who craved his charity “for the good of his soul,” and in “honour of the blessed saints in heaven.”

Once more “on our legs;” and, slow as was our motion, the dark and dirty old town of Maryborough was soon left behind. The stranger was still silent; but, on coming in sight of the vast old fortress of Dunnamace, which stands perched on one of the bleak and barren hills with which the pretty little town of Stradbally is surrounded, he gazed at it for a moment,—scratched his head, as if trying to recover some truant idea,—and then, as if unsuccessful, slowly, but respectfully, asked me if I knew the name of that singular pile of ruins which had attracted his attention.

“That, sir, is the far-famed ‘Dun’ or castle of Dunnamace,” was my brief response.

“Yes, sir,” added the coachman, “that is ould Dunnamace; it is strange if you never heard tell of the rock of Dunnamace.”

“I *have* heard of it, and read of it, too,” observed the stranger.

“A grim and forbidding ould ruin, indeed,” resumed the driver; “and hot times they must have been when the O’Moorees held sway on that old grey rock, and led their clansmen forth in those sands from that grim keep, to plunder and harrass the Saxons of the Pale.”

The stranger smiled.

“And a black day it was when Sir Charles Coote blew up the ‘pride of the plains,’—the stronghold of Leinster,—and scattered

that vast pile in fragments about the valley, as you see it, from that hour to this."

The eyes of the stranger shot forth a sudden blaze of animation, his countenance appeared to swell, and his whole frame seemed agitated by the contemplation of the historic and romantic scene before him. His tongue was unchained. He spoke; and, like the fairy of the Eastern story, pearls seemed falling from his lips at every syllable he uttered. His eloquence astonished me. His patriotism, his enthusiasm, and his accurate information on every matter connected with the past and present condition of Ireland, was surprising.

"Dunnamace!" he ejaculated in rapture—a melancholy rapture. Why, he knew more of that locality than any of his companions; and, although, as he said, he had never before laid his eyes on that celebrated spot, there was not a circumstance, a fact, a legend, or tradition, connected with its past and present history, with which he was not minutely acquainted. From this, the conversation gradually merged into other and various subjects. Religion, politics, repeal, federalism, the "'82 club," "Young Ireland," and the "Nation;" Mr. Mazzini, and "Giovane Italia;" O'Connell, Peel, Graham, the Oregon question, poetry, literature, Eugene Sue and the Mysteries of Paris. The periodical press, agriculture, commerce, the "landlord and tenant" questions, and "fixety of tenure." In fact, on every subject, directly or indirectly introduced, he displayed the most minute and profound information; and his manners and address were those of a finished gentleman. And he who appeared, not two hours before, one of the most incomprehensible and disagreeable of Adam's race, now flung off the mask, and charmed us by the ease and affability of his deportment, as well as by the extent and variety of his information.

Never was I more "out," or more pleasingly disappointed, than on this occasion. I left Abbeylair in the worst of humour, with a prospect of as cheerless a day as ever came down from a November sky, and located "cheek by jowl" with as ill-grained and churlish a companion as ever cursed a luckless way-farer, since the day that poor Sinbad trudged under the burden of the pertinacious old man of the sea; and yet, before the second stage of our journey was gained, a bright and warm sun broke gaily through the wintry clouds, and I had by my side one of the most agreeably-fascinating and best informed men that I had ever had the good fortune to encounter.

Though our progress was slow, it was not tiresome. Our route was through some of the finest portions of the classic districts of Offerley, Leix, and Kildare—a land rich in historic and traditionary associations,—the land of the O'Moores, the O'Demp-

seys, the De Veseys, and the Geraldines; and although, for the most part, it wears rather a bleak and uninviting aspect, particularly in winter, yet the soil is fertile to a proverb, and there is little appearance of that squalid poverty, that degrading misery, so painfully conspicuous in many of the more favoured and picturesque portions of the Emerald Isle.

To use the phrase of Foley, our coachman, "we did not feel the road." There was not a single scene of interest—and in this district their name is legion—to which our attention was not directed by the mysterious stranger. Such and such clans and their Saxon foemen fought and bled on yonder hill. Such and such belted knights met in single combat at yonder "rath," westward. In yon grim old castle, was a lovely damsel of the Saxons "disposed of" by her iron-hearted people, for "lending her ears" to the whisperings of a gallant chieftain of the O'Dempseys. In that little grey old church, are laid the bones of the traitor O'D——; and on the summit of that bleak mound to the east, and beneath the shadow of that rude pyramid, repose the ashes of hundreds of the "men of ninety-eight," who were "out" on that fatal year, and in this spot fought a pitched battle with the royal troops, when they were completely routed, with the loss of a vast number of their unfortunate comrades.

It was pitch dark before we arrived in Dublin. The lamps were blazing; and cold, and stiff, and hungry we were, as we descended from the caravan at the Dublin stage, No. 85, Thomas-street.

"Where do you stop, sir?" I asked my companion.

"I don't exactly know," he replied in a melancholy tone; "Dublin is all before me, where to choose my place of rest,—pray you, sir, be my guide."

I looked at him in the pale lamplight. His countenance had again assumed its usual expression of misery; and, poor fellow, he looked, as he stood slightly shivering in the cold street, the very incarnation of despair.

"Friend," said I, addressing the coachman, "would you please inform me where in this immediate neighbourhood might this gentleman and I procure a comfortable lodging?"

"You don't like a hotel or tavern, sir?"

"No, not just now."

"Well, the very next door, sir, at Kearney's, No. 86, sir, good beds, good fires, but in respect of bills, something of a 'bite.'"

At Kearney's—No. 86—we put up accordingly, and were shewn into a small but comfortable apartment, lit with gas, and cheered with a fine coal fire, which sparkled most invitingly in the fireplace.

I ordered dinner, and in "less than no time"—as the waiter had promised—a substantial one was smoking on the table, consisting of everything necessary for a pair of hungry rustics, and served up by the fair hands of the hostess, Mrs. Kearney herself, or as she is sometimes designated, "Judy the Brogue."

During dinner, my comrade never opened his lips voluntarily; he appeared plunged in melancholy. I tried to rally him, but in vain. I asked him several questions—his name—his native locality—his religion:—bah!—I might as well try to sound the depths of "St. Cronan's Well"—a fountain which everyone knows has no bottom at all,—or seek to explore the mysteries of Freemasonry or Drusism. He knew nothing—he could tell nothing. With his legs encompassing the grate, and his head resting on his burning palm, he gazed listlessly on the blazing coals, sighing as if his very heart would break, and his form heaving, and his countenance distorted with a thousand various and conflicting emotions.

I never felt myself so uncomfortable. I looked around for a book or newspaper to kill the hours, when I saw hanging over the chimney-piece a violin. I took it down, tried it, and luckily, it was in perfect tune. Although but a sorry performer on that instrument, I hesitated not a moment to avail myself of the little skill I did possess in the "scraping" way, and commenced the performance of one of my favourite airs, accompanying the instrument with my voice. The song chosen was that enchanting and inimitably pathetic one of poor Gerald Griffin's—"Gilli ma chree." As I proceeded in the melting strain, the stranger seemed as if labouring under the influence of the "evil eye." He appeared suddenly electrified.

The muscles of his face were contorted as if in a fit of epilepsy. His eyes flashed like those of a raging lunatic. His limbs quivered, his face became deadly pale, and before I could replace the instrument, he fell on the floor, insensible, powerless, and apparently inanimate.

I rang the bell; maid and mistress ran in. The usual remedies in such cases were put in operation, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction to see our exertions crowned with success. The patient recovered, and although he appeared overwhelmed with confusion, he expressed his warmest thanks for our disinterested kindness in his favour.

He expressed a wish that he might be left alone, and accordingly he was conducted to an apartment upstairs—an apartment designated *the* parlour, and much larger and better furnished than that we had previously occupied. I resumed my

situation in the last-named apartment, and had again renewed my acquaintance with the violin, when the "girl" made her appearance.

"The gentleman above stairs desires you to go up to him, sir."

I obeyed, and found him sitting at a large round table covered with green baize, on which were deposited some sheets of writing paper, an inkstand, and some pens.

"I made bold, my dear sir," he began; "I made bold, I say, to send for you, but I will detain you but a few moments. I want to thank you for the kindness you have shewn me, and for the happiness I have this day found in your society—a happiness such as I have not enjoyed for many a weary day. I am miserable—you know, you see I am, and you shall *know the cause* of my misery too. But my story is a long, as well as a sad one, and it would exhaust your patience as well as my own strength were I now to relate it verbally. But the mistress of this house shall have a packet for you in the morning, and therein you shall hear my singular, wild and melancholy tale. Farewell, dear sir, we meet no more on earth, but—"

He was too much affected to finish the sentence. He shook me most cordially by the hand whilst the tears fell thick and burning from his eyes, and once more motioning me to withdraw, he sank upon the chair, the very image of human woe, abandonment and despair.

With "my heart in my mouth," to use a common but highly expressive phrase, I bade the poor fellow good bye, and again descended the dark and narrow stairway. I had my thoughts, as who would not; but my feelings were in his favour, and it was with a heavier heart than I had found for years that I retired to my bed-chamber. It was long before I could sleep, and when I did, my dreams were of the singular being with whom I had for the last few hours been so strangely associated.

The sickly beams of the wintry sun were shining on my pillow when I woke next morning. My first thoughts were of the strange traveller, and I rang the bell.

"Has my comrade yet risen?" I asked of the tattered fellow yclept the "waiter," who answered my summons.

"Och, good luck to your soul, sir, he is gone these three hours; he might be in Liverpool for that matter, since he left this."

"Is your mistress up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go ask her did that gentleman leave her any commands for me last night."

The active urchin retired, and as himself would say, was

“back in a jiffey,” bearing a small packet, neatly folded, sealed with black wax, and superscribed—“For my dear J. K.”

With nervous haste I broke the seal, and found within a paper closely and beautifully written, evidently by a master hand. Its contents were as follows:

“My name is Duff—Owen Duff, and I am a native of the lovely village of Adare in the county of Limerick. I was called by those who knew me in my early years ‘Darky Duff,’ for my father, from his very dark hair and complexion, was called ‘Dark Jem Duff,’ and after him I was nicknamed ‘Darky.’ My father, besides his dark and surly features, was stern, gloomy and morose in his manner and disposition; he was a common ‘spalpeen,’ or day-labourer, and lived and died in poverty. My mother’s name was Sullivan, and she was from the celebrated neighbourhood of Muskerry in the county of Cork. She was the daughter of a rich farmer, and in her seventeenth year ran away with my father, who used in his early youth to visit that part of the country, jobbing in pigs and sheep, and Kerry cows and ponies. I was the only issue of this luckless marriage, and happy indeed it were for me had God never sent me on this world. I was born on the 4th of June 1814, and was scarcely seven years old when both my parents died. The summer of 1821 was sickly and distressing in the south of Ireland. My father took the fever, then my mother, and at last I myself was seized with that fearful epidemic. Oh! had it been the will of Heaven to call me away then, how happy should I be now—a bright angel before the throne of God, and not as I am—an outcast, a murderer, and a wanderer over the world. But it was to be! We recovered the first blow, and for my part my health and strength were soon re-established. But my poor parents, although they got over the first attack, did not live to see the green leaves fall from the trees, for my father was too weak to work even if he got work, and my mother was too weak to beg, and our neighbours were too poor to assist us; so starvation was our lot; and no nourishment could we come at except a head of cabbage boiled with salt, or the green weeds which grew in the fields of the neighbouring gentlemen, and even these were stolen by night, for the jail would be our portion were we caught trespassing on the lands of the quality. Hunger and grief brought on a decline. They lingered a few weeks in misery, and then God took them away to His kingdom of peace. Ah! had He also taken me with them, what pain, what anguish, what misfortunes, I should have escaped! But God be praised—blessed be His holy will. He knows what’s best.

“When my father and mother were laid in the dust, the priest of the parish, father Paul Roche—he too is gone to God—took

me to his house, fed me and clad me as if I was his own child, and sent me to a neighbouring school, where I acquired an accurate knowledge of arithmetic and the mathematics. I was then removed to a grammar school in Limerick, where I became acquainted with the rudiments of the Greek and Latin classics. Poor father Roche intended that I should be a priest, but again my evil star was in the ascendant, and God called him before I was out eighteen months at the grammar school. Once more on the '*shough-rawn*,' I resolved to seek my mother's family in Muskerry, and I departed on my journey one cold, tempestuous morning in November. I found out my relatives, but they did not give me any hope of succour, for they never liked my father, and never forgave my poor mother for 'smothering the princely blood of the O'Sullivan's with a *spalpeen* pig-jobber without a name or a connexion.' I had now no alternative but to beg or go to service, so I chose the latter, and hired with a farmer of the neighbourhood, agreeing to serve him as man, or rather boy of all work, for and at the consideration of two pounds, including diet and lodging, such as it was, per annum. In this miserable situation I remained three years, by which time I had attained my nineteenth birthday, and had arrived at the size and vigour of manhood, and also had made considerable progress in my education; for whilst other boys of my age and grade devoted their leisure hours to card-playing and dancing and tobacco-smoking, all mine were spent in studying mathematics, for which branch of science I had a particular inclination.

"I now grew sick of the plough and spade. I said to myself, there was better luck in store for me, and that I would no longer tamely submit to the drudgery and contempt attached to the wretched situation in which I had spent the latter years of my existence. So one fine morning, about the Christmas time of the year, I left my home and bent my steps westward towards the far-famed county of Clare. I will not say what the name of the locality was, in which I chose my new place of rest, my reasons for being silent on that point will appear plain enough by and bye, but it was a bleak and lonely district, inhabited by a rude and primitive, but good-natured race, whose native plains were bounded on one side by wild and picturesque hills, and on the far west by the booming billows of the vast Atlantic ocean. The school-master of the neighbourhood, (for even here amongst those wild Munster-men, the love of learning found its way, and even here, by the lonely sea, the 'noisy mansion'—aye, the noisiest of all 'noisy mansions'—an Irish 'hedge-school,' reared its lowly head,) had died a few days previous to my arrival. I at once determined to apply for the vacant situation; and

having done so, and having my qualifications tested by the 'heads' of the place, I was elected *nem. con.* to the empty rostrum of the departed pedagogue. I soon found reason to like my vocation. I had a thronged school, got some ready money, and was better lodged and fed among the hospitable inhabitants than I had been since I bid adieu to the warm fire-side of Father Roche. In a word, I was as happy as the day was long, and might still be happy, but for—who? for what?—but for my own folly, my weak-mindedness, and my headlong and unbridled passions.

“Amongst the ‘scullogues’ at whose houses I was the most constant and most welcome visitor, was Owen M’Carthy. A snug and ‘saucy’ man was this same Owen M’Carthy. He held a vast tract of the adjoining hills, and the flocks of Munster sheep and Kerry cows that fed, or rather ‘lived and moved’ on those bleak mountains, were almost innumerable. This man, this good old man, had one child, and only one—a daughter, and never did a fairer or a brighter creature come from the hand of God. Beautiful as the heath blossoms of her native hills, pure as the fairy waters of her own ‘*Tubber-na-ricka*,’ and sprightly and animated as the peasant maidens of Munster always are, was Grace M’Carthy. She was now in her eighteenth year, tall, graceful, and finely-proportioned. I saw her and talked with her every day in the week, and certainly, the more I saw of her, and the better I knew her, the more reason I found to admire her, and the more I became convinced of her goodness, her virtue, and her innocence. Her equal I had never seen, and I was assured that in broad Munster, or perhaps in all Ireland, I might seek in vain for the match of Grace M’Carthy. But as yet, God knows, I had never thought of *loving* her. I admired her good qualities, and respected her blameless demeanour, but I never loved her for her handsome face or graceful figure. My old notions were not yet forgotten, and I still clung fondly to the hope that a holier destiny was mine, and that I was one day to preach the great truths of Christianity, invested with the powers and arrayed in the insignia of the Catholic priesthood.

“In connexion with my duties as parish school-master, I was soon invested with the dignity and emoluments, such as they were, of sacristan and clerk of the parish chapel. It was a rude, barn-like-looking little edifice, and standing in a wild-looking and bleak neighbourhood, no doubt; yet I question if the portly official, who struts in silken gown through the vast aisles of St. Patrick’s cathedral, ever felt as proud of his office as I did on Sunday mornings, as I ‘laid’ the little altar and made the other arrangements for the celebration of the holy offices of the day. I left nothing undone which I thought necessary for the accom-

modation of the public, and on several occasions my conduct elicited the warmest thanks of priest and laymen.

“The parish-priest, a pious and good old man, in his zeal for the culture of his rude flock, had out of his slender means procured some pious books and tracts for circulation in the parish. I was of course ‘librarian,’ and had the care and distribution of all the books assigned to my management: One Sunday evening on my return from vespers, I brought one of them away, and as the evening was fine, and I in no hurry to reach home, I opened, and began to read by the way. I had not gone far when I overtook Gracy M‘Carthy, who lingered behind a small party of the village lasses, evidently to await my coming.

“‘Always praying, Darky,’ she playfully remarked as I came up, ‘What’s this you’re so intently perusing now?’

“‘Look,’ said I, handing her the open volume.

“‘Cross of Christ about us!’ said she, as she gazed at the book, ‘what’s this about?’

“The little volume was a copy of that well known Catholic work, *Hell opened to Sinners*, and its pages were interspersed, I will not say ornamented, with several grotesque wood-cuts illustrative of the punishments and sufferings of the damned in the infernal prison-house, and rudely portraying the ghastly features and frightful contortions of those unhappy wretches as they plunged and writhed in the devouring element. Gracy had never before seen the book, and her simple feelings were much affected as she viewed the rude illustrations. Her cheek got pale, she trembled, her voice faltered, and grasping my arm, she exclaimed, at the same time casting on me such a look of childish reliance and angelic sweetness, ‘Oh, Darky, *avourneen*, may God and his mother protect *us* from such dreadful misery.’

“‘Your prayers are unnecessary,’ I said, with more gallantry, more meaning in my tone and gesture than I had ever used before in the presence of a female.

“‘Why so?’ asked Gracy, looking at me inquiringly.

“‘Angels are exempt from fire, at least from such fires as are not of a celestial nature,’ I replied.

“‘Angels—angels, *inagh*,’ answered the girl poutingly, ‘and so you compare Gracy M‘Carthy to an angel.’

“‘If beauty and goodness can make you an angel, you are one,’ I replied.

“‘And of course no fear of me being damned,’ she added, smiling archly.

“‘God Almighty never created so much virtue and so much loveliness to plunge it in hell.’

“‘Nonsense.’

“‘Not a bit; I only say what I think.’

“ ‘And do you say *all* you think?’ asked the girl, with an earnestness of manner and an inflection of voice such-as, in her, I had never noticed previously.

“ ‘I was puzzled—entrapped, I might add, I was enchanted. I gazed in the eyes of the fascinating girl, who blushed, hung her head, averted her eyes, and still remained silent.

“ ‘Gracy.’

“ ‘What?’

“ ‘What would you say if you were to talk?’

“ ‘I would say,’ she replied, ‘that you are a flatterer; that you carry two faces, like the image you showed me in the wax-work waggon.’

“ ‘No, no; I said you are an angel, and I said no more than I think.’

“ ‘And how long have you thought so?’

“ ‘Every day since I saw you.’

“ ‘Aye?’

“ ‘Aye, indeed; I am not quizzing you.’

“ ‘And why did you wait till now to say so?’

“ ‘I don’t know, but——’

“ ‘But what?’

“ ‘I can say no more.’

“ ‘Then, I will say one thing; if I was in your shoes I would say more.’

“ ‘What would you say, my girl?’

“ ‘I would say,—but wait, can you keep a secret?’

“ ‘Yes, till I die, anything *you* tell me.’

“ ‘Well, then, I say I—I—I love you.’

“ ‘Love *me*?’

“ ‘Aye, in my heart this many a long day.’

“ ‘Gracy!’

“ ‘Yes, you may despise me, chide me, laugh at me; no matter; I love you.’

“ ‘I cannot describe my feelings as my enchanted ears greedily drank in every word which fell from the silvery tongue of the lovely girl. I reeled, my brain swam, my heart heaved and swelled, and I felt a moment as if going to expire. The artless girl looked in my face. Never before did she look so bewitching. The past was forgotten. A new feeling came over me. All earthly—all heavenly considerations were as moonshine in my eyes. I clasped the panting maiden in my arms. I strolled back with her to her father’s door; and before we parted, I was her avowed, her accepted, her betrothed lover.

“ ‘My tale would furnish groundwork for volumes, but I must be brief, nor will time permit to trace the rapturous progress of our love. We were both young, simple-minded, and enthusi-

astic. She loved me, and her passion was ardently reciprocated. In my musings by day, and in my dreams by night, she was never absent. At the fair and the market, at the wake and the dancing-school, I was her companion ; and in the house of God, when the rough but melodious voices of many sang hymns of Sion, and when the hearts of all were poured forth in penitence and prayer, my thoughts were on Grace M'Carthy, my gaze was fixed on that dim corner of the little chapel where she was wont to kneel ; and when I found her eyes, as I frequently did, 'speaking love' to mine, prayer and hymn were distanced and forgotten, and every thought but of the Munster girl was banished from my soul,

"And yet few, or none, suspected how matters stood between us. In all exterior communications we studied to arrange so as to avoid every semblance of more than usual or common-place familiarity. None could imagine that a wanderer, a nameless, penniless wanderer, like me, dare think of such a girl as Owen M'Carthy's only daughter : and, besides, from my assumed sanctity of life, and retiring, unobtrusive habits, I was regarded with a kind of reverential feeling, and spoken of as one whose hope was not of this world, and who was predestined for the Church, and to wear the robes of the priesthood.

"Things remained in this posture until the autumn and winter were gone, and glorious summer come again. Every day witnessed a fresh meeting, and every meeting witnessed a renewal of those mutual vows of eternal love and fidelity which we had exchanged at the commencement. We were making the necessary preparations for an elopement or 'running-away,' and a consequent private or clandestine marriage, and the happy day was fixed early in the forthcoming August. Need I say with what feelings we looked forward to its arrival ?

" 'Man proposes, but God disposes ;' this is an old adage, and no more ancient than true. Little did I, little did the dear fond girl imagine the bitter cup in store for both of us, and which was now nearly full, nearly being dashed on our rash, unthinking, but as yet not guilty, heads.

"One night, it was in the latter part of June, I dreamed a dream, as I often did, of Gracy. But this hideous, this accursed this hell-inspired dream, it was the cause of my ruin, and the bloody end of the lovely maiden. It was as follows.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THOUGHTS AT SEA.

Now gently fades the rosy light
 From ocean's placid breast ;
 And, one by one, the stars appear,
 And lull our cares to rest.
 How softly glides our little bark
 Along the trackless deep !
 For angels seem to hover near,
 Their blessed watch to keep.

Night gathers round—and heaven now
 Holds commune with the soul ;
 And thoughts of immortality
 Our worldly hopes control.
 While visions of the lov'd—the lost—
 Come whispering peace and joy,
 The ills of life seem but a dream,
 Its pageantry—a toy.

Now turns the contrite heart to Him—
 The God of peace and love,
 Who to redeem us from despair
 Would leave his throne above;
 Would take on Him the form of man,
 To suffer—bleed—and die—
 To ransom our inheritance,
 Our home beyond the sky.

Thus do we cast from us all pride—
 All worldliness and guile ;
 Our dwelling-place on earth can be
 But for a little while.
 And thus our thoughts to Him arise,
 Our prayers and acts of love;
 We feel as feel those spirits pure,
 That share His joys above.

C. DE B.

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILLE.

(*Concluded from page 60.*)

REGISTRIES were kept of the prisoners confined in the Bastille, and of the offences for which they had been sent there, but no implicit reliance can be placed upon records which were liable to be falsified or altogether suppressed at the pleasure of the king or lieutenant of police. Instances frequently occurred in which, to conceal monstrous injustice, and to mislead posterity as to their real motives of action, the sovereign and his ministers took especial care to envelope the circumstances under which many of their victims were consigned to the dungeons of the Bastille in studied mystery. From memoirs, however, published in 1789, the year of its demolition, and containing upwards of three hundred detailed cases of imprisonment, extracted from the registers of the prison, the contents of which were then made public, a few flagrant instances may be selected, illustrative of as fearful a system of tyranny and injustice as was ever established in the bosom of a great Christian community.

In 1686 an Irish friar of the name of Ham was sent to the Bastille upon the information of his superiors, for using violent and abusive language concerning the king. The fellow was probably crazed, for in 1688 he killed one of his turnkeys with an iron bar, for which crime he passed the rest of his life in a solitary cell, his daily food being thrust into it through a hole in the door. He died in 1720, after thirty-four years' captivity.

In 1695 one Isaac d'Avoisotte was imprisoned in the Bastille on suspicion of being privy to a murder committed by two of his nephews, and after a confinement of fifty-four years and a half, was, at the age of ninety and in a state of helpless decrepitude, transferred to Charenton.

In 1698 Madame Guyon, the intimate friend of Fénélon and of many of the most distinguished personages of her time, was consigned to the Bastille and immured there five years, for no other crime than a spirit of religious mysticism inducing her to believe that she was at times favoured by revelations from above.

On the 18th of September 1698 arrived at the Bastille, M. de St. Mars, its newly-appointed governor, and with him, concealed in a closed litter, the mysterious prisoner known by the name of "le Masque de fer." In the fortresses of Pignerol, Exiles, and Les Isles Sainte Marguerite he had already languished in captivity since the year 1671. He was always treated with the greatest distinction, and provided with every thing he required or asked for. The governor, and M. Rosarges the major of the

castle, alone had access to the prisoner, in whose presence they rarely presumed to sit down. He wore at all times a mask of black velvet, so secured upon his face that he was unable to remove it, yet so constructed as to admit of his seeing, eating, and breathing with facility. He died, as it was reported, suddenly on the 19th of November 1703, after an indisposition of a few hours, was wrapped in a winding sheet of new linen, and buried next day in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Marchiali, in the presence of M. Rosarges and the Serjeant-surgeon of the Bastille. The funeral cost forty livres. He had been a prisoner at the Bastille five years and sixty-two days.*

Everything in the room which he had occupied was carefully destroyed, including bedstead, bed furniture, tables, chairs, and other utensils. Every silver or metal article used by the prisoner was melted down. The chamber he had tenanted was entirely renovated, its walls scraped and repainted, and doors and window frames burnt. On the burial registry of St. Paul's cemetery his age is stated to have been forty-five years—an obvious and premeditated inaccuracy, as he was at least thirty years older. The precautions enforced in regard of “le Masque de fer” during his captivity in the Bastille were well calculated to excite the public curiosity respecting him to the highest pitch.

When he assisted at mass, he was expressly ordered neither to speak nor exhibit himself, and soldiers stood by him with loaded muskets to enforce obedience. He was accustomed to be indulged in every gratification consistent with the severity of close incarceration, particularly in his inordinate love of fine linen, lace, and rich plate. From the year 1671, until his death, “le Masque de fer” had never been removed from the custody and immediate surveillance of St. Mars. His history antecedently to 1671, when he must have been upwards of thirty years old, is a blank impenetrable mystery! It is stated that the

* After all the theories broached and volumes written upon the question of “le Masque de fer,” the subject remains as deeply involved in mystery as ever. He has been at times supposed to be the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Monmouth, the Superintendent Fouquet, the secretary of the Duke of Mantua, an elder or younger brother of Louis XIV, or the Comte de Vermandois, a natural son of Louis XIV by Mdle. de la Vallière. None of these conjectures, however plausibly handled, carry conviction. Every record tending to throw light upon the identity of this remarkable captive had been carefully suppressed. Louis XV was heard to say, in reference to the conjectures rife respecting him, “Laisse-les disputer, personne n’a encore dit la vérité sur le Masque de fer.” One day the Duc de Choiseul pressed Louis XV on the subject, but could obtain from him nothing more, “Sinon que de tout ce qu’on avait imprimé jusque là sur le Masque de fer, il n’y avait pas un mot de vrai; et que de toutes les conjectures qu’on avait faites là-dessus, il n’y en avait pas une de vraie.” Napoleon vainly endeavoured to ascertain the real history of le Masque de fer, and was known to have experienced bitter mortification at finding himself foiled in all his attempts to unriddle the mystery. Louis XVIII being questioned on the subject, drily replied, “C’est un secret de famille.”

prisoner one day wrote his name on the back of a plate, which a servant, thinking thereby to pay his court to the governor, placed in his hands, and was rewarded for his officiousness by the loss of his life. On another occasion, when confined at Pignerol, the mask had contrived to write some communication upon a shirt, which a peasant found floating upon the water of the castle ditch, and brought to the governor. St. Mars rigidly questioned him, and was apparently not satisfied with the peasant's assurance that he could not read; for, two days after, the man was found dead in his bed. "Le Masque de fer" beguiled his hours of captivity with music, and was a proficient on the guitar. By the surgeon of the Bastille, who was occasionally called in to attend him, he was described as being a very well-made man, with a clear brown skin, and a soft pleasing voice. It is alleged, that the day after the burial of "le Masque de fer," the gravedigger was induced by a heavy bribe to reopen the grave, for the purpose of examining the body, which was discovered to have been deprived of its head, in lieu of which a large stone had been substituted. Lewis XV, during his minority, had been very solicitous to know the secret of "le Masque de fer;" which, however, was only revealed to him by the regent, Orleans, on the day he assumed the reins of government. The young king was observed to receive the important communication with much appearance of interest and emotion, and heard to exclaim: "Eh bien, s'il vivait encore je lui donnerais sa liberté!"

Perhaps the most plausible of the theories extant with regard to "le Masque de fer," is that which supposes him to have been an elder brother of Lewis XIV, the well-accredited offspring of an intrigue of Anne d'Autrich, whose legal legitimacy it might have been so difficult to dispute, that to conceal its existence altogether appeared the most obvious course.

To return to the victims of the Bastille.

In 1737, Carré de Montgéron, "Conseiller au Parlement de Paris," was imprisoned in the Bastille for professing the errors of Jansenism, and by word and writing avowing his belief in the supposed miracles alleged to have taken place at the tomb of the deacon Paris, in the cemetery of St. Médard. For these offences, he was detained in captivity eighteen years, transferred from prison to prison, and died in the citadel of Valence.

In 1750, Antoine Allégre, a schoolmaster of Marseilles, accused of having forwarded to Madame de Pompadour anonymous letters containing calumnious imputations upon personages high in rank and authority, after having been confined in the prison of Montpellier, was lodged in the Bastille, whence he escaped in 1756, was retaken six weeks after, again confined in the Bastille till 1764; when, having lost his wits from excess of grief, he was re-

moved to the lunatic asylum of Charenton, and kept in an iron cage. Of that establishment he was still an inmate in 1788, thirty-eight years after his first committal to prison !

The companion of Allégre in the Bastille had been Danry, better known by the name of le Sieur Latude, whose thirty-five years of captivity have furnished abundant materials for memoirs and melodramas. He had been imprisoned on a frivolous charge of sending a packet of poisonous drugs to Madame de Pompadour, of the nature of which he had previously written to apprise her ; but, in those days of arbitrary power, the most trumpery circumstances of suspicion were converted into proofs of grievous criminality.

The signal adventure of Latude's long and various incarcerations, was the remarkable escape which he succeeded in accomplishing from the Bastille, on the 26th of February 1756, in company with Allégre, the associate of his captivity. With incredible ingenuity, bereft of tools, and watched with unceasing vigilance, they devised and created, and ultimately carried into effect, the means of escape. The steel of a tinder-box furnished material for the manufacture of a pen-knife ; two iron bands, supporting a deal table, were converted into saws ; with the faggots that were daily supplied for fuel, a wooden ladder was constructed ; and a plentiful stock of shirts, towels, and miscellaneous linen, belonging to Latude, was, with untiring industry, pulled to pieces by the two prisoners and twisted into some hundred feet of strong cord. They had discovered that, between the flooring of the cell they occupied and the ceiling of that immediately beneath them, there was a spacious hollow ; by making an opening to which, they secured a hiding place for their implements and materials, when interrupted by the periodical visits of the gaolers. By means of their wooden ladder, placed upright in the chimney, they were enabled to perform the most difficult portion of their entire enterprise, which was, to loosen the fastenings of the transverse bars of iron which obstructed the interior of the chimney. For eighteen months, they laboured without intermission at their great task ; and, on the night of the 25th of February, carried their design into execution. Their escape was a perfectly marvellous one. Amidst sentinels, walking their rounds at intervals of a quarter of an hour, they lowered themselves from the top of the tower chimney to a platform, and there fastening their rope to the mouth of a cannon, descended in safety into the ditch, where, up to their necks in half-frozen water, they laboured for eight hours and a half in making a breach in the external wall wide enough to admit the passage of their bodies. After such gallant efforts for the recovery of their freedom, it is painful to reflect that a few weeks

after the successful accomplishment of a scheme which had cost them so much time and labour, both Latude and Allégre were retaken, the one at Brussels, the other in Holland, and again buried alive in the Bastille. The fate of Allégre has been already alluded to. Latude underwent thirty-five years' captivity! The day after the taking of the Bastille, July 15, 1789, Latude presented himself at the gates of the fortress; and, upon mentioning his name, found immediate admission. His object was, to recover possession of the rope-ladder, which had served him to such good purpose in his flight, and which he rightly presumed might have been set apart as a great curiosity. The request was granted; a search instituted; and all the materials of Latude's escape were discovered and given up to him. They were afterwards publicly exhibited at the Salon du Louvre.

In 1757 le Comte de Lorges, for having written a book animadverting with severity upon the court, and Madame de Pompadour in particular, was consigned to the Bastille, and was one of those whom the destruction of that prison in 1789 restored to liberty. He is described at this period as an old man with a beard falling down to his waist, garrulous with age and suffering, and breathing the most bitter invectives against his oppressors. It was found difficult to persuade him that he had been all this time a prisoner in the Bastille, as he persisted in asserting that Vincennes had been the original scene of his long captivity, from which circumstance it was inferred that there might possibly exist a subterranean communication between those two strong fortresses.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, le Comte de Lorges, upon his unexpected release, penned an eloquent and grateful address to the French nation.

The ordinary circumstances of a prisoner's arrest and arrival at the Bastille are thus described in *Remarques Historiques sur la Bastille*, a work published in 1783.

"To avoid publicity, the prisoner is almost always conveyed to the fortress in a hackney-coach. A police commissary and two well-armed soldiers enter the vehicle with him to keep him in awe. The coach traverses the external courtyard, crosses the drawbridge, and stops at the governor's door. Here the party alight, and two officers, generally the major of the Bastille and king's lieutenant, receive the prisoner and usher him into the governor's apartment. The police commissary presents the *lettre de cachet* to the governor, who gives him a receipt for the same. All this time the accused is left on a chair, ruminating on his mournful destiny. The *lettre de cachet* having been duly entered on the register, together with the name and quality of the prisoner, the police commissary having fulfilled

his mission, takes his leave. The new comer is left alone with the governor, the major, and the king's lieutenant. If he happen to be a person of any worldly consideration, they peradventure address some words of encouragement to him, while an attendant is despatched in quest of two turnkeys. Upon their appearance the governor specifies the chamber or den which it is his pleasure that the prisoner should occupy, and without further observation gives him over to the custody of the major and turnkeys, who at once march him off to his allotted cell. As he crosses the drawbridges and inner courtyards, the soldiers and sentries he encounters place their hats before their eyes to avoid seeing the prisoner, a regulation which they durst not disobey, and to which they are bound to conform upon all occasions when captives of any degree pass before them. Upon reaching the cell, the accused is desired to empty his pockets, and a strict inventory is made of every thing he may have about his person, which he is afterwards required to sign. He is left in possession alone of the clothes he wears; his watch, rings, brooches, papers, and even toothpicks, are taken from him, and by one of the gaolers locked up in a store room. After this humiliating ceremony has been gone through in a manner most mortifying to the feelings of any honest man, the enormous double doors that shut him out from the community of the human race are closed and bolted in his face, and he is left to shiver in solitude for four or five hours between bare walls; for in many of the cells, the requisite furniture for the prisoner's accommodation is only placed after his entrance there.

“ If the captive hesitate about emptying his pockets, or demur to giving up all the money or other valuables he may have about him, three or four other sturdy assistants are summoned, who strip him without mercy, leaving him nothing but the shirt on his back, by way of teaching him obedience.

“ After the lapse of some hours a few indispensable articles are brought into the prisoner's chamber, with a supply of bread, wine, and fuel. The gaolor in performance of that duty is strictly enjoined not to open his mouth, whatever questions or entreaties may be addressed to him. On the other hand, he is instructed to keep his ears wide open, and not to lose a syllable of any incautious complaint or admission which, in the first bitter moments of captivity, may escape the lips of the prisoner. For some time neither books, ink, nor paper are allowed the accused. He may not go to mass, nor take exercise in the air, nor address a letter to any person, not even the lieutenant of police. He passes the first months of imprisonment in a dearth of occupation and amusement that generally exercises a baneful influence over all his remaining term of captivity. The privilege of writing to

his family and receiving letters in return is only to be obtained of the governor after the most earnest and repeated solicitations, which in the case of seventeen out of twenty prisoners are utterly disregarded. The answers sent to the representations and communications of prisoners are always opened by the major, and only delivered at such times as he may find convenient. If no notice be taken of the prisoner's application or remonstrances in the reply of the official to whom they had been addressed, he may conclude that downright refusal is intended. In case of illness, an invalid is sometimes granted as an attendant upon the sick prisoner, but one may well imagine the sort of companion that is to be made of an old, infirm, clumsy, and often brutal soldier, utterly incapable of those attentions which in sickness are so necessary. Once attached to the service of the prisoner, the invalid may no longer leave him, but must remain an inmate of his cell so long as his term of imprisonment lasts, which entails upon the captive, when he recovers his health, the obligation of enduring for an indefinite period of time the ill-humour, discontent, reproaches, and petulance of his compulsory associate.

“For a frank and honest man the worst part of the system of the Bastille is the obligation under which he finds himself of being perpetually on his guard against the phantoms that beset him at all times, by whom every imprudent word he may utter is faithfully reported to the police. All within that doomed fortress is mystery, artifice, snare, espionage; and the gaolers often inveigle a prisoner into speaking ill of the government, that they may have subject-matter of complaint to report of him..... When a prisoner dies at the Bastille, his body is conveyed away in the night and buried in the cemetery of St. Paul under a fictitious name. This lie is inserted on the parish register, and is designed to deceive posterity.”

The work which first enlightened the public upon the atrocity practised in the interior of the Bastille, was an account of the detention of M. Linguet, an advocate of eminence, in that prison, written by himself, and published in London in 1783. It is perhaps a too merely egotistical record of private endurances to excite much sympathy for the individual, although it served to arouse, in a forcible manner, the popular indignation against a system of such heartless despotism.

The following description of the bettermost prisoner's cells affords a fair specimen of M. Linguet's style and matter:—

“Il y en a une partie, et la mienne était de ce nombre, qui donnent directement sur le fossé où se dégorge le grand égout de la rue Saint Antoine; de sorte que quand on le nettoie, ou en été dans les jours de chaleur un peu continue, ou après chaque inondation, accident assez commun au printemps et en automne,

dans ces fossés creusés au dessous du niveau de la rivière, il s'en exhale une infection pestilentielle. Une fois engouffrée dans ces boulines que l'on appelle des chambres, elle ne se dissipe que très lentement. C'est dans cette atmosphère qu'un prisonnier respire ; c'est là que, pour ne pas étouffer entièrement, il est obligé de passer les jours et souvent les nuits, collé contre la grille intérieure, qui l'écarte, comme je viens de le dire, même du trou taillé en forme de fenêtre par lequel coule jusqu'à lui une ombre de jour et d'air. Ses efforts pour en pomper un peu de nouveau par cette sarbacane étroite, ne servent souvent qu'à épaissir autour de lui la fétidité qui le suffoque."

Let it ever be remembered, that the wretched inmates of the Bastille were far less often convicted criminals, than accused, and frequently quite innocent persons, unaware of the charges brought against them, imprisoned without trial, detained for years on mere suspicion, and all that while subjected to a system of penal discipline and endurance which had more properly been the punishment of the blackest and most notorious offenders.

It may not be inappropriate to close these desultory records of the Bastille with some account of the great event of the 14th of July 1789, which unbarred its dungeons.

The governor of the fortress was at that time M. de Launay, a man whose unrelenting sternness and innate cruelty of disposition, had rendered his name a watchword of reprobation. In some measure prepared for an attack by the occurrence of sundry revolutionary movements in the neighbourhood, he had placed the Bastille in as efficient a state of defence as he could. Fifteen pieces of cannon were mounted on the towers, and twelve more on the ramparts. The fortress was further provided with 400 ball, 14 coffers of ball cartridge, 15,000 cartridges, and 250 barrels of powder. The governor had also piled upon the tops of the towers six cartloads of paving stones, old bullets, and iron missiles of all kinds, to hurl at the assailants, in case the artillery or ammunition should fail. The garrison consisted of thirty-two soldiers of the regiment of Salis Samade, commanded by M. Louis de Flue, lieutenant of grenadiers, eighty-two invalids, and thirty-two Swiss guards. The 13th of July had passed away quietly enough, with the exception of some abusive epithets levelled by the mob at the military within the citadel. At midnight seven shots were fired at the sentries on the towers, which caused a momentary alarm. The cry of "aux armes" summoned up M. de Launay, who, after taking a survey from the ramparts, and finding all still, retired for the night.

Next morning at ten o'clock, three individuals appeared at the gate of the Bastille, announcing themselves as delegates of the city. They were escorted by an immense multitude, and were

admitted to an audience of the governor. A fourth delegate, M. Thuriot de la Rozière, shortly after joined the conference and addressed M. de Launay in these terms :

“ I am come, sir, in the name of the nation and our country to observe, that the cannon mounted on the towers of the Bastille are producing anxiety and alarm among the inhabitants of Paris. I entreat of you, therefore, to dismount them, and I hope you will acquiesce in the demand which I am instructed to make to you in this behalf.”

“ It is not in my power to comply with it,” replied the governor ; “ those cannon have been mounted on the towers from all time ; I can only displace them at the express command of the sovereign. Aware, however, of the alarm which they were creating in Paris, I have caused them to be removed further back.”

M. de la Rozière solicited permission to enter the inner court, but obtained it with difficulty. Here he addressed the officers and soldiers, and besought them in the name of their country and honour, to change the direction of the cannon and surrender themselves. At the instigation of the governor, they pledged themselves not to fire on the people unless they were attacked. M. de la Rozière next asked leave to visit the tops of the towers, that he might be enabled to make a full report to the people, and after doing so, expressed his hope to the assembled officers and soldiers that a civic guard might be admitted to share with them the defence of the citadel.

Shortly afterwards he rejoined the people, who had been clamorous for his re-appearance, and were doubtless not satisfied with the remonstrances he made to them, for in half an hour the garrison of the Bastille were surprised and alarmed by the appearance of an immense hostile mob, armed with guns, swords and hatchets, and with deafening unanimity vociferating “ *Nous voulons la Bastille ! nous voulons la Bastille !*” Vain were the representations addressed to them to withdraw, they continued to advance, and two men clambering up the roof of the guard-house, commenced hammering with pickaxes at the chains of the main drawbridge, while others broke those of the lesser one. Encouraged by the boldness of the attempt, the bulk of the people now pressed forwards and discharged a volley of musketry at the soldiers on the ramparts. Upon this the citadel opened its fire upon the populace, who were for the time repulsed, and fled in disorder. An hour after this attack, the roll of a drum and a tremendous din of shouts and acclamations was heard in the direction of the arsenal. A countless multitude of armed citizens was seen advancing as escort to the bearer of a flag of truce. As they approached the walls of the fortress, a small party detached itself from the main body and made known to

those within the Bastille that the deputies of the city desired to confer with the governor. M. de Launay complied with the requisition, and six deputies were admitted into the outer courtyard, beyond which, however, notwithstanding the repeated assurances they received of their personal safety being respected, they declined to advance, and shortly afterwards retired. The exasperated mob now continued the assault, repelled at times by the fire from the prison, and then returning with redoubled fury to the charge, battering the gates with their hatchets, setting fire to the external guard-house and other offices, and directing their musketry at the soldiery on the towers. After forty-eight hours' resistance on the part of the garrison, M. de Launay called a council, expressing his opinion that to avoid being massacred by the mob, no other alternative remained than to continue the fight from the towers and be blown up sooner than surrender. To this proposal the soldiers would not accede, expressing their repugnance to shed any longer the blood of their fellow-citizens, and loudly insisting upon an immediate cessation of hostilities and a capitulation. For want of a flag, a white pocket-handkerchief was hoisted from the towers, which for some time was not observed by the besiegers, who vigorously continued the attack. They continued to make good their advance, vociferating "lower the drawbridge!" The captain of the Swiss guard, from an embrasure in the wall, addressed the assailants, and craved permission for himself and troop to leave the fortress with the honours of war, which was peremptorily refused. The Swiss officer then handed a written capitulation through the same opening, declaring at the same time that the garrison were ready to lay down their arms and surrender at discretion, provided their lives were spared: "Lower your bridge and no harm shall come to you," was the reply. Upon this assurance, the governor gave up the key of the postern to two of his men, who unbarred the gate, and lowered the drawbridge. The multitude poured into the courtyard, and fell upon the invalids, who with arms laid down, were standing in a line along the right hand wall. The Swiss guards were on the other side, but being in the confusion of the moment mistaken for prisoners, were overlooked by the mob, who rushed headlong into every part of the building, breaking in doors, smashing windows and furniture, and in the general *mélée* distinguishing neither friend nor foe.

Only seven prisoners were at the time confined in the Bastille, who were exultingly dragged forth from their respective chambers. The invalids were conducted captive to different quarters of Paris. Twenty-two of them were taken to the Hôtel de Ville and made to endure on their transit thither every species of in-

sult and indignity. On the Place de Grève two of their comrades were already hanging. As they gazed with horror upon the spectacle, one of the civic officers said to them, “ Vous avez fait feu sur vos concitoyens, vous meritez d’être pendus, et vous le serez sur le champ.” Immediately voices were heard exclaiming on every side, “ Livrez-nous les, que nous les pendions !” They were, however, rescued from the fate which appeared to them so imminent, and allowed to return to the Hôtel des Invalides. During the siege of the Bastille only one of the garrison was killed ; after its surrender, M. de Launay the governor was hurried to La Grève and beheaded. By his long career of inhumanity he had well merited his fate. Several of his officers were also either hanged or massacred.

Very shortly after the Bastille had been thus conquered by the exasperated people, its walls were utterly demolished. The towers which, in the midst of the gayest and most populous of European cities, had for centuries frowned so gloomily over a light-hearted but enslaved people, and contained within their dark chambers such hosts of guiltless and despairing victims, were now levelled to the dust at the voice of a nation at length aroused to the sense and assertion of man’s natural rights ! Where the Bastille had been, a waste and desert ground attested the tardy downfall of despotism : but as the axe destroyed each crumbling ruin, and the spade ploughed up the unholy soil, from ignoble recesses and loathsome cavities were at times brought forth to view the mouldered bones of human beings, mute but damning evidences of many a foul and forgotten crime !

WINDS.

The wind from the East—bad for man and for beast.
 The wind from the South—is too hot for them both.
 The wind from the North—is of but little worth.
 The wind from the West, is the softest and best :
 (*Nota bene*, except in a rainy harvest).

N.
 E. W.
 S.

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 20.)

BOOK II. CHAPTER I.

THE city of Palermo yet lay in the darkness of an autumnal night, although the gloom was giving place to the dusk of approaching sunrise. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the piles of buildings which, (within the old gate of Santa Agata and the contiguous encircling fortifications), loomed, in heavy masses, through the grey twilight. The sentry paced his round inside the bars of the closed gateway; for none were as yet astir, either within or without the barrier, who wished it to be opened: and the precautions proper to a fortress in a hostile country were zealously adhered to by the Norman lords of Palermo.

A rosy blush tinged the eastern sky; and while the busy city and its crowded harbour still remained in scarce-lessened shade, a ray of light shot over them and gilded up the summit of the lofty mountain of Pellegrino on the west. Quickly it spread lower and lower, adown its wooded sides,—and soon it tipped with radiance the battlements of the Torre di Baych, the broad keep of the royal palace of Alcazar and the lofty tower of the old cathedral, beside the dusky harbour. Soon the topmost masts of the largest galleys in the port caught the slanting sunbeams; and flag after flag, and banner after banner of the many vessels that either traded with this emporium of Europe or lingered amid its pleasures on their way to or from the Holy Land, fluttered gaily in the morning sun. For awhile, their heavy hulls and storied forecastles threw broad and prolonged shadows upon the dark brown waves beside them; but in another quarter of an hour, these had shrunk back to the western side of the several vessels; a sun-ray glanced along the dancing wavelets; and the whole Kalah and splendid bay of Palermo broke into azure spangles and flashed back a smiling welcome to the glorious giver of its beauty.

The million birds were all awake in the wooded steeps of San Pellegrino and in the shady Chase of Monreale. Rustling the feathers of their wings and necks to efface the pressure of their little heads, so long tucked under their pinions, and straightening their tiny legs, cramped by clinging so long to the dewy boughs, they had long piped at intervals to one another, and now cheerily warbled forth their morning song of joy. The wild boar grunted

in his lair ; and the fawn sprang up beside its mother, and gently butted at her with its graceful head, and tried to coax her to let it suck once more the milk from which it was almost weaned.

Man, too, was awake. Mules and asses, laden with grapes, figs, and garden stuff, plodded along the dusty road ; and beside them, trudged the owners of the well-filled panniers, hastening to supply the market of Palermo. They approached the city : the gate was now wide opened to admit them : all was quiet within the walls, where their drowsy customers still slept ; and every peasant congratulated himself that no popular tumult or foreign or intestine war was, this year, likely to rob him of the harvest and of the fruit of his labours. Group after group drew nigh the walls, and many a merry song or morning hymn uprose upon the balmy air and betokened the husbandman's unstudied feelings of gratitude.

An old man, whose hair was grey with years, accompanied by a sprightly lad of about twelve years of age, was the first of the country people who, this day, disturbed the dew-soddened dust on the road to the gate of Santa Agata. He had entered the suburbs ; and buildings were already thick around him. At the corner of a transverse street, the boy saw something which caught his attention.

"See, father," he cried, "what a rich tunic of purple satin lies yonder in the road !" He darted off towards it.

Within a minute he returned, pale and trembling.

"'Tis a dead man, father," he whispered hoarsely.

A word stopped the loaded mule ; and both together hastened to the spot. The body lay on its back. A large sword-cut was in its chest, whence blood had flowed plentifully and dabbled all the dress. The old peasant looked earnestly in the face of the dead ; but turned away after a few seconds.

"Come away, boy, come away !" he whispered.

"Shall I run and tell the guard at the gate ?" asked the lad eagerly.

"Not for thy life," replied the old man. "This matter is beyond such as we are. They might say we had killed him. It is the lord High Admiral, Majone. Say nothing about it ; but let us hasten on and try and sell our fruit before the deed is known ; for doubtless it will occasion some disturbance."

They passed through the gate of Santa Agata and hastened to take their stand in the market-place.

Group after group of peasants followed them. All had seen the body which they had first discovered, and all had hastened from it as from something too dangerous to be meddled with : for prudence came early to man in those days of violence. But though they all spoke in whispers in the market-place, a subdued tone

of rejoicing and of triumph ran through the anxious crowd: it sparkled in every eye and curled with indignation every swarthy lip. Gradually the citizens awoke and crowded to the market to make their daily purchases. The whispered news was, evidently, spreading amongst them, though none could have said from whom they had learned it. The scowl and the triumph were more openly indulged; and many a muttered curse on him who had so increased the public taxes, rose, half audibly, from the indignant citizens. The market-place became more than usually thronged, although little was bought that morning. Leaving the untouched panniers, the new comers turned them away; and went to spread, in other parts of the city, the news they had learned from the country people.

And now a throng of the citizens of Palermo, of men women and children, was pressing forwards towards the Porta de Sant' Agata. Longer and longer became the line and more and more dense the throng. With many a shout of frantic joy and many a discordant song and oath, they pressed through the barriers and on towards the place they all seemed to know. And now even their quick pace was too slow for their eagerness: they pressed forward, they ran to glut their eyes with the expected sight. They stood around the corpse; and a howl of execration uprose—of triumph and of hatred that would no longer be controlled.

What fiends, masses of men appear in their anger and revenge! The body was soon stripped of every vestige of garment—not for the value of the clothes themselves, though precious was the material: they were torn into shivers and eagerly clutched by the mob, that each might have a token to prove that he had triumphed over the hated admiral. Men kicked indignantly the inanimate corse; and many a knife and plebeian weapon inflicted vain wounds upon its ample chest. Women bathed the shreds of the tunic they had scrambled for in the blood of the slaughtered man, and stuck them as trophies in their own hats or in the dress of the unconscious infants at their breasts. Shriek after shriek and yell after yell uprose; and at length amid thundering cries of “To the Cassaro!” “To the Cassaro!” “To the gibbets on the Cassaro!” ropes were fastened to the feet of the dead man and he was rudely dragged along the road amid the kicks, the jeers, and the imprecations of thousands.

They passed into the city by the Porta di Santa Agata, for the tumult had been so unexpected that, as yet, no order had been given to the guards: and they triumphantly dragged their victim along the crowded street. The news had spread. Every house had turned out its inmates to swell the rejoicing throng. Drums were beat; trumpets and cymbals clanged on every side, and there was not a belfrey in Palermo uninvaded by the rabble

nor forced to send out its merry peal above their heads. Riot and noise and outrage and clang and fiendish triumph possessed the day that had uprose so peacefully.

Meanwhile King William slept the uneasy sleep of sloth in his palace. Disturbed by the unusual noise, he turned from side to side and drowsily cursed those who made it without having sufficient energy to awaken himself thoroughly and inquire into the cause of the uproar. It coloured his uneasy dreams. At first they told him that an eruption had burst from Etna and that the lava was spreading even to Palermo: anon the wild monk, Giovacchino, appeared before his clouded imagination: he was placing the crown upon the head of his son, little Ruggiero, and all the people were shouting applause and cursing his own memory. Mad with jealousy and indignation, he started up in his bed and stupidly rubbed his eyes. True enough, the shouts uprose and the bells rang joyful peals from every steeple! He leapt on the floor; and seizing a sword, called lustily for assistance. The Gaieto, Pietro, and Adinulfo the trusted chamberlain of Majone rushed into the room.

"By the holy face of Lucca! what is the matter?" cried the king.

"Murder and treachery!" cried the Gaieto.

"My lord, the High Admiral," exclaimed Adinulfo at the same time, "has been found murdered in the street, and the Baron of Taverna did the deed."

"Impossible," cried the king. "Who says so?"

"Every one, my lord."

"And my poor friend, Majone is slain!" continued the king. "But wherefore this uproar in the town? Are the people coming to attack the palace?"

"Never fear," said the eunuch Pietro; "the brutes are but venting their rage on the body of their dead lord."

"Fear!" repeated the king angrily. "Cowardly slave, didst thou ever know William of Hauteville fear?"

"Oh, William! they have slain him! they have slain him!" cried Queen Margaret now rushing in, half undrest and with dishevelled hair.

"What matters it to thee?" exclaimed the sovereign fiercely, inspired by a movement of jealousy to which, in his ordinary state, he was too slothful to yield. "What matters it to thee, I say!" he repeated. "Give me my tunic, Adinulfo," he continued; "and my quilted gambaisson. Let the rabble come this way, an they will; they shall find me armed to receive them. Cease this whimpering, dame!" he cried turning sharply to the queen. "Cease thy whimpering, I say: or get thee to thy prayers for the good of his soul, an thou takest his death so much

to heart. By the holy face of Lucca! will no one but women and slaves come to counsel! Call some man, if they have not all deserted me. Men of head and of arm were wont to rally round my father. Oh Giorgio! Giorgio! thou wast true to me, my friend; but thy too great worth drove others from thy sovereign!"

The Bishop elect of Syracuse entered the room unannounced in the confusion.

"Blessed be the saints!" cried the king, "here comes one with a head and a heart at last!—an Englishman who has all the cleverness of a Greek, without his wiles, and all the skill and courage of a Norman without his treason. Well, your reverence," he continued impatiently, "speak out. Normans, whether in England or in Sicily, are natural allies; and should make common cause against dastard murderers."

"True, your grace," replied the handsome Englishman whom the chances of war or of distant pilgrimage had delayed in Sicily on his way to the Holy Land, and had doomed to find preferment and power in the land of his adoption: "true, your grace: but whom deem you to be the dastard murderer in this instance?"

"Whom? Matteo of Taverna, to be sure: and by my father's soul, his eyes shall dearly rue the murder of my friend. But let him wait. My vengeance will be the sweeter for being imagined. Do you, monseigneur, take one of the offices of poor Giorgio. I make you Lord High Chancellor of Sicily. Use your power to quell these riots in the town and to save the property and the family of Majone from outrage."

The bishop gratefully kissed the hand of the sovereign: then turning abruptly to the Gaieto Pietro, desired him to send in the master of the royal horse.

"Odone," he said to the latter as he entered, "place all the king's troops under arms. Let a strong body remain to guard the Rocca, and the rest divide themselves into companies and march through the town in every direction and preserve the peace."

"And," interposed the king, "and protect the property and family of the High Admiral, and rescue his body from the savage rabble. You cannot justify the deed, monsignore," he continued to the Bishop of Syracuse as Odone left the room: "you cannot excuse it. If Giorgio Majone was guilty, they ought to have complained to me. No one had a right to take the law into his own hands: and this murderer, Taverna".....

"Nay, your grace, he did not take the Admiral unaware: they fought on equal terms," said the Elect.

"Did they? that is some excuse for him!" exclaimed William with the spirit of a Norman knight. "I am glad poor Giorgio died with arms in his hands."

“And, my lord,” continued the Englishman, “I can attest that Majone had, that very evening, again attempted to poison the good archbishop, Hugo. It was unnecessary: the good prelate is gone to his last account: I was with him all night, and have but just left his venerable body. He died from the effects of poison given to him by Majone. But before his spirit fled, he bade me give to your grace all the particulars of a conspiracy into which the traitor had led him and the Baron of Taverna:—a conspiracy the avowed object of which was to place the royal crown on the head of your little son.”—

“The monk, Giovacchino, warned me,” interposed the king in tones of savage menace.

“But the real object of which,” continued the Englishman, “the archbishop firmly believed was to enable Majone to seize that crown for himself.”

“I will never believe it of him!” cried the king starting to his feet.

“Do not, my lord, do not!” insisted Queen Margaret, coming from the embrasure of a window in which she had silently wept since her recent repulse. “Do not believe so foul a calumny against the truest friend”

“How, woman! still sobbing!” cried William angrily. “By the holy face of Lucca, thou wouldst make me almost think”.....

“My lord the king,” said a new comer, Count Silvestro, coming forward abruptly—(and the whole city and palace was in such a state of tumult that regularity or courtly forms could not be expected, although William was, in general, anxious to copy the state of the Greek emperors at Byzantium)—“my lord the king, I come to crave your pardon and safe-conduct for as true and loyal a knight as any in your dominions,—for the Baron of Taverna.”

“Now by heaven, this is too bad!” exclaimed William passionately.

“There is no one more loyal and true,” persisted the new comer.

“Traitors then, indeed, are the rest!” cried the king. “I will never pardon a man who could slay my own personal friend and his own father-in-law to boot.”

“Nay, my lord, that adds little to the crime, if crime it be,” interposed the Bishop elect of Syracuse. “The good Archbishop assured me that the engagement for a future marriage had been contracted by Majone with no other view than to bind the young nobleman to his faction. *We* all know that his heart was elsewhere placed; and that he hated the thralldom in which he was held.”

“Besides,” added the Conte Silvestro, “it was a question

with him and the archbishop and the admiral, which should first slay the other. Majone had already attempted the life of the archbishop. This was known to all the world beyond the walls of the Alcazar."

"Sir Count, let me remind you that you are now within the walls of the Alcazar and in the presence of your king," said William with anger but with dignity.

"I know it, my lord, but still"——

"Enough, then, on the subject. Matteo of Taverna shall pay for his crime with his eyes," muttered the king; and he turned him, in surly guise, towards the window.

In similar vows of vengeance against Taverna, in ambiguous words of suspicion against his wife, the grounds of which he was too slothful and too indifferent to investigate, and in plans for the future government of the kingdom, indolently discussed with the elect of Syracuse, or rather suggested to the consideration of the latter, King William spent that long and weary day. He had been roused from his slumber many hours earlier than usual, by the uproar in the city; and, deprived of the seeming light-hearted and careless gossip of Majone, he thought the morning would never have an end. Noon and dinner came, however, at last: and some considerable time slipped away in the pleasures of the table: for although William was not noted as an intemperate prince, yet every Norman was endowed with a capability of eating and drinking that astonished the more abstemious Italians and Greeks. Then came the siesta, or after-dinner sleep; a practice general amongst the native inhabitants of the island, but which most of its Norman conquerors were, as yet, too active to adopt. Not so, however, with King William. It accorded with all his predispositions; and none slept longer or so softly as it was his constant wont to do. Not even the events of this stirring day were allowed to interfere with this cherished habit; and many an hour glided away while he tossed on a couch in a darkened room and endeavoured to persuade himself that he was taking only that rest which his health and strength required. Meanwhile, his mind sunk back to its usual apathy and began to accommodate itself to the loss of the friend whom he had so much deplored. Between his snatches of slumber, doubts of the truth of those charges that had been brought against Majone, were even allowed to obtrude themselves. Then came visions of the vast riches amassed by the late favourite: should the tale prove true, all these would be forfeited to the crown! The thought soothed that avarice which was daily becoming more and more his master-passion: and we will not say that it made him wish that treachery should be proved against the late High-Admiral; but the contingency certainly helped to console him for his death.

Amid all these thoughts, the suspicions he had angrily vented against his queen, insensibly died away. They had never taken any hold on his mind. His indolence and friendship for Majone had before prevented him from entertaining them ; and now that Majone was no more, his indolence told him how useless it would be to investigate charges that might have no foundation, and which, if proved, would give him a great deal of trouble. He, therefore, decided, at once, that they were false : and having so dismissed the subject from his mind, his inert nature was not likely again to prompt him to recur to it.

Heaven only knows whether there had ever been any cause for his suspicions. Margaret was a wise queen ; and afterwards raised a splendid porphyry tomb to her husband in the church of Monreale, where it still continues without any inscription. May they both rest in peace.

But, as we said before, we must not anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

Evening had, at length, set in : and after a day spent in investigating the affairs of his new office and in that unmethodical gossip with the King which his grace called transacting business, the Bishop elect of Syracuse was returning pensively to his own residence. He had not ventured to appeal again in favour of the Baron of Taverna ; it being evident that, the more he was opposed, the more bent the king became upon his destruction : but he knew that the baron had quite power enough to protect himself for the present even against the king ; and he trusted that a short time would bring convincing evidence of the treasonable practices of Majone.

The streets were even yet in a state of partial tumult. The large bodies of men-at-arms which had been directed to perambulate them, prevented, indeed, any riot or violent outbreak ; but the joy of the people was not to be smothered : and whenever they could give vent to their feelings without hindrance from the guard, shouts of exultation uprose from different quarters, and tar barrels sent their lurid flames high into the dusky skies. The city bore more the appearance of festivity suited to the eve of St. John Baptist than one that might be supposed to denote that an all-powerful minister had died. Again and again were these tokens of public joy repeated : although as often as the military patrols were known to be approaching, the revellers rushed back into their houses or slunk away through the by-lanes ; while the burning embers of the bonfires alone testified that the popular feeling had been at work.

Through such scenes, the elect of Syracuse was approaching

his home when he was accosted by a pale-complexioned, withered little man, in the dress of a Saracen artizan; who, with many shows of cringing reverence, craved permission to speak with him.

"Speak, friend," replied the bishop continuing his walk. "I will hear thy prayer as I move along."

"If your lordship's reverence will permit your slave," replied the Saracen, "I would delay what I have to say until your signoria can hear me in private. I have that to tell which concerns many, and the good of the state."

The Englishman bade him to follow; and they entered his dwelling together.

"Now, then, friend: thine errand," exclaimed the elect, turning abruptly to the infidel as they entered his study.

The Saracen made a lowly reverence with his hand to his forehead: then, after a moment's consideration, he said

"Who would have expected that the glory of the lord High-Admiral would have passed away between the setting and the rising of a summer sun!"

"Well!" exclaimed the bishop impatiently.

"And the people rejoice over his death as if an enemy of the state had been removed!" continued the Saracen.

"Well!" again ejaculated the bishop.

"He doubtless had great opportunities either for good or for evil; Allah preserve us!" murmured the infidel.

"Well!" repeated the elect of Syracuse. "To thy tale, man! to thine important revelations!"

"What if he should have abused those opportunities," continued the Saracen doubtingly.

"If thou seekest, Saracen, to discover my thoughts by this pretended self-communion, know them at once," said the bishop: "I believe that Majone was a foul traitor to his king."

"I can prove that he was!" joyfully cried the stranger, while his pale face writhed beneath the excitement, and his black eyes shot forth gleams of delight: "I can prove that he was a traitor to the king, if I am assured of protection and reward."

"Protection shall be thine if thou labour to advance the ends of justice," said the Englishman: "and reward also if thou convict the memory of a felon."

"Let it, then, be dependent upon the truth of my information," said the Saracen. "For, monsignore," he added, "no trifling remuneration, such as leads a paltry knave to betray his employer, will satisfy my requirements. I speak not without a weighty bribe. Yet for this even, I will not tax the state or those coffers the king loves so well. If I can show that Majone aspired to usurp the kingdom to himself, and that a heavy debt

which he, from favouritism to the debtor, failed to call in, is still owing to the crown, promise me that the debt shall be required and shall be paid over to me."

"A fair condition, by good St. George!" exclaimed the Elect: "I agree to it, friend, at once."

"That the arrears of debt which I can prove to be owing to the crown shall be mine?" slowly repeated the sallow-faced artizan, with the dogged pertinacity of a man making a bargain which he felt he could enforce.

"If thou convict the memory of Majone of treason, it shall be so;" repeated the bishop.

"When can your officers accompany me to the Torre di Baych?"

"At daybreak, Saracen."

"Allah protect your reverence. I will be in attendance here before the sun rise above the crater of Mongibelle."

At length, the tumultuous day we have described was at an end. Darkness covered the fair land and waters of Sicily until the moon arose in all its placid splendour. That same moon which, on the night before, had smiled so stilly upon the escape of the heroic-minded Countess from captivity and upon the bloody and then undiscovered corse of her persecutor, now arose upon the city convulsed with frantic joy at his death and charmed back the wearied populace to their pallets. One by one, they slunk to their homes; and all again was silent within the fair Queen of Harbours.

But rest came not among those wooded hills that seemed removed so far from the excitement of the city turmoil. A few miles to the south, arose the strong castle of Cacabo amongst the mountains: and friends and retainers of the Baron of Taverna poured into it from every side and disturbed the peaceful glades with the tramp of managed steeds and armed men from whose burnished shields and skull-caps the bright moonbeams glanced back upon many a trembling female who, from her cottage door, looked upon the unusual gathering to which a husband or a brother had already gone forth. Noble cream-coloured oxen of the south mingled, at times, with the press of troopers; as they were driven, by half-clad serfs, from the fields or narrow lanes that bordered the principal road, and heedlessly sauntered towards the castle they were doomed to provision. Our hero had, in truth, shown that the new-born energy yet lived within him; and with the forethought of an older knight, was preparing to defend himself against whatever power King William might bring to avenge the death of his favourite.

Thus the night passed away within and without the city.

Morning had broken : and even the hour at which the King was wont to arouse himself, and to exchange the torpor of the night for the languor of the day, had been tolled out by Duke Roger's wonderful clock. In listless guise, he reclined upon his silken couch in the mosaic chamber; and listened carelessly to the details of government which the new lord-chancellor submitted to him. In reality, his mind was more actively engaged than it appeared to be: he was secretly weighing the pleasure of avenging upon Taverna the slaughter of his favourite with that of confiscating the treasures of the favourite, should he be proved to have been guilty. These were not meditations which he would have willingly exposed to his new counsellor: he felt ashamed of them himself: but they yet engrossed his mind too much for him to take even the little interest he generally felt in discussing the affairs of the kingdom.

Suddenly, the conference, if conference it might be called, was interrupted by an unusual sound of heavy footsteps on the corridor around the inner court of the Alcazar; and soon after, Odone, the master of the royal horse, hurriedly entered the apartment.

"Let me crave, Odone, that you will enter more gently," said the king peevishly. "You hurry and make as much noise as if you would take the La Rocca by storm."

"I ask pardon of your grace," replied the officer: "but I have discovered that which I little expected to find in the home of the lord High-Admiral."

"What is it, man? Undo thy wraps," expostulated the king impatiently; and, as he lay on the couch, kicking, with his slippered foot, towards the parcel which the other bore in his hands, the slipper fell to the floor and the sovereign sank back languidly on his elbow. Odone laid his package on the floor and, opening it before William, displayed a sceptre and crown of gold, gorgeous with precious stones; the diadem, and all the royal robes proper to the kingdom.

The king started to his feet.

"These came not from the Torre di Baych?" he asked impetuously.

"Please you, my lord, your slipper," said the officer quietly, placing that which had before fallen off beside the king's naked foot to guard it from the cold of the marble floor.

"To the fiends with the slipper!" cried the sovereign, kicking it up so that it struck against the mosaic peacock in the ceiling. "Wilt thou never tell me whether these came from the Torre di Baych?"

"They did, my liege."

"I told you the truth would out, monsignore," quietly observed the Bishop of Syracuse, retaining his seat and following

the king with eyes in which a cooler observer might have marked a gleam of satisfaction. William saw it not. He was pacing furiously up and down the little room—hobbling with one foot shod and the other naked. At length he stopped to pick up and put on the rejected slipper.

“Where were they?” he asked.

“In a secret closet, my lord. We had some trouble to discover it amid the folds of the silk and leather hangings.”

The king paced the room with renewed energy.

“Monsignore,” he said, turning, at length, to the Elect, “send word to the Baron of Taverna that I hold him to have done me good service; and that he should come to me, nothing doubting, to receive my thanks. And send, also,” he continued with flashing eyes, “send a sure guard to take possession of the house of the traitor and of everything in it: have all his possessions confiscated for the crown: and cast all his kinsmen and children and domestics into prison until all his treasures are discovered. See that it be done at once,” he insisted, as the bishop seemed about to expostulate.

The Englishman signed to Odone to follow him, and left the room. For a while, the king continued his impatient strides: but in half an hour, he called for a glass of mulled wine; and casting himself again upon his couch, was soon lost either in sleep or in meditation.

It is unnecessary to describe the joy of the people of Palermo when it was known that the king acquiesced in the death of Majone, and had issued orders for the apprehension of his kinsmen. Wildly they uprose to wreck their own vengeance, now that it was sanctioned by that of their sovereign, upon the family of the obnoxious favourite. His son and his brother, Stefano, whom he had raised to the highest ranks in the army, were hunted from house and, at length, seized and ignominiously conveyed to the royal prisons beneath the palace. His dearest friends shared the same fate; while his servants and eunuchs were savagely tortured until they revealed the treasures of their late master or told in whose safe-keeping they had been placed. Corazza alone, of all his family, escaped the perquisitions of the officers: they sought her from house to house, and attributed her escape to the favour of the people, unwilling, as they thought, to persecute her whom they believed to be the affianced bride of their new favourite, the destroyer of Majone. It was long before the exultation of the populace subsided: and ever and anon as a horse, laden with the spoils of the Torre di Baych or of some other house of the late admiral, passed, between a guard of men-at-arms to the palace, the crowds collected on each side, and cheers and execrations conducted it, in triumph, on its way.

Such was the end of him who, for years, had despotically

governed one of the most important kingdoms which then existed in Europe: who had raised his kinsfolks and friends to the highest wealth and rank: whom learned cardinals had declared, in dedications of books, to be the most illustrious and renowned personage in Europe: and the death of whose parents, the humble peasants of Bari, had been lately thus inscribed in that obituary of the monks of Monte Casino which professed to register no deaths but those of popes, of emperors, or of sovereign feudal lords:—*Curazza mater Madii Magni Admirati Admiratorum, obiit vii. kal. Aug. Et Leo Pater Admirati Admiratum, obiit vi. Id. Septembris.*

CHAPTER III.

Much had the Baron of Taverna been surprised by the gracious summons of the king. He had slain his more than minister, his personal friend and companion: and he was preparing to defend the deed in arms with his brother barons of the kingdom. Many of them were already collected around him in his castle of Cacabo: but the congratulations of all at being released from the thralldom of their hated oppressor, could not conceal their secret anxiety as to their power of making good the deed and of justifying their champion. And now the king sent, to that champion, a friendly greeting! The sudden change in the royal feelings was inexplicable until their private scouts brought intelligence of the discovery of the royal paraphernalia in the house of the Admiral. All was then explained: for all were acquainted with the violence of King William's passions, with his jealousy of power, and with his habit of taking sudden and wholesale vengeance when once he was fairly aroused.

Still Matteo of Taverna would scarcely have trusted himself to obey the invitation if he had not been supported by so many powerful friends. Their retainers formed an army, and it was immediately resolved that all should escort him in a body into the presence of the king. Bugles sounded. Horses were saddled. Harness and armour were braced on. Banners were unfurled. And a goodly procession of many scores of knights, headed by many of the most powerful feudal lords of Sicily, Calabria and Puglia, soon wound down the steep hill on which the castle of Cacabo was perched, and marched, in battle array, towards Palermo.

The approach to the city was one continued triumph. Thousands flocked out to greet and cheer them on their way. Boughs of trees and flowers were strewn on the road before the footsteps of the destroyer of Majone. Men cheered and women wept with joy and held up their infants in their arms that they might

catch a sight of the handsome face of the hero of the day. Blessings were invoked upon him in every language: Jew, Saracen, Greek and Catholic alike beheld in him their deliverer, and upsent their prayers in his behalf.

In the city, the greeting which he received was even more triumphant. Bells from all the churches rang out merry peals: deputations from the gilds of the several trades greeted him as he passed along. Every house was lined with the choicest tapestry suspended from the windows and balconies: and countless thousands looked happy on the giver of their happiness. Brightly the morning sun glanced from the helmets of the hero and of his peers: gaily the plumes danced upon their crests; and proud were their richly-caparisoned horses—bedizened in flowing trappings and gorgeous harness, massive with gold and jewels—proud were they to play their part in a pageant of such military splendour.

King William awaited the coming of the procession in the great hall of the Alcazar. This was an immense room on the western side of the present court of the palace. It was on the ground-floor, and had been constructed by the father of the present sovereign as a hall of audience to be used on the most solemn and important occasions. In his royal robes, King William sat in all the splendour which the Sicilian court so closely copied from that of the Greek emperors: and strange was the contrast between the manly and stern person of the Norman and the effeminate attire suspended upon his bulky limbs. Around him, were all the great officers of the crown, whose dignities and duties had been so carefully appointed by his father upon the model of the Frank and Byzantine courts. The first, indeed, the Great Constable of the kingdom, was not there: for Simone of Policastro, who held that high office, had been driven, as we have seen, into the ranks of the rebellious barons; and was now among the escort of Taverna. The place of High Admiral of Admirals had been, for the present, assigned to the mild and learned Archdeacon of Catania; and little were the minds of men, in those days, shocked by seeing one, in priestly robes, endowed with power over every admiral whose station was in the different sea ports of the kingdom, over all those whose dwelling was upon the waters and over the mighty armaments with which King Roger had triumphed in Europe, in Asia and in Africa:—

“*Apulus et Calaber Siculus mihi servit et Afer,*”
as he inscribed on his sword.

Another ecclesiastic stood beside the archdeacon:—the Elect of Syracuse who, as we have seen, had been suddenly appointed to fill the post of Great Chancellor, which Majone had arrogated to

himself in addition to that of High Admiral. We cannot but feel proud that, in the great and palmy days of the Normans in Sicily, so many Englishmen should have exercised power amongst them. In a newly conquered country surrounded by a hostile population, the band of adventurers who had seized upon the finest portion of Europe could only maintain themselves by the wisdom, as well as by the power, of their rule. That out of five Lord Chancellors, four should have been Englishmen, is, to say the least, a curious coincidence. Nor is it less gratifying to us to remember that all these were, in their turn, eminent for their wisdom and their justice. The memory of the English Robert, the predecessor of the present chancellor, before the office was usurped by Majone, was still venerated by the Sicilians as that of an enemy to all simony and unfair distribution of church patronage. When three different parties had offered him large bribes if he would appoint their creatures to the bishopric of Avellino, then vacant, he had accepted the payment and the bonds of all; and then, assembling the clergy, had revealed the scandal, had secured the disgrace of the simonist and the election of a poor, unknown, but worthy monk.

The elect of Syracuse bore him with dignity in his new office; and conversed freely with the King while the procession was approaching.

But another great officer of state also engrossed much of the sovereign's attention; and by a wily, cringing, courtly manner, he tried to make himself as acceptable to the monarch as was the more reserved Englishman. This was the Gaieto Pietro, the favourite eunuch of the queen, now suddenly exalted to the place of Great Chamberlain. It was strange that the Norman sovereigns of Sicily, anxious as they were to extirpate Mahometanism from their conquest, should so often have raised to dignity and power Saracens whom all believed to have adopted Christianity only as a mask. The great Ruggiero had appointed a "converted" Saracen eunuch to the rank of High Admiral; and on discovering that he still maintained a constant intercourse with his former religionists in Arabia, had, notwithstanding his private friendship for the man, caused him to be publicly burnt before the palace: so anxious was the conqueror to make Sicily a bulwark of Christendom against the dreaded Saracens. This event had taken place not ten years before: and yet Saracens continued to be raised to the highest offices, and Gaieto Pietro now succeeded another infidel in the then important rank of Lord Chamberlain. The fact seems to be that, with an army of adventurers whose main qualifications were brute force and the use of their weapons on horseback, the conqueror of the country who was ambitious of founding a kingdom and a dynasty, was

compelled to employ talent wherever he could find it; and thus, to carry out his own vast designs, had selected his chief officers indifferently from every country. George of Antioch had been his first High Admiral: Saracens, Englishmen, and the low-born Italian, Majone, had since shared amongst themselves the duties of government. Indeed the sovereigns seemed to feel more confidence in the Saracens, whose faith they freely tolerated though they wished to subvert it, than in the original Greek and Italian inhabitants of the country. The Saracens deserved this preference; and were generally found faithful to their new masters.

We must crave to be excused this digression into which we have been led by our patriotic wish to show the superior character for wisdom enjoyed by Englishmen seven hundred years ago.

Amid the din of martial music and the cheers of thousands, Taverna and his escort drew nigh to La Rocca, or the palace. At the door of the great hall, they all leapt from their chargers, and followed the Baron of Taverna into the presence of the sovereign. Advancing with conscious grace, our hero was about to pay the usual homage, when William rose from his throne and, with surly frankness, embraced him.

"I thank you, seigneur, for your loyalty," he said. "You have done your devoir; and I thank you for having saved me the pain of punishing a traitor."

"But that I knew he was a traitor to your grace, my arm would never have been raised against him," replied Taverna.

"I believe it. He was to have been your father. I am the more beholden to your greater love for me;" replied the king with abruptness and a forced show of cordiality. He turned him to Simon of Policastro who had entered with the others.

"Brother," he said drawing his sword from its scabbard and presenting it to the noble bastard, "I restore to thee the office of High Constable of the kingdom; and again I give my sword into thy keeping. So long as I govern justly, use it for me: when unjustly, use it against me."

To this formulary, copied from the celebrated words of the Emperor Trajan, the Conte di Policastro made the requisite reply and took the oath of fidelity with much feeling. The king then turned him to the others. "Brother Normans and nobles," he said, "let the past be forgotten. I can well believe that he who was a traitor to me, was no less guilty towards you all. You have now your will. He is removed. All wrongs shall be inquired into. Justice shall be done. Return to your castles. Disband your vassals. Proffer your complaints peacefully: and they shall be inquired into rigorously. God have you in his keeping."

He arose from his throne and retired, leaning upon the arm of

the new Chamberlain, the Gaieto Pietro: while the assemblage raised a cry of "Long live King William!" The old towers of La Rocca reverberated to the sound in echoes that lasted almost as long as the faith of either party.

But the cry was taken up by the multitudes outside the court: and the name of William was, again and again, cheered together with that of Taverna, the giver of their present hopes, the hero of the day. Amid the crowd, but somewhat retired from the press and screened in an angle of the Alcazar, stood two Saracens, who took no part in the public rejoicing, and seemed to mock the festivity by angry frowns or supercilious smiles. They conversed together in whispers. The one was easily recognised as the sickly-looking, intriguing artizan who had first manufactured the royal jewels for Majone and had then betrayed the secret of their existence to the Bishop of Syracuse and his officers: in the dark and begrimed countenance and in the tattered garb of the other more commanding figure, it was difficult to recognise the dashing robber, Abderachman, the former assailant of the Lady Corazza, the claimant of the barony of Taverna.

They conversed together in whispers.

(To be continued.)

POPPING THE QUESTION.

No: let thy lips be silent still
 And trust the fairy spell
 That e'er betrays the loving heart—
 Betrays it—oh, too well!
 Long—long I've known, how gladly known!
 What thou hast fear'd to tell.

I would not lose as yet the charm
 Of timid mystery;
 Nor own how dear each mute appeal
 Of thine has been to me.
 'Twere sweet to hear; but nothing can
 More sweet than silence be.

R.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGY.*

“AMONGE all the nacions in whome I have wandered,”—says that scurrilous vituperatist John Bale, addressing the “most vertuous, myghtie, and excellent prince, Edward VI,”—“for the knowledge of thynges I have founde nene so negligent and untoward as I have founde England in the due serch of theyr auntyent hystories, to the syngulare fame and bewtye therof.” And while the apostate priest thus censures the apathy of his countrymen, he testifies to the vandalism of their deformation in an agony of invective, which so vividly represents his heart-rooted devotion to literature, as almost, in the eyes of a Catholic antiquary, to atone in some measure for his furious and rhapsodical railing against the Church of his desertion, and its proud “Pageant of Popes.” It is pleasant to think that his irascible shade may be amply appeased by the “Acts of English votaryes” in the present century, and that the ardent desire expressed by him in reference to Conrad Gesner—alike applicable to himself—is rendered altogether vain. “Would to our Lord that we had within this lande a nombre of learned men of the same honest zeale to letters!”†

The love of “hoar Antiquitie” is innate in every being of ordinary refinement; and the familiar and eloquent apostrophe of Johnson‡ sufficiently illustrates its value and dignity. But it appears to us that it is in the heart of a Briton alone—and of an Englishman almost exclusively—that that deep-rooted and ardent love of home exists, which impels to the garnering up and cherishing every material fragment to which memories, however remote, may cling. Hence is it, that in this our sea-girt land, while

“Not a mountain rears its head unsung,”

with few exceptions, not merely has every county and capital its special history, but even the most sheltered hamlet and quiet nook finds in some duteous son a pious annalist, whose rudely-executed and uninviting duodecimo needs not to blush, in intention, beside the more pompous and coin-commanding quarto or

* 1. “The Archæological Journal. Published under the direction of the Central Committee of the British Archæological Association for the encouragement and prosecution of Researches into the Arts and Monuments of the Early and Middle Ages.” Parts I to V. 1844-5, 8vo.

2. “A Verbatim Report of the Proceedings at a Special General Meeting of the Members of the British Archæological Association, held at the Theatre of the Western Literary Institution, 5th March 1845.” 1845, 8vo.

† See “Lives of Leland, Hearne, and Wood.”

‡ To Iona, “Tour to the Hebrides.”

folio.* Something akin to this sentiment once lived in olden France—incarnate under the rule of St. Benedict, ere revolutionary fury swept from the soil the patient chroniclers of St. Maur,—but it is not indigenous in that volatile nation, and the numerous archæological publications and local histories with which its press now daily teems, we are disposed to attribute rather to a sort of epidemic impulse, than to a revival of dormant and natural sympathies.

As we have said, there have been in England, from the earliest times, many worthy spirits eager to “restore antiquity to Britain and Britain to its antiquity.”† To ascend no higher than the twelfth century, we find Fitzstephen, the worshipful monk of Canterbury, penning his description of “the most honourable city of London,” whose matrons “may be paralleled with the Sabine women,” and whose “only plagues are immoderate drinking of idle fellows, and often fires;”—on all which we make no comment. Five centuries subsequent to the flourishing of this early localist, the tribe of topographers, leaving Gerald Barry, Richard of Cirencester, Leland, and other like venerable names afar off, begin with Lambarde, Norden, Stowe, and the illustrious Camden, to open up that minute and circumspect path of inquiry, so enlightened by the elaboration of a Dugdale, and enlivened by the quaintness of a Fuller. There has been no degeneracy in their successors of our own time. To emulate Garter’s *History of Warwickshire*, the labours of Surtees, Gage, Ormerod, Clutterbuck, Nichols, Hunter, Whitaker, and others, have enthusiastically and triumphantly been directed. Warton’s *Kiddington*, Hunter’s *Hallamshire*, and Tierney’s *Arundel*, may be justly deemed the *beaux idéals* of topographical performances; as in like manner, so far as it goes, the *History of Northamptonshire* by Mr. Baker, a monument of patient industry and disgracefully neglected zeal.

Topographers, like others of the family of Adam, have their own sorrows to contend with; and their complaints sometimes are vented to posterity in the pages of their learned toil. Sir Henry Chauncy, the painful illustrator of Herts, seems to have been thwarted by a domestic curse, with the precise nature of which we are unacquainted, but which may be vaguely conceived from the apologetic allusion to “some unhappy circumstances,”

* The most singular and meritorious specimen of this healthy devotion of which we are aware, is a small 8vo. volume published in 1836. Mr. Howard Dudley’s “*History and Antiquities of Horsham*,” composed, printed, and its illustrations cut and lithographed from his original sketches by its author, a boy of less than sixteen years of age,—is the work to which we allude. Circumstances considered, too much cannot be said or written in its praise.

† Camden, in *Pref.*

which “broke the first measures proposed to himself in the prosecution of his design.”

“The most considerable of these,” says the serjeant at law, “I should have a strong temptation to forbear mentioning here, could I persuade myself ’twere yet a secret to many of those gentlemen who are likeliest to read this. But ’tis in vain studiously to conceal what almost everybody knows; therefore I shall frankly confess, that when I found myself fatally disappointed in the once dear object of my most flattering hopes; when I found him, by mean, disingenuous, and clandestine methods, contriving and pursuing the ruin (as far as in him lay), not of me alone, but of those other persons, whose interests were embarked in the same bottom with mine, and were to me much dearer than my own: persons whom all the ties of justice and honour, of gratitude and equity, of civility and respect (if these might be reckoned ties on one who could even violate those of nature), strictly bound, with his utmost care and diligence, to have guarded from the injuries of others. When I found all this, I was under a necessity of applying no small sums, by me intended to defray the charge of collecting and transcribing whatever would be needful for this work, to other uses, for the just vindication of myself and family, against the sinister attempts of this degenerate branch, and his malicious accomplices.

“Nor was this the only inconvenience that attended these papers under such afflictions of their author. Misfortunes of this sort generally affect, not our estates merely, but our very souls; so I’m sure this did, and wounded me in the most tender part, whereby I was rendered less fit for accomplishing this enterprise, which requires the sedatest thoughts of a serene and well-composed mind; such a temper being best adapted to the study of old leiger-books, the ransacking mouldy parchments, and examining over-worn and blind records.”

The disquieter and inquietude have not been expiscated by the researches of Sir Henry’s biographers; but he was thrice married, having issue by his *alpha* and *omega*, and it needs not the fertility of legal invention to “put a case,” under such domestic arrangements.

It is somewhat amusing at the present hour to find the knight gravely anticipating that “some, peradventure, will object, that these collections discover all the church and abbey lands that were alienated upon the dissolution of monasteries, which may prove of *very mischievous consequence; for should the Roman religion prevail again in this nation, they might be resumed, as those of the bishops, the deans and chapters, were upon the Restoration.*” And after combating this hypothetical demurrer by shewing the disparity of the two great events, he clinches it by his opinion

that "should Popery regain its ground here, *which can't well be supposed within the compass of natural possibility*, even the Romish party are now possessed of a great share of these lands, who will hardly be persuaded to relinquish them." Are there none of the opponents of "justice to Ireland," or the pietists of Exeter-hall, actuated by such scare-crow phantasies as those above imagined? And is the supposition of the perpending jurisconsult so utterly incredible?

No such nervous timidity deterred Dodsworth and Dugdale, or the modern extensors of their plan, in forming the *Monasticon Anglicanum*. And here, in alluding to this noble monument of love-labour, we cannot refrain from animadverting on the somewhat remarkable prospectus of a so-called new *edition*, recently circulated.

In 1830 was published the eighth volume of Dugdale's *Monasticon*; thus completing the work on which the united labours of Messrs. Bandinel, Caley, and Ellis, had been concentrated for seventeen years, and of which the first volume was issued so far back as 1817. This enormous mass of matter cost the subscribers about *one hundred and thirty guineas*, and those who luxuriated in large paper paid nearly double that sum for the indulgence of their taste. Shortly after completion, the usual destiny of *remainders* came into play; and accordingly the book has been, and is, accessible to the public at the now established price of the *odds* above the unlucky subscribers' *hundred*. However annoying in itself, we lay no particular stress on this part of the history.

The next phase of the work was somewhat more questionable. Under the title of "Church Architecture of the Middle Ages; a series of etchings of cathedrals, churches, hospitals, monasteries, friaries, and other ecclesiastical edifices remaining in England. By John Coney. The descriptive account of each building by the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D.," the very valuable *plates*, with meagre letter-press, were, in 1839, presented to the public in monthly parts, forming two volumes folio, at the aggregate price of *eight guineas*. This *old friend with a new face* proceeded from the well known establishment of Mr. James Bohn; and its prospectus stated that the proprietors of the plates had, "to meet the spirit of the times," determined upon a re-issue of the plates, as the very limited impression of Dugdale's *Monasticon* had "left them in as perfect a state as when they first quitted the engraver's hands." That point was for the purchaser to determine; but while we acknowledge the legitimate right of every man "to do what he likes with his own," we must say that we consider the *moral* and *legal* state of things to be most abominably defective, which thus exposes the original and *bonâ fide* sub-

scribers to this, or any other work, to the certain and inevitable deterioration of the value of their property at the hands of its publisher or his assignees. And this affects the *trade* every whit as much as private individuals.

This *apparition* of an emasculated Dugdale stood forth under the credit of a competent editor and a substantial and respectable publisher, employed by the proprietors. Literary, like other property, is constantly changing hands, and may, in the course of ordinary transit, pass from the cleanest to the dirtiest, and *vice versa*. Accordingly, the *Monasticon Anglicanum* appears to have “suffered” its “change.” We have now before us a prospectus of four pages (sent anonymously)—*without name of publisher, place, or date*; and although it asserts that “subscribers’ names will be received by every bookseller in town or country,” no one of whom we have as yet inquired can give us any information about it.

The attractions held out by this *vox in eremo* are briefly these, that “in October will be published, in 8 vols. folio, illustrated with two hundred and fifty copper plates,” &c. &c. “price £31. 10s. half-bound morocco, uncut,” this “new edition reprinted from that edited in 1817, by Messrs. Caley, Ellis, and Bandinel;” that “the great improvements which have taken place in the manufacture of paper, the brilliancy of the ink now employed by our great printers, and the very superior skill of the copper-plate printers of the present day, will enable the proprietors to place before the public, at the comparatively low price of £31. 10s., a work *in every way superior* to that for which the former subscribers paid no less than £141. 15s. The limited impression of three hundred and fifty copies, to which the last edition was confined, has in no way injured the copper plates.”——“The numerous typographical errors, which unfortunately are to be met with in the impression of 1817-30, will be carefully corrected in the present reprint—(the revision of this new edition has been trusted to an *eminent antiquary*)—which otherwise will be *paginatum*, to facilitate reference from the labours of other antiquaries and professional men, who have availed themselves of the valuable information contained in the enlarged edition of the collections of Sir William Dugdale.” Farther, we are told that, “feeling convinced that their efforts to place the new edition within the reach of *all*, by reducing the price to less than one-fourth of its original cost, will meet with the encouragement of the learned public, the present proprietors have determined upon *reprinting a limited impression*, the copies of which will be delivered complete, *before the close of the present year*, in the order in which they are subscribed for; and a list of the patrons of this noble undertaking will be prefixed to each copy, *the subscriber’s own name being printed in red ink, to mark his copy to*

his latest posterity!!!" *Euge!* With the single exception of the ignorant Latinized crudity above, the italics are our own.

Now we would seriously inquire whether any publisher, or set of publishers, even if already possessed of or presented with all the necessary copper plates and woodcuts, would really undertake to make a *limited reprint* of some six thousand double-columned pages, each column containing some eighty lines on an average, independent of footnotes (in many instances occupying nearly the entire page), of a work nine-tenths of which are made up of dry law-latin charters, half-bind the same in eight volumes folio in morocco, and present them at a mere nominal price to the public? What object or inducement could they have in so doing? Profit it could not be: there is a common sense in everything, and booksellers are not devoid of that valuable commodity; and even if the "spirit of the times" required it, were they likely to indulge in such Quixotic generosity merely to "catch the flying Cynthia?" Surely, were such the case, we should ere now have had reprinted two works, which would have combined both pleasure and profit,—Tanner's *Notitia Monastica** (so german to the present work), and Wilkin's *Concilia Magnæ Britannicæ*,—a work of which the ordinary selling price has, by the eccentricities of Puseyism, been raised from *five* to *thirty* pounds, and of which a neat and accurate reprint would amply remunerate the publisher. Again, supposing the existence of this bibliopolical enthusiasm, and supposing the circulation of this dateless prospectus to have commenced at the beginning of May 1845, will the united exertions of printer, publisher, and the "eminent" but nameless "antiquary," be capable of piling the vendor's warehouse with this mighty mass of labour *in October*? The idea of a national *Battle of the Books* seems involved in such marvellous activity of preparation. Finally, is the demand for the book or its scarcity so great as to invoke this boon for "the encouragement of the learned public?"

The plain English of the whole is that, in any way we may chuse to consider it, this is a very dirty, or, at least, a very questionable business. We leave it to others to judge of the matter, for our own part we are neither publisher nor subscriber.

We have digressed from matter more agreeable,—infinitely more attractive,—to record our observations on this literary monster. Every person, emptor and vendor, should unite to put down the like "curiosities of literature." Such, in a short time, will irretrievably ruin legitimate publication.

* Since the above was in type, we have been gratified by the announcement of a new edition, with many additions, by a gentleman in every way qualified for the task,—Mr. Cole, of the Augmentation Office.

In Scotland, topography has never been cultivated as a study of importance, and any attempts to foster it have invariably been blighted by the rude genius of that northern clime. The few local histories are feeble, fragmentary, and inaccurate; and not a single county has been described in any suitable or business-like manner. The names of Sir Robert Sibbald in the seventeenth, and George Chalmers in our own century, are prominent exceptions to this barbarous apathy. Yet the *Caledonia* of the latter remains incomplete; and no successor is likely to be found equally capable or willing to undertake its perfection: nor, we are convinced, is there spirit or generosity sufficient to countenance the labour. The wretched new edition of the *Statistical Account*, perpetuating all the blunders of the preceding one, and omitting what was really valuable in it, is a dead loss to the worthy publishers who have liberally engaged in it. The *Account of the Parish of Cramond*, by the late Mr. John Philip Wood, is the only judicious work of its class, and is entitled to rank with those English ones noted above. From Mr. Cosmo Innes, however, we look for a noble vindication of his country in his projected *Parochiale Scoticanum*:* a work of immense elaboration and elegance, and to which none among his countrymen, save himself, would have courage or energy to apply, or have adequate erudition to achieve.†

Ere we part from Scotland,—there is now lying before us an excessively rare and singular topographical tract, formerly in that unrivalled old collection, the Gordonstoun Library, entitled “The Cauld Spring‡ of Kinghorne Craig, his admirable and new tryed properties, so far fourth as yet are found true by experience. Written by Patrick Anderson, D. of Physick. Edinburgh, 1618,” 4to. This, we presume, is the same who, according to the “Catalogue of Scottish Writers,”§ “wrote a little book of Pills, called Grana Angelica, 8vo. Edin. 1632.” As in every thing else, so even within the boundaries of natural science, a strange dread of Catholicism, not restricted to these *really* “dark ages,” was then prevalent; and wherein our pious forefathers recognised the operation of the Divine hand, their degenerate

* To promote the accuracy of which, Sir George Murray has liberally placed every map, drawing, draft, or minute in the Ordnance Office, at the command of Mr. Innes.

† Mr. Stuart's recent publication, the “*Caledonia Romana*,” should not be unnoticed. It is a modest and unassuming, but extremely accurate and meritorious volume; and a necessary companion to the great work of Horsley.

‡ Contrary to the general impression, one would imagine the good old Scottish antiquaries to have been *hydropathists*. There are several rare tractates relating to, and laudatory of, certain eminent wells in their fatherland. Mure's *Πίδαξ Περπεια*, and Mackaile's “*Fons Moffetensis*,” are in point of scarcity nearly allied to the “Cauld Spring.”

§ Edinburgh, 1833, 8vo.

children discovered but Satanic agency. What the "British Solomon" inculcated and defended, his loyal subjects dared not to repudiate or impugn. Accordingly, the merits of the mineral "monster" of Kinghorn could not be blasoned without a hit at the hydra. By the analytic scrutiny of our "Doctor of Physick" it was discovered that "these waters are not lyk the superstitious or mud-earth Wells of Mentieth, or Lady Well of Stratherne, and our Ladie Well of Ruthven, with a number of others in this cuntrie, all tapestried about with old rags, as certaine signes and sacraments wherwith they arle the divell with ane arls-pennie of their health; so subtile is that false knave, making them believe that it is only the vertue of the water, and no thing els. Such people can not say with David, *The Lord is my helper*, but the D."

Of Ireland topographical we can say but little. It has met with neglect in this particular as in more material points. But the Ordnance survey of the government, the researches of Messrs. Hardiman, Petrie, D'Alton and others, have opened up a field on which many labourers have at length commenced to work, and which will yield a bounteous harvest.

At the present time, however,—more than at any preceding period in the history of our country,—exertions are being made to cultivate a true and genuine affection for the remains of antiquity in our island, by the careful preservation and restoration of such as yet exist. Of the ultimate benefit likely to arise to the nation from these efforts, *spiritually as otherwise*, it is needless to discourse. The results are obvious. Prompted by peculiar tenets, upspringing within their walls like lost flowers long buried beneath the rubbish of neglected ruins, the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, lead the way. Their *Architectural* and *Camden* Societies, by sedulous devotion to mere ecclesiastical research, have prepared the public mind for a greater and more comprehensive concentration of talent and power directed upon the conservative investigation of our archaic reliques. The BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, instituted "for 'the encouragement and prosecution of researches into the Arts and Monuments of the Early and Middle Ages," and composed of the most illustrious antiquaries and men of taste and erudition which Europe (for they enrol in their list the *élite* of foreign *savans*) can produce, has taken possession of the field; and the first record of its proceedings, in shape of the Journal noticed at the head of this article, presents a guarantee for its permanent efficacy in the accomplishment of the laudable designs for which it has been established.

Connected with this Association is a lamentable secession. Lamentable,—not as regards the excellent institution which it

impotently assails to its own confusion, but as displaying the pitiful weakness of human nature. Most of our readers must have seen, in the columns of that intelligent and meritorious hebdomadal the *Athenæum*, repeated references to individuals who have been aptly termed the *An*-archæologists; and some correspondence of a very unpleasant character touching their proceedings. The "*small* first cause" of this discreditable eruption is Mr. Thomas Wright, of "*Alma Mater*" fame, who has contrived to be mixed up with most of the literary societies of the day. Pretermittting allusion to other associations, we shall briefly notice the British Archæological as affected by Mr. Wright, and Mr. Wright by it; and we shall clearly see "the engineer hoist with his own petard."

Upwards of a year and a half ago, the Society above named was originated by a few gentlemen devoted to the objects which it is intended to embrace. It was, at the commencement, considered as likely to be limited to a few individuals; but, on the plan being made known to Mr. Albert Way, that distinguished antiquary, perceiving what great effects might ensue from it if properly constituted, immediately lent his name, and threw all the influence which his station and connexions afforded, into the scale, and the result was a rapid and powerful increase of members, means and appliances, with every prospect of unqualified success.

With his accustomed acuteness, Mr. Way perceived how conducive to the prosperity of the Association would be a Journal, exclusively under its control and devoted to its objects, both as a record of its transactions, and as a vehicle for the diffusion of archæological intelligence and enquiries. And, as the Association was ungifted with any revenue of its own, he induced Mr. Parker, the liberal and accomplished bookseller of Oxford, to undertake, at his sole expense and risk, the publication of the quarterly periodical noticed in our rubric. Mr. Way devoted his time and attention to editing the Journal so handsomely undertaken and elegantly got up by Mr. Parker, and the entire preparation of the first number was carried through by that gentleman.

This had just been completed, and was on the eve of being issued, when Mr. Way was attacked by indisposition which continued for several months, and prevented him from attending to the editorial functions of a journalist. At this juncture, Mr. Thomas Wright proffered his services. These were cheerfully and thankfully accepted, and the second number was edited by him, without any claim for or hint of remuneration; but prior to the publication of the third number, and the meeting of the Association at Canterbury in September last, Mr. Wright wrote

to Mr. Parker stating that he could not afford to edit the Journal gratuitously, and that he ought to receive from £63 to £84 *per annum* as part of the expenses of the Journal, for his services as *condottiere*. With consistent liberality, Mr. Parker immediately agreed to the higher sum.

We offer no remarks on the question of gratuitous or onerous editing; we do not audit the remuneration required or conceded; we draw no distinction between devotion to literature and literary hack-work; but we *do* remark, and insist upon the principle, that if any man enters upon the obligation of conducting a particular journal, for a specific object, and upon his own or his accepted terms, he is bound in law, in justice, and in common honesty, to devote his attention to that periodical, without in any way lending himself to any other that directly interferes with it; and, *multo magis*, from creating any opponent to it. A casuist may reconcile such a moral discrepancy; we ourselves find it impossible.

The general meeting of the Association was held at Canterbury between the publication of the second and third numbers of the Journal. In anticipation of said meeting, the proprietors of the "Illustrated London News" announced their intention to publish a full report of its proceedings, illustrated from drawings by Mr. Fairholt. After this had been placarded everywhere, Mr. Wright, who acted as secretary for Mr. Way, presumed to prohibit the publication of this report, on the ground that as Mr. Fairholt was the authorised draughtsman of the Association, engravings from his sketches could only be published in the authorized publication of the Association,—namely, the *Archæological Journal*. This he mentioned publicly at one of the meetings of the Association, in the presence of Mr. Parker; on whom, prior to the breaking up of the meeting, he prevailed not to publish any separate report of the proceedings, on the ground that the papers were too heavy for general perusal, and fitter for the pages of the *Archæologia*, promising, however, a very full report for the Journal, with the most interesting papers. Instead of this, a very miserable outline of the proceedings appeared in the next number, which was only explained by the prospectus, in December, of a trumpery periodical to be *edited* by Mr. Wright, and *illustrated* by "the authorised draughtsman," Mr. Fairholt, WHO HAS NEVER CONTRIBUTED A SINGLE SKETCH TO THE ASSOCIATION, and entitled the "Archæological Album," of which the first number was to contain a full report of the meeting by this same Wright and his artist Fairholt. From the manner in which this "Album" was protruded before the members of the Association by means of repeated circulars, almost every one conceived it to be an authorized pub-

lication of the Association; nor were they made aware of the real state of the case until, on Mr. Way's return from the continent, he detected the scheme, and issued, on the part of the Committee, a denunciation and exposure of this most improper conduct towards Mr. Parker. The result of this was, that Wright and his adherents, including one Mr. Pettigrew, immediately started a rival Association, to which they impertinently attached the name and title of the existing one; thus in every way attempting to overthrow it in the most reckless manner.

But mark the end of this impropriety. Under the impression that the *pretended* was in reality the true Association, several individuals not only sent in their names as members, but contributed sums of money towards its support, and the promotion of its objects. On discovery of their mistake, these parties withdrew their names, and, at the same time, required that their contributions should be refunded. Not only has this been refused to them, but even after the withdrawal of their names they have perceived themselves flourishing in the lists of the Pettigrew party! The consequence of all this has been some very violent correspondence on part of the deceptive combination, which (especially the letter of Mr. Pettigrew to the Dean of Hereford) has excited universal disgust and reprobation; so that, however with impotent malignancy they may ape the proceedings of the British Archæological Association, may appoint meetings to be held in the same localities, and make use of the previously concerted plans of that distinguished body, the public will not fail to visit them with the punishment which they so richly deserve; and we predict that their "gathering"—if it indeed took place last month—will be the last and expiring bravado of these pseudo-antiquarians.

From all this we augur much good to historical and archæological literature. The eyes of the public being opened to a proper discernment between those who from a desire to the national credit, and patriotic affection to the monuments of their ancestral land, devote their time, their talents and their money, to the conservation of its ruins, and the diffusion of a healthy and sound intelligence of the principles of early art,—and those who make use of the works of others for their own paltry profit and self-preferment;—it will be found that, abandoning such blind leaders, the inquirers into this "worthy science of antiquity" will rally round worthier and better guides, to their own advantage and the benefit of their generation; and that, in spite of themselves, Messrs. Wright, Pettigrew, and their abettors, will truly and indeed have instructed the community *stare super vias antiquas*.

AN ANALYSIS OF WIT, FROM ÆSOP TO PUNCH.

(Continued from page 76.)

HAVING now taken a hurried survey of the authors who are most celebrated for their attainments in wit, in satire, in burlesque, and all the other multiple sorts of humour: having attempted something like an accurate definition of the nature of these operations of the human intellect; having glimmered over the varied possets of many humourists, whether English or foreign, we are conducted, as by necessity, to the consideration of the very topic which instigated the commencement of this paper. For we have followed the evolutions of that fay—Wit—through its diverse posturings; now recumbent in the sunny jollity of Falstaff; now capering onward in the sprightliness of Scarron; now distorting its features in the wild mummeries of Hudibras; now splenetic and acrid with Swift; now making rapturous pretensions to solemnity in Cervantes and Addison; now sly and sarcastic with Ben Jonson or Chaucer; and we are next impelled, by a very natural transition, to discover some analogy between these by-gone writers, and those who now-a-days tempt the bitter lip to relax at some capricious gambol of thought, and lure the heart of the worldling from the sordid considerations of earthly things, by an unaffected joyousness of spirits. And here we are led to remark the singular paucity of legitimate wits who enlivened the interval between the demise of Fielding and Smollett, till within a very few years from the present period. Possibly, this hiatus is ascribable to the stupendous changes which, during that epoch, convulsed the whole fabric of society; when the themes and the texts of a mighty revolution engrossed the minds of men, to the exclusion of most subordinate circumstances; when the cheeks blanched and the eyes dulled, by the spouting forth of blood, then visible among all civilized nations, were incapable of smiling at an idle jest; when the noise of battle, and the clangour of bugles, and the dull tread of armies, drowned the ear to all other sounds; when tongues were heavy with the utterance of cries for justice or revenge, or yells of political recrimination; when the inclinations of mankind might be classified alphabetically, with war and butchery the alpha, wit and merriment the omega. Hence we find that throughout the entire extent of continental Europe, then ravaged by sanguinary campaigns, or preyed upon by a dubious sense of danger, the accomplishments of wit may be almost summed up in the pamphlets of Sieyes, and the *Vieux Cordelier* of Camille Desmoulins. In fact, the only region in the eastern hemisphere where author-craft felt itself sufficiently

sheltered to give a loose to its more fantastic literature, were the islands of Great Britain, where the caustic and dangerous scoffs of Sheridan, the tart and humorous vivacity of the two Colmans, together with the malignant irony of Wilkes, tended at least to equiponderate, if it did not actually counterbalance, the general anxieties of the panic. Still, the dominion of wit did not resume its olden sway, until the virus of the Revolution had been thoroughly driven from the social system by a series of extraordinary catastrophes, that occupied the attention and filled the imagination of mankind at large. Then the jocund influence of the comic muse began to resume her domination with undiminished and even increasing charms. The fragments of the satirical and facetious epic, poured forth with so much liveliness by Lord Byron, gave promise of a work that would remain without a parallel, both from the vastness of its scope and the beauty of its imagery, and the sagacity with which this great, but erring genius could analyze the operations of the human soul. This fine conception, however, was destined to remain for ever a grand and colossal fragment, tantalizing posterity by the exceeding loveliness of its broken proportions,—by the untimely death of the author of *Don Juan* before its completion. Previous to the commencement of this brilliant, but licentious undertaking, a quaint and innocent sprite had enthralled the admirers of the craftily gay, with a sprightliness that savoured of Sir Thomas Brown and Fuller, with a smack of the erudite jocularly of the Anatomist of Melancholy. This was “Elia,”—a young heart under an antique garb. Then followed the impulsive efforts of Sydney Smith, whose *Letters of Peter Plymley* (possessing none of the ironical sparkle and less of the mean nastiness of his namesake, the *Peter Pindar* of Walcot) tended very greatly to propagate that universal taste for witticisms at present so notorious, and thus assisted in scattering those seeds of jocoseness which have now grown up into a national passion for the burlesque.

Here, however, we must pause for a moment to particularise one celebrated writer, before we enter upon a consideration of those glorious humourists who, during our own immediate time, have exercised such a philanthropic influence over every mind susceptible of a generous sentiment. We must delay our progress for awhile, to pay the too trivial but most earnest tribute of our admiration to one who appeared alternately as the Anacreon and the Beranger of his country: one who by the arch vivacity of his raillery disseminated a feeling of merriment among a populace at that period smarting under a novel sense of injuries, and tottering on the verge of irreparable anarchy; and one who, nevertheless, mingled with the tones of his facetiousness the dulcet but nervous eloquence of a patriot-bard.

One whose energetic voice covered the enemies of his native land with the most irksome ridicule, while it stirred the heart's blood of his countrymen as with the resonance of a trumpet:—our readers will already have detected that we allude to none other than—Tom Moore. The last symbol,—the solitary representative of a past era in literature, his presence amongst us has become a boon of inestimable value to all who entertain any affection for perhaps the most splendid epoch of English poetry: we style him the *last* representative advisedly; since our poet-laureate, William Wordsworth, was, in his effusions, of another age; he has lived and sung—an anchorite of Nature—apart from his actual contemporaries—the denizen of a distant generation. Thus, therefore, Moore is the last of a race of vanished poets, loitering still among the precincts sanctified by their footsteps, the bay-garland on his brow glittering with undiminished verdure, his hand at long intervals straying among the strings of his lyre to remind us of the thrilling “Melodies” of other days. Long may he tarry thus! for with his departure will be snapped asunder the final link connecting us immediately with that aggregation of genius of which he is a portion, and we shall retain nothing then to cling to but the splendour of their memories. As the author of the *Fudge Family*, the *Twopenny Post Bag*, and that collection of most searching and penetrant pieces, entitled *Cash, Corn, and Catholics*, he has evinced a playfulness of fancy and a discursiveness of humour sufficient to establish his reputation as a comic writer; and, as a testimony of his wit may be mentioned the embodiment of a certain *King Crack and his Idols*, as likewise the somewhat acrid scorn which dictated his *Fables for the Holy Alliance*. His similes are more appropriate and provokingly laughable than those of any individual perhaps that can be named: what, for instance, could be happier than that metaphor introduced at random in the preface to his comic opera of *M.P., or the Blue Stocking*, where he compares a modern author surrounded by his legion of critics to the wretched Laplander during the winter months, “who has hardly time to light his little candle in the darkness, before myriads of insects swarm round to extinguish it.” Still these ebullitions of jocularitv wanted concentration; the ludicrous and satirical were undoubtedly rife during this period, but they required to be amassed in some concrete and substantial form.

Notwithstanding the eminence of those who had illustrated modern times with the bright effusions of their fancies (such, for instance, as Theodore Hook), there was not actually one individual that could be distinguished with the appellation of a great wit, until the appearance of Charles Dickens. For the humour which had bewitched the readers of the Waverley school with

its unostentatious pleasantries, had been merely incidental; whereas the fictions of "Boz" were redolent of the most prodigious gaiety, and had pretensions to be considered rather as the transcripts of actual occurrences than the coinage of a cheerful imagination. The details were so ridiculously precise, the situations were so monstrously probable, and the accessories to every scene were given with such an impertinent particularity, that, in defiance of your own common-sense, you found yourself suddenly possessed with an illusion, which the soundest argument could not overcome, that you had really observed Newman Noggs cracking his knuckles on the door-step of Mr. Ralph Nickelby's in Golden-square; or that you had met Dick Swiveller over at Chelsea; or that you had been introduced personally to an old fellow in small gaiters—Pickwick! ah, yes, Pickwick! that was the name—by Mrs. Leo Hunter, down at Ipswich or thereabouts; and that you remembered marvelling on the occasion how the "too susceptible Tupman" could possibly have squeezed himself into the costume of the brigand; with a thousand other similarly outrageous improbabilities:—so life-like and real were the characters and incidents.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A PEEP AT ALL THINGS AND A FEW OTHERS. No. VII.

BY BO-PEEP.

Discovering the barometer and the little old woman and her pig—The Poor Law and Tory officials—The Queen in Germany—Royal visits—La politesse Française—Royal amusements—The Queen of Spain—Smoking—Duelling—French Courts of Law—The Rev. C. Wetherall and the Anglican Clergy—Catholics in Parliament and the College Act.

"DEUCE take the barometer! will it never move upwards!" exclaims the speculator in railroads. "All the money that should be invested in shares, will be wanted to buy foreign corn: the premium is going down, and I shall be ruined!"

"Confound the quicksilver! it is as flat as a trencher!" cries the *habitué* of the money market. "All the bullion in the Bank will be wanted to buy corn for this cursed rainy country. Consols are going down; and I shall be ruined."

"By Jove, it is lower than ever!" cries the anxious merchant, "I only want temporary accommodation; but they are so confoundedly afraid of having to send their money abroad to buy corn, that they have raised the rate of interest, and I shall be ruined."

"The devil take Sir Robert Peel and the barometer to boot!" cries the angry farmer. "It is lower than it was yesterday, and corn is looking up. I thought to have harvested and sold mine while the price was pretty high; but it can't ripen while this weather lasts. By the time I get any to market, the foreign fellows will have taken theirs out of bond; prices will be down again; and I shall be ruined."

"I wonder what can make bread so dear!" cries the anxious housewife. "Sir James Graham says there are four hundred and fifty thousand quarters of foreign wheat in bond. I wonder why they do not sell it! The baker says bread will rise again next week; and I am sure I shall be ruined."

"Look at the barometer, ma'am," says the baker, "see how that there quicksilver is a falling. I don't know why; but that quicksilver and the price of bread always go by the rule of contrary: when one falls the other rises; and when one rises, the other falls. For my own part, I pay more for my wheat in proportion, and I do not sell as much bread as I did when it was cheap. If this lasts much longer, I shall be ruined."

"I have nothing but some 'taties for thee to-day, John," says the pale, sickly labourer's wife to her husband returning to his dinner. "Bread is risen two-pence a gallon more, and I could not afford to buy at that price; so I dug up a few potatoes. If reaping does not begin soon for thee to earn more pay, we shall be downright ruined."

The care and toil-worn husband seated himself beside the little round table, and took the smallest of their five children on his knee. The woman lifted the pot from the fire, and poured out a heap of smoking potatoes on a platter. The other children gathered round, and each seized one in its little dirty hand. The woman gave a deep sigh from her sunken, consumptive chest; and took her place at the bare table. She poured out for herself and her husband a cup of hot water coloured by the burnt, crusty parings of their last loaf. Sugar or milk was a luxury that neither dreamed of: and when the children wanted drink, they ran out to the pump, well aware that the "tea" was too expensive a beverage for them.

Aye, reader: such is the state of thousands of the "bold peasantry of England," on whom we now look down. We have no need to go to Ireland, or to "beggarly foreign parts," for images of rural misery. Our own "merry England" has hushed its mirth; and Lazarus lies reeking at almost every door, and obtrudes his misery upon us. In vain, we banish him from our high-ways, and bid him starve in silence or go to the workhouses. His cry annoys us even thence: and we cannot quite shut our ears to the voice of wrangling that comes even from the rural

union workhouse of Andover. Hark, how they jabber and swear as they fight together for the carrion bones it was their allotted task to crush ! Some church-yard bones are also there:—no one knows how it so chanced : but when pounded together, they will make as good manure as the rest. See ; that old pauper has clutched one—a thigh-bone of an ox, or perhaps, of a man. It is broken at one end ; and he spies the marrow inside:—a savoury bit in truth ! How he tries to hide it beneath his scanty jacket ! In vain. He is crippled by his old complaint—St. Vitus' dance ; he cannot command the use of his limbs ; and, as he stoops to pick up the walking-stick that has fallen from his right hand, he unconsciously jerks the bone from his left. Hurrah ! his comrades have seen it ! “ C'est un morceau trop friand pour vous,” poor cripple. How they rush upon it, and squabble which shall secure the prize ! They remind one of Byron's

“ Lean dogs beneath the wall
That held o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb.”

And these are the results of the new poor law administered by a Conservative government ! Let no one charge these things upon the Whigs who originated the measure. In its first origin, some cruelty was doubtless inflicted ; but this was done for a great object. All the country felt that strong measures were necessary to save the nation from the encroaching grasp of pauperism. What was then done, was done with a method, with an ultimate design : and the country went with the restorers of the independence of the peasantry. Wages began to rise ; alms-giving was becoming more general. But it was never contemplated, by those who enacted the new poor law, nor by those who first administered it, that the measure was to be permanently engrafted upon the English constitution. The law was meant for a state of transition—a transition from universal pauperism to universal independence. It was never intended to become a permanent institution of England.

Who that supported the new law with those aspirations for the restoration of the independent character of the English labourer, will support it now ? Now when it has degenerated into a mere job, maintained for the benefit of Tory officials :—now when commissioners and assistant-commissioners, and clerks and chaplains, and masters and collectors, and relieving officers and treasurers, all find themselves comfortably established at the expense of the rate-payers ; and take to themselves forty per cent. of the total amount which they collect nominally for the use of the poor, exclusive of county rates ? Such is now the fact ; and this comfortable system is that approved and sanc-

tioned and enforced by the Poor Law Commissioners themselves.

Well, then, may such scenes as those which have occurred at Andover disgrace the country.

But the sun shines: the barometer is rising again. Hurra! hurra!

The railroad shares begin to look up.

Consols rise again from their fall.

Accommodation saves the merchant's credit.

The farmer hopes to gather his corn and to come in for a share of the higher prices.

The housewife meets her baker with smiles.

The baker sells his bread as fast as he can bake it.

The peasant leaves his potatoes to ripen in the ground, and again feasts himself and his little ones upon dry bread.

The sun shines. We may keep our money to spend upon ourselves: and the world may perchance escape disorganisation; for the barometer rises again and the harvest may yet be gathered in time to save us all from ruin!

And thus, every year, does Sir Robert Peel remind us of the little old woman who went to market (parliament) and bought a pig (a sliding corn-law) which would not go over the bridge (the month of August), until her little old man (the people) ran great danger of going to bed supperless. But the barometer rises, and all again moves on: "the rope begins to hang the butcher; the butcher begins to kill the ox; the ox"—that is, doubtless, John Bull, forgets the narrow escape he has had,—until another year again brings him to the verge of ruin.

Meanwhile, our gracious Queen wisely takes her pleasure in foreign parts, leaving the said John Bull in charge of those whom he himself has chosen to be his masters. Why should she live in a household that has been made distasteful to her and witness evils which she has no power to control, when a few hours of pleasure to herself and of sea-sickness to poor Prince Albert can make her independent of court etiquette and enable her to trudge along the streets, arm in arm with her husband, and visit his old college, his tutor and his chums? How we like her for her *bon-homme*, and how heartily did we join in her mirth while following the grand procession at Bonn, so solemnly headed by the chief magistrate of the town, "blowing clouds" from his enormous pipe as he strutted before Queen Victoria!

We do not, like so many of our foreign contemporaries, attach any immediate political importance to these interchanges of friendly visits amongst sovereigns of which our Queen has restored the fashion after a lapse of some centuries. The Queen of England has personally none of that power for good or for evil which M. Guizot has just claimed for the King of the

French, when he called upon his constituents to return thanks to his Majesty for every blessing they enjoyed. The King of the French loves to put himself prominently forward: he cannot forget the speech of his great predecessor, "*l'état, c'est moi*:" rather than allow free scope to a constitutional government, he has made himself the butt of assassins for fifteen years, and is now about to vacate a throne which his successors will hold—so long as they fulfil the dictates of the most turbulent part of the French people. He has not allowed either the constitution or his own dynasty, as part and parcel of it, to take root in their affections and habits of mind. A few months will show the results of the policy of such an Ulysses—as his admirers boastingly call him! His cleverness, however, and that of other continental diplomatists, is lost upon the Queen of England: she has neither the will nor the power to co-operate with them in "settling" the affairs of the world independently of public opinion at home.

But if impotent and, therefore, harmless in their effects upon public events, these friendly visits of our queen to other countries produce an effect upon the minds of men which we trust will not soon pass away. They tend to remove national jealousies; to familiarize nations with one another; to knit mankind in the bonds of brotherhood; to show that all are men alike, and that they may, therefore, have the same sympathies and the same interests. On this account, these visits will not be unimportant in the history of our times, will not have been thrown away amongst the nations—unless, indeed, it be among the valiant firebrands (they are proud of the exploit whence we deduce the word), the valiant firebrands of France. *They*, also, *profess* to be cultivating harmony and brotherly love, and an "entente cordiale" with us: but neither their Christian charity nor the famous "politesse Française" of which they boast so much, prevent them from imagining a hostile descent upon our friendly shores, and from calculating how much injury they might be able to do us, before we could collect sufficient forces to kick them back into the sea. "La politesse Française," forsooth! the politeness of a Thurtell, who spends the day with you in friendly converse, and is, all the while, meditating how he may cut your throat and steal your purse. Out upon such politeness! Were we, by heaven's wrath, at open war with them, they should come, if they could, and we would not blame them for making the attempt: but that a people, which professes to be on the most friendly terms with another nation, should, through any one of its organs, gloat upon the idea of renewed hostilities and of war to the death with its nominal ally, must excite the disgust of every Christian, of every gentleman, or, if the French like the word better, of every philosopher. Heaven

preserve us from too strongly loathing such "philosophes," such "politesse Française," such "Christianity"!

And now we beg to inform the French nation, through the many who refer to us as to the organ of a large party in England, what are the feelings of Englishmen, of every creed and of every party, on this question of international invasion and conquest which is so pleasing to their fervid imaginations. Not one Englishman in a hundred knows that English armies have ever bivouaqued in the streets of Paris: not one Englishman in a hundred would now voluntarily subscribe a half-penny for the certainty of seeing the flag of England replace the drapeau tri-color on the pillar of the Place Vendome. This may be cold-bloodedness, "phlegme Anglaise," mercantile parsimony, indifference to glory, what they will: such is the fact; and we think the feeling, stupid though it be, will be more favourably registered in the chancery of heaven than the "glorious" aspirations of friendly, would-be cut-throats.

Out upon war! out upon those who, during peace, cherish the thoughts of its renewal!

But we must not forget our royal travellers. Queen Victoria is, indeed, giving way to all her domestic tastes and feelings amid the friendly greetings of her husband's kin: but the Queen of Spain is also travelling. She, too, is indulging all the tastes and great propensities, natural, we presume, to so exalted a person as her most Catholic Majesty. No burgomasters incense her with the fumes of their well-filled tobacco bowls: but the steam of slaughtered oxen rises gratefully to her nostrils, and horses trail their quivering bowels, and headless geese wag their gory necks before her delighted eyes. One bull, to be sure, was almost as dull as an Englishman, and contented himself with tossing all the dogs that were set upon him: but they roused him up at last by fixing crackers upon his hide, and by shooting little flaming darts into his heaving sides; and then he sprang about and showed that he had some life in him. He killed four horses; he disembowelled several others, that ran round the amphitheatre with their guts dangling in the dust; he sent one matadore (a human brute) to the hospital; and, in fact, he showed such sport as fully made amends for his former sluggishness. Other bulls behaved almost as nobly; about a score of horses and twice as many dogs were killed; and the little queen had never derived greater pleasure than she that day experienced from partaking in her favourite amusement.

"And was not that a pretty sight to set before a queen!"

But the shouts of the people and the gratification of her ma-

jesty were almost equalled on the following day, by the congenial sports provided for her entertainment. We learn, from the correspondent of the *Times*, that "between two ships a large rope hung across the sea, and in the middle was tied a live goose, whose neck was to be wrung off by men who jumped up for this purpose from boats which passed under the rope."—"When the man succeeded in wringing off the goose's neck, down he went into the water, and the boat returned to pick him up."

We had, before, heard of "The Royal Game of the Goose;" but we never, till now, knew in what it consisted. This is evidently the way in which it is played in Spain.

And now, in the language of a writer in one of the former numbers of *Dolman's Magazine*, let us ask our readers whether such a people and such a sovereign are worthy of the interest of any civilized being? Let them gag the press, and supplant, murder, shoot, and rob one another to the end of time; they will but follow their natural instincts. We have, perhaps, seen similar sports in other countries; but they originated and ended in the brutality of a few village ruffians: in Spain alone, do they represent the feeling of the nation: in Spain alone, are they partaken in by women as by men: in Spain alone, are they countenanced by the highest classes, and patronized by a youthful queen and infanta, attended by their guardian and mother.

But we feel that we are growing savage ourselves, and must really calm down the impetuosity of our wrath. Let us join the good students of Cologne, and smoke, with them, a friendly pipe. How the pale curling vapour soothes every angry feeling in our souls! It is impossible to be angry and to smoke at the same time: and this is the reason why German wives like husbands who smoke all day and who carry a pipe with them to bed. Like Mrs. Caudle, they have then all the talking to themselves. Would that some we know would take to smoking also! Women smoke in Mexico, and wherefore should they not in England? But advantageous as smoking is to the smoked, we should be much obliged to any one who would inform us in what the pleasure consists for the smoker. We have smoked many a pipe ourselves in the hope of discovering it: when we first went to Germany, we began by making ourselves as ill as Prince Albert was in crossing the Channel, that we might qualify ourselves to appreciate its unknown delights: but much as we afterwards enjoyed our pipe, we confess that they are unknown to us still. What, indeed, can be more soothing than to recline this beautiful evening, on the broad leaded summit of the Watch-tower—a large Turkish pipe languidly upheld in our

hand, its meerschäum softly resting upon our lip, while we mark the varied expanse of scenery beneath us! There, three hundred sail, long windbound in the ports of the Channel, scud before a brisk wind within cannon-shot of our beetling cliffs. Countless dolphins gambol in the waves at our feet, and seem to upheave the waters like wavelets on the stage of the opera-house. The sun sets behind the purpling wave, and blends rock, earth, and sea in a blaze of ruddy light: how exquisite it is, we say, to recline, as we do now, and to mark such a soothing scene through the fumes of a glowing pipe. But in what the pleasure of smoking itself consists, we own that we cannot say. It is beyond definition. It must be heavenly, for the "cloud-compelling" Jupiter—Nephelegerita Zeus himself—was as fond of "blowing a cloud" as any of the students of Cologne of whom we were but now speaking.

And honour be to these German students that they have risen superior to all the barbaric habits in which they so lately prided themselves, and have abolished duelling in all their universities. Conforming to the spirit of a more civilized age, they have instituted "courts of honour" to which all questionable matters are referred; and have set an example which will extend itself widely and do incalculable good in humanizing mankind. In England, we have not advanced quite so far: but after the recent butchery at Gosport, and some other affairs which were certainly very derogatory to the "honour" of the practice, duels are, with us, felt to be vulgar remedies for vulgar behaviour, and quite unsuited to the habits of gentlemen. The stamp of vulgarity once set upon them, they will soon be as completely scouted by us as they are by the German universities.

Even in France, the Court of Cassation has just reversed the judgment of another court; and has declared that murder by duelling is not agreeable to every article of the code. French courts of law are, very wisely, not hampered by precedent: a lawyer there has only to study his law; and not even a Norman can manage to squander away as much upon the "gentlemen of the long robe" as they wring from us every day. Had the custom in France been different, we would have reminded the jury who is about to try the hero who so exerted himself to check the freedom of the press, (he has since distinguished himself in a bull-fight in Spain, for which his former exploit was excellent practice), we would have reminded them of damages awarded, some six years ago, to the parents of a young man so slain in single combat. The father brought forward all the bills he had paid to schoolmasters and others for the education of his son; and all their testimonials of the progress he had made:

evidence followed to prove what a fortune a youth of such promise might have realised: and damages were awarded commensurate to the disappointment. We much admire the system of compensation: and we recommend that an attempt be made to enforce it in England, in order to check the ambitious spirits who still indulge in what their ignorance makes them think a gentlemanly resort.

And why may not offended honour itself be soothed by monied compensation? Why should not the system be introduced into our courts in all cases, as well as in those in which honour is outraged in its most sacred asylum? We doubt not that the award of three thousand pounds to be paid by the Reverend Charles Wetherall will have a chastening effect upon many a clerical reprobate. We are sorry to speak as if other such cases could occur to disgrace "the cloth:" but we really cannot forget how prominent the Anglican clergy have made themselves of late in committing all those vices which most outrage decency and disgust humanity. They are constansly imagining, *we know* how falsely, what they think must be the effects of celibacy in the unmarried Catholic clergy: the conduct of a married clergy is not a matter of imagination; our courts of law show us clearly what it is: and if we are to believe that they could and would do worse if they were not married, we think they have acted quite prudently in discountenancing celibacy.

We would not, however, charge such disgraceful doings upon the Anglican religion. They result rather from the system which, in the first place, generally sends into the Established church the greatest booby of every family, the dolt whom his parents think too stupid for any other profession; and, in the second place, from the practice which allows such dolts, when, in their own phraseology, "double-japanned," to be promoted, according to the influence of their friends and families, without any reference to their moral fitness for the ministry to which they are appointed. To these causes, we mainly attribute all the turpitude of which the public has seen some rare examples. As the Duke of Wellington said, "men go into the Church in the hope of drawing some of the great prizes it contains:" were the prizes less, Sidney Smith assured us "that it might degenerate into an assemblage of consecrated beggars." Between the two authorities, it were difficult to decide what ought to be done with such a Church. Cobbett used to say "that it was BY LAW ESTABLISHED, and that it was high time it should be repealed also by law."

But our own clergy, immaculate and holy as they are, almost to a man, are disagreeing amongst themselves on matters of dis-

cipline, or rather of policy ; and are perplexing some of the laity who hesitate to define the boundaries of spiritual submission. Dr. Murray is satisfied with the Bequests Act, which Dr. M'Hale repudiates : Dr. Crolly accepts the Collegiate Act, which Dr. Cantwell vehemently denounces. As to this latter Act, we say frankly that we have always deemed a grant of the public money and the foundation of a few third-rate colleges in Ireland in order to remove the discontent and wretchedness of the country, an expedient too absurd to have been contemplated by any public men out of the circle of the present shuffling ministry : but we have also thought that the cry against the scheme as one of godless education, because the offices of religion were not specifically provided for by it, as senseless as would have been a cry that it was one of naked education because the Act did not appoint tailors to clothe every pupil. We had no doubt that tailors would rise up to provide the pupils with clothes, and that the zealous and pious clergy of Ireland would be there to supply their religious wants.

But our present quarrel is with the conduct of some of the laity in reference to this question. Lord Clifford has published a letter in which he says that, having been publicly denounced by the Archbishop of Tuam as an enemy to Ireland, he is thereby incapacitated from acting as a legislator on this bill :—" It would be highly indecorous in me," he says, " to take part in the committee of the House of Lords on the clauses of the bill, ordered to be read a second time, and to go into committee after such a public denunciation." Again, when this bill was discussed in the House of Commons, Mr. J. O'Connell called Mr. Wyse to account for advocating it after it had been disapproved of by the Irish Bishops ; and made the following startling declaration :—" If Mr. Wyse differed from the Roman Catholic Bishops on this subject, his sole appeal was to Rome ; and yet he brought his differences from his bishops prominently forward in the House of Commons, and thus placed himself in practical rebellion to his religious pastors."

Now we can only wonder that every member in the House did not rise up to protest against such a doctrine :—Protestants and Dissenters, as insulting to the dignity of Parliament ; Catholics, as incapacitating them from fulfilling the duties of legislators, to perform which, they had been sent to Parliament. Here was a mere question of temporal policy : a question whether the government should found colleges of which Catholics might or might not avail themselves according to their own pleasure : and, in such a question, was any power or authority on earth to fetter the judgment of an English legislator in either house ?

The pretence is monstrous. Had it been the plan of the government to *compel* Catholic young men to enter the colleges against the will of their parents and clergy, there might have been some grounds for Mr. O'Connell's charge: but when such an intrusion was offered to the discussion of a mere money vote, a mere grant for certain purposes of which Catholics might avail themselves or not at their own choice, we can only marvel that Sir James Graham met the appeal so calmly as he did: he "observed that this was neither the time nor the place to discuss the extent of the authority which a conscientious Roman Catholic owed to his bishop. It must have been painful to the house to hear that part of Mr. J. O'Connell's speech in which he declared that Mr. Wyse, in his supreme legislative capacity as a member of that house, was not at liberty to exercise his judgment independently when it was opposed to that of his bishops. He should despair of the future condition of Ireland if he could believe that Mr. Wyse had forfeited the respect of his constituents by the plain avowal of his sentiments."

Well, indeed, might any rational man despair of the welfare of Ireland were such doctrines to be upheld! For our own parts, we scruple not to say that we would never give a vote to place a Catholic in Parliament if we believed that he would be there hampered by the doctrine laid down by Mr. John O'Connell. We know not whether such a charge of possible inefficiency was brought against Mr. Maxwell at the election for Kirkcudbright: but we here repudiate its applicability in the name of the Catholics of England. We know our duty as churchmen; but we also know our duty as citizens; and we will not allow the one to infringe upon or neutralize the other.

*From the Watch Tower,
24th Aug. 1845.*

CATHOLIC MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Magazine having now acquired a wide circulation as the monthly organ of English Catholics, for whom we have owned that it was established, a wish has been expressed that we should collect and preserve such facts and intelligence as may be more immediately connected with the Catholic religion. We have resolved to dedicate a portion of our space to so praiseworthy an object. We shall be obliged to our friends if they will forward us information, on the different local matters connected with religion, which may come under their notice; and we shall be glad to avail ourselves of their kindness either in our recapitulation of the Catholic interests of the month, or in those pages which we intend to dedicate to the letters of our correspondents.

We shall make arrangements with our correspondents abroad to secure from them the latest intelligence which they may deem interesting to the Catholic portion of our readers.

RESTORATION OF THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY IN ENGLAND.—We understand that the results of the recent meeting of the Vicars Apostolic in London which are about to be communicated to the clergy, will be calculated to prepare them for the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England. Several of the right reverend prelates have been long supposed to be anxious advocates of this measure, than which, in our opinion, nothing could be more conducive to the well-being of religion in our country. Owning, as we gratefully do, the obligations we are under to the missionaries who have preserved the Catholic religion amongst us, we shall hail with delight a return to that older system of ecclesiastical government and ministration, which the necessities of the times now so imperatively call for. The present position of England certainly demands a different system from that which is suited to the pagans of another hemisphere. We shall be glad to receive communications on this subject.

CATHOLICS IN PARLIAMENT.—So many centuries have elapsed since a Catholic has been called upon to represent an independent English constituency in parliament, that we have heard, with peculiar interest, of the requisition that has been presented to Mr. Beste of Botleigh Grange by the liberals of the influential town of Southampton. From a report of a meeting of the Reform Association of the borough on the 21st instant, we hear that they have passed a vote of confidence in the political principles of Mr. Beste, and that he has acceded to a request that he should become a *candidate* on the first vacancy in the representation. The principles which he avows in his speech appear to be Whig “and something more.” He is a free-trader, although not an anti-corn law leaguer; and he blames the League that they do not make sufficient allowance for the natural fears of those whose all is dependent upon agriculture. On the principles of civil and religious

liberty, he is opposed to the grant to Maynooth or to the endowment of any clergy out of the taxes levied from the people—"an expedient reserved," he says, "for this boasted nineteenth century." In advocating civil and religious freedom throughout the world, he maintained the right of every man to use the mind with which God has endowed him: "he who will not think," he said, "is a bigot; he who dare not think, is a coward; he who cannot think, is a fool. Let every man," he continued, "use his own judgment without favour or hindrance from the state until he finds that there are mysteries beyond the domain of thought, and before which the mind, however exalted, should learn to abdicate its power."

We are glad to see Catholics coming forward in public life, and advocating different political principles with the independence of Englishmen. That a Catholic country gentleman should have won the confidence of the liberal constituency of such a place as Southampton, proves that the time is come at which we may awake from the slumber of ages, and may take our part in the popular interests of the day. Let us no longer retire as if we were of a different race from other Englishmen.

DR. WISEMAN.—We much regret to hear that the improvement in the health of the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, consequent upon his journey to Spain, has not been of such continuance as the friends of religion could wish. We understand that his Lordship is obliged to rest from every duty and study; and that he expects to find benefit from a tour in Scotland.

The health of the Right Rev. Dr. Baggs is, also, understood to give much anxiety to his friends.

CONVERSIONS.—MR. WARD.—We have the pleasure to announce that, before this notice meets the eye of the reader, both the Rev. Mr. Ward and his bride will, in all probability, have had the happiness of being received into the Catholic Church. Other important conversions will soon be announced. The example of Mr. Capes will also be extensively followed by those whose respect he had so deservedly won.

PROFESSIONS AT THE CONVENT OF MERCY AT BERMONDSEY.—On Thursday last, the 21st inst., Miss Beecham and three other ladies made their profession in this convent. Miss Beecham had long dedicated herself and her property to religion; and with her three friends, is now about to found a parent house at Cannington, from whence branches will be sent to Bristol and to Tiverton. We understand that these ladies are considered, by those best accustomed to judge, as most eminently qualified for the noble undertaking to which they have dedicated themselves.

THE NEW GERMAN SECTS.—"To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*.—Leipsic, Aug. 20, 1845.—The riots have been most unfortunate to the cause of religion. People here are no longer as strongly exasperated as they were against the prince: it is admitted that the rioters were throwing stones at the windows of the hotel in which he was; that they attacked the troops who came to defend him: they cannot, therefore, blame the soldiers for having fired upon the mob in the first instance, though many think that it was hardly necessary to discharge *five rounds of musketry* against them. But the evil is done: death has been

inflicted: and the new Protestants already claim from their countrymen the honour of martyrs.

"All this is unfortunate; for it gives the new sectarians an importance which they much wanted to acquire. For you have no idea how much less they are thought of in Germany than they appear to be deemed of in other countries! Here, all the world knows that, amongst German Protestants, no settled religious creed existed. The King of Prussia had thrust upon his subjects a new religion, which *he* knew to be true because, like Queen Elizabeth, he had made it himself. But other people were not so well satisfied of its orthodoxy. In consequence of this doubt, a philosophic rationalism and an indifference to all religion had sprung up in many; but the great mass of the people felt dissatisfied: and as reformation is never right the first time it reforms, they longed for something which should bear somewhat more of the stamp of truth. The denomination given to the new sect was admirably calculated to gratify all these feelings: as "German," it flattered their patriotic aspirations for a national religion; and as "Catholic," it met their secret conviction that truth was not national but universal. Amongst German Protestants, therefore, the new doctrines made considerable progress. But very few Catholics were led astray by them. These naturally felt that it was a matter of perfect indifference whether schismatics believed in Luther, or Calvin, or the King of Prussia, or Ronge, or Czersky, or Pribil. In fact, the three latter were already quarrelling amongst themselves: and, in all probability, the movement would soon have died away insensibly.

"I fear that the deaths inflicted by the military during the riots will reunite the disputants. The King of Saxony has a difficult part to play: a Catholic sovereign ruling a Protestant people, he is obliged to be most wary not to give the discontented any pretext for accusing him of partiality. As yet, his conduct has been conciliatory: and Prince John has, prudently, left the country. The commander of the city guards declares that the prince did not order the soldiers to fire.

"Some of the Catholic papers are crying out against the Protestant superintendent of Dresden, because he has informed the Rongists that the validity of baptisms conferred by them would be recognized, on condition that, in administering the rite, they complied with the essential conditions of Christianity. I see nothing to quarrel with in this determination. It is quite consistent with the rule of the Catholic Church, which so many dissenters in England are trying to enforce upon ignorant Anglican clergymen. But Catholic writers ought to know better.—Z."

MR. MAXWELL AND THE "LIBERALS" OF KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.
—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—

"SIR,—In the *Dumfries Courier*, Mr. Maxwell has published an address announcing his retirement from the contest for the representation of Kirkcudbrightshire—a contest "the result of which," he says, "I grieve to find would, in my case, turn far more upon religious than political feelings. Could I have anticipated this, nothing would have induced me to come forward at the risk of creating any division in the Liberal party, which, in so far as it exists at this moment, will, I trust, be at once healed by my retirement."

If this be the case, and I have no reason to doubt Mr. Maxwell's assertion, if the contest would have turned upon his religious rather than upon his political principles, I must think that Mr. Maxwell has betrayed the cause of his brother Catholics in England, by retiring out of deference to the Liberal bigots who objected to him on account of his religion. Of what use was the emancipation act, if Catholics are to be still deemed socially, if not legally, excluded from the privileges of citizens? Mr. Maxwell ought to have put the liberality of the electors to the test. They boast much of it. At every gathering, they toast "Civil and religious liberty": is the sentiment to be reserved for after-dinner

explosion? Neither cheers repeated three times three, nor even nine times nine, will convince a rational being that they are honest men, if these advocates of religious equality withhold their votes from a Catholic on the score of religion.

"But was Mr. Maxwell to have retired because the electors of Kirkcudbrightshire, the toasters of religious liberty, were bigots in heart? Was it for him to fear "creating a division in the Liberal party" by keeping his ground? The Liberal party, forsooth! Had a Tory profited by their divisions, would it have been Mr. Maxwell's fault? He should have replied boldly, to the cowardly advice which urged him to retire, "Now is the time for the electors to prove the truth of their professions. Let those who object to me on the score of religion, who think themselves entitled to pry into my conscience while they are professed supporters of religious freedom, abstain from voting, or even vote against me, if they will. We shall establish a great principle: and if we are beaten upon it, we shall have done more good by the contest than could be achieved by the election of a score of Liberals, whose religious principles the 'Liberal' electors have had the impertinence to inquire into and to approve."

"Mr. Maxwell was ill advised; and has behaved with the timidity and forbearance of an English Catholic. The consequence is that, so far as in him lay, he has sanctioned the opinion that "Liberal" electors have a right to inquire into the religion of public men; and that a Catholic is unfit to represent an English constituency. Had he stood his ground, his "liberal" supporters would have put their religious scruples into their pockets; or after being beaten for them, would have learned to be honest and consistent men for the future. Mr. Maxwell has betrayed the cause of true liberality and of his brother Catholics: and has made me, Sir, almost ashamed to subscribe myself

"Your obedient servant,

"A CATHOLIC ELECTOR."

In the hope of benefiting the object of the Institute, we gladly republish the following letter which has been sent to us, as a private individual.—ED. D. M.

"London, 16, Mansfield-street, July 28, 1845.

"DEAR SIR,—An attempt is making to unite all classes of Catholics through England and Wales in a general effort to afford religious education to the children of poor Catholic parents. The returns show that upwards of 30,000 children are now destitute of that blessing. It is hoped that even the poor will be able to contribute one shilling annually towards remedying this distressing state of Catholic education, and that the more wealthy will subscribe according to their means. I shall be happy to be favoured with your sentiments on this subject, and how far you may be willing to subscribe annually to its support. There are two accounts open at the London Joint Stock Bank, Pall-mall; the one, Education Fund only, the other, Catholic Institute Fund, embracing, together with education, the publication of Catholic books and tracts, and the protection of the religion of the poor.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES LANGDALE."

STONYHURST.—At the matriculations for July in the London university, Stonyhurst College sent up for examination nine students, who were all in the first division. From Carlow College there were three students—Barron, Lawlor, and Sugrue—and all in the first division.

CHINA.—A letter has been received from Mgr. de Bérís, bishop of Nankin, from which we gather the following account of the state of Christianity in the eastern provinces of China. In the province of Kiang-sou, which constitutes the diocese of Dr. de Bérís, one-tenth of the population has embraced Catholicism. In the town, which contains 300,000 inhabitants, there are 50,000 Catholics: in Nankin,

there are 80,000 out of a population of 1,200,000. The three maritime provinces of Ton-Kiang, Tche-Kiang, and Chantong, contain more than a million neophytes. It is these facts which have compelled the manderins to relax the rigour of former edicts against Christians, and Dr. de Bérís entertains but little doubt that, ere long, Christianity will be openly tolerated in China.—*Univers*.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, BRIDGWATER.—We regret to hear that it has been found necessary that Mr. Capes should relinquish all claim upon the church which he had founded in this town. We, last month, recorded what one of our reviewers terms “a painful fact”—namely, that since the submission of that gentleman to the Catholic Church, cartloads of poor people went every Sunday for instruction to the Catholic chapel at Carrington. Mr. Capes is endeavouring to meet this wish of the people of Bridgwater to learn the truth. He is exerting himself to raise funds to erect a Catholic Church in Bridgwater; and in the meantime, a temporary building is to be raised *immediately* for the celebration of Divine service, and for the instruction of the thousands who refuse to attend any place of worship, since his secession from it has made them suspicious of Protestantism.

We are delighted to learn that the style of this temporary building is to be copied from a railway terminus—a style of building which we have always thought most appropriate for those who wished to preach their doctrines to the multitude, and who had not sufficient funds to erect spacious cathedrals. Certainly no one was ever yet converted by carying and gilding: and we have always deemed that the first object of missionaries ought to be to afford comfortable space for all enquirers, and the next to remove the shilling barrier at the door, which conscience or poverty prevent so many from passing. These were the opinions of the late reverend Confessor in the English Catholic Church, Bishop Baines; and we trust that they will be acted upon in the temporary, if not in the permanent building, that is to be erected at Bridgwater.

The railway terminus at Bath, if enclosed at both ends, would answer the purposes of a Catholic priesthood, which, with all due regard to decorous ministration, should wish to give the greatest possible accommodation at the least possible expense, better than any building raised since the first Roman Basilica was opened to Christian worshippers—aye, and better even than it.

THE JESUITS IN FRANCE.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—“Paris, 23rd August.—The question of the Jesuits becomes daily more mysterious. Daily the assertion, the official assertion of the government, that it had obtained from Rome the concessions which it demanded, becomes more and more contrasted with the counter-assertions which are put forth from unofficial sources. Most thinking men are getting tired of doubting whom they should believe: and as the government has made a public declaration, the truth of which is borne out by the conduct of the Jesuits themselves in closing their houses, they will no longer hear it opposed by whispered and private assertions to the contrary. If the ministry has spoken falsely, as it is pretended it has, why do not those who charge it with the lie put forth boldly a counter-assertion—a statement of what they own to be facts? Until this is done, and while both parties have opportunities of speaking openly, the plain speaker will be

believed rather than him who contradicts him in whispers and in private letters to partisans.

"This is the opinion which is formed by men of the world and of the world's ways; and they are strengthened in it by seeing that the acts of the Jesuits, in suppressing their noviciates, accord entirely with the public declaration of the minister. These are not days in which a respectable government would give the sanction of its authority to a statement which could be so easily proved to be false. People say, 'let Rome deny as frankly as Paris has asserted, and we will then see who is most worthy of credit; but until it does so, we believe the plain speaker.'

"I am sorry to say that the matter is very injurious to the Jesuits, and through them, to religion. There lack not philosophers who assert the justice of the popular interpretation profanely attributed to the word, by calling attention to the evident double-dealing which characterises this transaction. I cannot now prove with whom the fault rests: but it is certainly unfortunate that opponents of the Jesuits should have such an argument put into their mouths.

"Another party is also rising up in Paris which professes to hope that religion will rise the more triumphant from this attack upon its advanced sentinels. They think it unwise to speak and write as if the cause of Catholicism was indissolubly connected with that of a society which has most unjustly, but yet most unfortunately, acquired a bad name with the multitude. I trust that, for the good of all parties, these matters will be cleared up before long.

"J. DE M."

ABBÉ AND MRS. CONOLLY.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*:

"Rome, August 10, 1845.—Abbé Conolly of the United States has just sung his first mass, and has given the holy Communion to his interesting young wife, who has begun her novitiate in a convent. She has lived there for some months, seeing her two little children for some few hours only each day in the garden attached to the church. Their history is a romantic one. Both are converts, as you know; and have parted, by mutual consent, to dedicate themselves to the service of God in religion. It is understood that Lord Shrewsbury takes charge of the eldest boy. In my next note, I hope to be able to state how it is that Mr. Conolly has been ordained before his wife had positively taken the vows. Should she hereafter refuse to take them and reclaim her husband, the authorities here would be in an awkward predicament. They would have to release him from his priestly engagement. It is surely to be lamented that young persons should be permitted to bind themselves to callings, incompatible with their matrimonial engagements, during what may prove to be only a fit of exalted enthusiasm.

"R."

HABITS OF ENGLISH CATHOLIC PRIESTS.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—

"SIR,—In the last number of your Magazine, the reviewer who notices Dr. Oliver's *Biography of English Jesuits*, remarks upon the learned author's having omitted to assume, on the title-page of his book, the designation proper to doctors in divinity. In the case of Dr. Oliver, the omission was surely unimportant: his rank in the Church is known as widely as his talents are respected. I agree, however, that it would be better, for the sake of example, that all should conform to the established usages of society. Our clergy often neglect these too much. In the essentials of the priesthood, in the essentials of learning, we have very many excellent men of piety and ability who, unwisely as I think, despise the habits of mere gentlemen and the usages of society.

"Why, for example, do they so often deviate from the practice of other educated Englishmen in their mode of pronouncing Biblical words of constant recurrence? How many of them constantly say Abreham instead of Abraham, Isreel instead of Israel, Samāria instead of Samaria? For the sake of our

separated brethren, who are often not aware of the real scholarship of persons who thoughtlessly adopt the pronunciation they so often hear from the uneducated with whom their ministry compels them to associate, it is to be regretted that their accentuation should not be more *soignée*.

"Led, also, imperceptibly to adopt the tones of those whom they assist by their pious offices, how often, in the public prayers, do they not say *me* instead of *my*—pronouncing "oh my God" as if the words were "oh me God"! The word *eleison*, also, is, almost always, pronounced as if it contained only three syllables. Musical composers have given it the proper number: and choristers often know not how to bring them in, except by rounding the word into *eloison*. They ought to be able to learn better from the pronunciation at the altar.

"Let our clergy assume the rank and style that belong to them. Modesty in such matters is misplaced. Why do they so constantly wear *blue* great-coats? No laws would now be enforced against them for dressing like priests. Were our dignified ecclesiasties to adopt the dress of their rank, much good would result from it: shovel hat, black apron, and all else that is deemed dignified in Anglican clergymen, would add weight in society to their ministrations.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

"August, 16, 1845."

"M. C."

ANGLICAN MISSIONARIES.—At length it is proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and others to found a college to educate and train missionaries to propagate amongst the heathen the doctrines of the Church of England. Some difficulty is anticipated in finding young men willing to undertake the duty from amongst those who, as the Duke of Wellington stated, enter the Establishment in the hope of drawing some of the great prizes it offers to speculators: but the *English Churchman*, organ of the project, expects that proper subjects may be drawn from the endowed grammar-schools and other inferior sources of religious ardour. The college is to be in Canterbury, and is to be supported by voluntary contributions.

MARRIAGES.—On the 29th July, at the Catholic Church, Ingatestone Hall, by the Rev. Charles Patrick King, John Bernard Blount, Esq., son of the late William Blount, Esq., of Herefordshire, to Mary Ellen Gertrude, second daughter of Charles King, Esq. of Broomfield-place, Essex.

DEATHS.—On the 15th ult., at Malta, suddenly, Dominick William O'Reilly, Esq., of Kildangan Castle, Ireland.

30th July, at the residence of her uncle, Walter Blount, Esq., St. John's Wood, Julia Agnes Mary, daughter of Thomas Nolan, Esq.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Anne Titcomb. of Friar-street, Reading, who departed this life Aug. 16, aged 48 years.—R.L.P.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.—The owner of this beautiful remainder of Catholic times, Miss Lawrence, died on the 30th July, at her seat of Studley Royal, in the grounds of the Abbey.

THE VATICAN.—We hear from Rome, that his Holiness the Pope has issued an order opening to the public, for the future, the department of printed books in the library of the Vatican, and for the preparation of a catalogue of its contents for their use. This measure has given great satisfaction to the Italian *savans*; for, although the collection in question consists only of some 35,000 printed volumes, there are amongst them many rare, and some unique works—and a great number contain marginal notes by celebrated men.—*La Presse*.

SPAIN.—The *Herald* states that M. Castillo-y-Ayensa, the Spanish envoy at Rome, had just received from his government some fresh resolutions relative to the dotation of the clergy, and which it was thought were of a nature to render more probable a speedy reconciliation.

THE DEVIL CAN QUOTE SCRIPTURE.—During the sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas at Warsaw the Catholic Bishops having been presented to him, the Emperor demanded of the governor whether he was satisfied with them. The prince having replied in the affirmative, his Majesty said, "I am not so ; I know that many ecclesiastics forget that their duties impose on them tolerance and mildness towards their fellow-citizens, to whatever sect they may belong. There are many who, by their words and their actions, do not fulfil this duty. I wish to have tolerance and concord in my states, but I promise to protect the Catholic religion against the schism which prevails around us." The Emperor conversed with great affability with the head of the Evangelical Church, and asked for information relative to the Jewish Hospital.—*Frankfort Journal*.

The state of Poland becomes daily more distressing. The people are driven in crowds to the schismatic churches ; and when there are registered as belonging to the Greek religion, and treated as apostates, if they do not adhere to it. The Bishops are endowed by the Emperor with orders, on the badge of which he is declared to be the rightful head of the only true Church. The consecration of all new Bishops for Poland is to take place at St. Petersburg, on the plea that Warsaw is now only a provincial town.—*Univers*.

THE RENT : THE REPEAL BAROMETER :—

For the week ending 20th July	£319	18	1
27th July	338	0	4
4th August	267	17	11
11th August	377	8	3
18th August	224	13	4

ENDOWMENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The endowment of the Roman Catholic Church is no longer a matter of principle, that has already been decided ; it is no longer a question of expediency, but, in the opinion of every rational man, it is a measure of downright necessity. The source from which the means to carry out the endowment is to be derived is a subject for the consideration of the English people ; they may insist upon the retention of the property of the Establishment, and its sole application to Protestant Church purposes, and liberally put their hands into their pockets and pay from the Consolidated Fund the ministers of the Roman Catholic religion ; but even then the success of the measure, as an efficient one for the tranquillity of Ireland will be most questionable. The Roman Catholic Church may be appeased, but the evil day, as regards the temporalities of the Irish Protestant Church, will only have been postponed. The opposition to the existence of her unnecessary wealth will only have been transferred to other and more powerful hands—all men of all parties will then conceive it an injustice that they should have their pockets

picked, even through the medium of the general taxation of the country, to pay the ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, while they are also compelled to maintain an establishment so utterly disproportioned to the duties it is called on to perform.—*From the Oxford and Cambridge Review, the organ of the "Young England" party.*

EFFECTS OF VOLUNTARYISM.—After raising 600,000*l.* or 700,000*l.* for churches, the Free Church people of Scotland determined recently to have a college, and twenty individuals instantly put down their names for 1000*l.* each for the purpose. Since then, they have commenced a subscription to build parsonages for their ministers, and in a few weeks 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.* has been raised for that purpose.—*Globe.*

MR. DYCE SOMBRE.—This gentleman, whose affair has occupied so much attention in the fashionable world, is again before the public. Since his arrival here he has enlisted much of the public sympathy; his case has undergone the most scrupulous inquiry before the highest medical authorities of this city, who are unanimous in pronouncing him to be in perfect mental health. We understand that the affair will be again brought before the public in London, and will no doubt occupy some of the vacation hours of the gentlemen of the long robe.—*Brussels British Gazette.*

THE QUEEN AT THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.—From the top of one of the towers the royal flag waved, and, singular to say, from the crane which was left by the workmen at the top of the tower when the work was left unfinished in the very early part of the 16th century.

When the cathedral was illuminated on Tuesday night, the effect, as seen from the river, was imposing and brilliant, but, seen from a nearer point of view, exquisitely beautiful. It was lit, not merely with plain, but with coloured lights, and, by a little skill, a general colour was suffused over the building, a sort of pink with a glare of bright orange thrown on it. All the exquisitely delicate tracery of the architecture was thus brought out clearly, and the building looked more airy and elegant even than by day. It looked as if it were made of very thin transparent stone, and lit from within. The whole effect was beautiful in the extreme.

As the queen now passed round the cathedral a vast crowd of persons lined the way. They behaved with the utmost decorum. As soon as the circuit of the exterior had been made, her Majesty and the other distinguished personages left their carriages and entered the cathedral. The bells were set tolling at the time, and their blended tones, more deep, and at the same time more soft than those of the finest organ, produced the grandest harmony conceivable. The choir of the cathedral is remarkable as one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture extant. Here also is the famous shrine of the three kings of Cologne. All these things, and many more, which are familiar to travellers, and the circumstantial particulars of which are to be found in the guide-books, were visited by the Royal party.—*The Times.*

NEW CHURCHES IN ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE.—In a few weeks another new church in St. George's, Hanover-square, will be

open for Divine worship, making the fourth which has been built in that portion of the parish comprising the estate of the Marquis of Westminster, within the last few years. The new church, now nearly completed, is situated on the west side of Chester-square, Eaton-place, and is a neat structure of the old style of English architecture, with a pointed steeple. It is to be dedicated to St. Michael, and is built to accommodate about 1,400 persons with seats, out of which number 400 are to be free. The consecration of this structure will take place in about three weeks, by the Bishop of London. In that portion of the parish on the south side of Vauxhall-bridge-road, Pimlico, extending to the Thames, the sites for two new churches are already marked out. Whilst the friends to the Established Church in this parish have been erecting new churches, the Roman Catholics have not been idle, for at the present time a new chapel, of the Gothic style of architecture, is in course of erection, and rapidly approaching completion, in Farm-street-mews, at the back of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square. This chapel is to give accommodation to between 1,400 and 1,500 persons.—*Globe*.

ST. CROSS HOSPITAL.—Although the recent Archæological meeting in this city (Winchester) may be pronounced a decided failure, particularly so with reference to the previously-formed expectation that it would open up new sources of information, and throw additional light on the antiquities and history of Winchester, yet it did the state some service by calling attention to the mismanagement of St. Cross Hospital. For this the thanks of the public are due to the British Archæological Society. Should the wedge thus inserted be driven home, they will have done far more to benefit their countrymen than if they had exhumed the bones of Hengist himself, or proved to demonstration that King Arthur and his knights actually did eat their mutton from the round table suspended in the County Hall at Winchester.

The failure of the society in adding to or extending the information already existing as to the antiquities of the city, may be accounted for without imputation or blame to them. Their researches were upon a spot already explored, and chronicled in the pages of one of the most accomplished and profound antiquaries this country has produced—Dr. Milner, the author of the *History of Winchester*, who resided for many years in the city whose history and antiquity he has rendered famous. With zeal for antiquarian research only equalled by his extensive knowledge, he explored every spot, and traced every incident which connects Winchester with our national history during the period of its occupation by the Celtic Britons, their invaders and conquerors the Romans, by the Saxons, by the Normans, and their descendants. The papers read at the late congress relative to Winchester—we may particularly notice those on the cathedral and Arthur's round table—bear evidence that Milner has collected all the facts as well as fictions that can be obtained with reference to the antiquities of Winchester, and that later antiquaries, while professing to throw a new light on subjects connected with "the ancient city," only tread in his steps, repeat his arguments, and join in his conclusions. In noticing, however, the

abuses of St. Cross, the Archæologists broke more new and interesting ground than when groping for bones in a Celtic barrow.

St. Cross Hospital was founded in 1132, by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester. The founder's institution requires that 13 poor men, so decayed and past their strength that they cannot maintain themselves, shall abide in the hospital, who shall receive daily an allowance of good wheat bread, good beer, three messes each for dinner, and one for supper. Beside these, 100 other poor shall be received daily at dinner-time, and receive each a loaf of coarse bread, one mess, and a proper allowance of beer. The founder ordered other charities to be distributed to the poor in general, as the revenues of the hospital could bear, the whole of which was to be applied to such uses. We find by an investigation which took place in William of Wykeham's time, that in addition to the 13 brethren, and 100 poor fed daily, 300 poor were received and fed at the hospital on certain days in the year, being August 9th, the anniversary of the founder's death, and six holidays. We find that after the death of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, his successor, made a great addition to the revenues of the hospital, for the purpose of maintaining 35 more brethren and three sisters. He created the present building, with the exception of the east angle and the church; but, although his endowment partially, if not wholly, remains, its distribution is abandoned, the present arrangement being that of the original founder much modified. The 13 brethren are now maintained, and have an allowance daily of a loaf of bread, three quarts of beer, and "a mess" of meat for dinner, besides which a money payment of 2s. per week is made them instead of milk and other trifles, and on certain days they have extra allowances in accordance with the rules of the endowment. Instead of feeding 100 men daily, giving to each a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage, the modern dispensers of this charity give away daily about one gallon of beer and two small loaves to any claimant as long as it lasts—a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each. In lieu of the feeding 300 poor at stated intervals, gifts called "doles" are distributed, on which occasion a small loaf or a halfpenny is given to all claimants generally, to the amount of 500. In addition to this, a chaplain and steward are salaried at stipends, we believe, of 50*l.* a-year, certainly not too much. For the sake of clearness, then, we will place the injunctions of the founder and the ancient dispensation of the revenues, in juxtaposition with that of modern times, that the public may judge how far mismanagement exists :—

ANCIENT DISBURSEMENT.

Each of the 13 brethren had daily one loaf of good wheat bread of 3*lb.* 4*oz.* weight, one gallon and a half of good small beer, a sufficient quantity of pottage, three messes at dinner—namely, one called "mortrell," made of milk and "hartlebread," one of flesh or fish, and one "pittance," as

MODERN DISBURSEMENT.

Each of the 13 brethren receive on five days only in each week one loaf of wheat bread, of 22*oz.* weight, three quarts of good small beer daily, and meat, averaging to each man about 1*lb.* daily, when cooked. They receive, as in ancient times, extra allowances of meat, &c. on six holidays

the day should require, and one mess for supper. On six days in the year extra allowances of bread, ale, and meat, were given them. One hundred poor were fed daily—each had a loaf of coarser bread of 5 marks (about 22oz. weight), 3 quarts of small beer, and a sufficient quantity of pottage. On six holidays in the year 300 men received each a loaf of a better kind of bread and a double mess. Besides this, there were maintained in the hospital a steward, his clerk, two servants, two teams of six horses, and three carters.

in the year, and have now a weekly allowance of 2s. in money. Instead of feeding 100 poor daily, as ordered by the founder, two loaves of wheat bread, weighing 22oz. each, with one gallon of beer, are distributed daily at the porter's lodge, to the first comers, in proportions of a slice of bread and a horn of beer to each person. On six holidays in the year, instead of feeding 300 persons with "a loaf each, and a double mess of the same sort as the ordinary allowance to the brethren," the modern managers distribute 500 penny loaves to those who choose to scramble for them, the "dole," as it is called, presenting a scene of riot and confusion painful to witness.

To those who read these statements, and compare the vast difference between the ancient and modern management of this very remarkable charity, it will be at once apparent how niggardly is the present almsgiving as compared with the past. The first question would be, have the present controllers the same means, and has the property of the hospital not been swept away by the political storms which, since the foundation and endowment of it, have swept over the land? Upon this head we can answer, that so far from such being the case, the hospital possesses not only the whole of the endowment of De Blois, but a greater part, if not all, of that of Beaufort, the distribution of the latter having been long since abandoned. It will also be seen, that although thirteen brethren are kept, their allowance is very inferior to that of ancient time; while the daily feeding of 100 men is represented by the daily distribution of two small loaves and a gallon of beer: and the decent feeding, six times a year, of 300 persons, is represented by a scramble by a mob for 500 penny loaves. While this mockery of the liberal hospitality of the past is practised, the property is not only much larger in extent than it was in the time of Wykeham, whose investigation of the hospital affairs established the management we have quoted,—the property is, we repeat, not only much larger, but enormously increased in value. The present chief source of its income is from the great tithes of several valuable parishes now commuted into fixed rents. Of these it possesses Fareham, Twyford, Owslebury, Hurstbourne, and some adjoining parishes; those of St. Cross, with the lands adjoining the hospital, let at rack rents, and many valuable properties in houses, mills, &c. let, as are the tithes, on lease for lives.

The great tithes of "Crondal and several other churches or parishes" still belong to it. They form the large property held under the hospital by the Marquis of Winchester, and its value may be judged of from the fact that a few years since, a new life was "put in," as it is termed, the fine levied being *eleven thousand pounds*, nearly seventeen parts out of twenty of which went into the pocket of the reverend

master, the Earl of Guilford, who netted as his share of the spoil upwards of nine thousand pounds sterling! Who would not be a bishop's son and master of a public charity? But this is not the only prize the noble earl draws from the lottery of St. Cross Hospital. Valuable as are the great tithes of "Cronchal and other parishes," they are exceeded in value by property held under the hospital by Lord Portsmouth, and which consists of the great tithes of Hurtsbourne and adjoining parishes. We are not at present able to give the exact value of this property; but from the fact alone that a quit rent of 123*l.* is paid annually upon it, it may be inferred that it is very valuable. The tithes of Fareham, Owslebury, and Twyford having been recently commuted, their value is placed beyond dispute: they alone would produce to the hospital, if the present mode of leasing them for lives upon payment of fines was abandoned, upwards of *two thousand pounds per annum*, a sum nearly four times what is now expended upon the hospital; the expenditure, with the exception of repairs, not exceeding 600*l.* a-year. This system of leasing the property for lives, is an ingenious contrivance for enriching the master of the hospital and defrauding the poor. As the far greater portion of the large properties of the hospital are so leased, we will take one, and the mode in which it is managed will illustrate the whole. Not many years since, the property held under it by the Marquis of Winchester, being the tithes of Cronchal and other parishes, with which Beaufort endowed the hospital, became fineable by the falling in of a life. The fine paid was, as we have before stated, *eleven thousand pounds*. It is, therefore, fair to assume that the annual value of this property, if let at rack rent, must be, at the least, 2,000*l.* It is clear, then, that the poor ought to receive, in accordance with the terms and intention of Beaufort's endowment, from this property, 2,000*l.* per annum—more than three times what is at present expended upon the whole hospital. What they do actually receive is the quit rents, and does not, we believe, exceed 10*l.* per annum. How is this magnificent property then disposed of? In this way: It is leased for three lives. Upon the dropping of a life a new one is put in, as it is termed, and a heavy fine levied. We have seen the amount in the late instance was 11,000*l.* When this occurs, the money is thus disposed of: Each of the brethren gets *two pence* in the pound, the steward sixpence in the pound, and the chaplain sixpence; the master taking the remaining *sixteen shillings and ten pence!* in the pound as his share of the spoil. This is repeated as often as a life drops; and the only portion of a property worth 2,000*l.* per annum, bequeathed for the express purpose of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, which is applied to that purpose, is *ten pounds* per annum. When this system of "leasing" began, or by whom invented, we know not; but a more ingenious contrivance for robbing a charity was never concocted.—*Hampshire Independent*.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT ON POLITICAL MATTERS ASSERTED BY LORD CAMOYS.—The following correspondence was read at the Conciliation Hall on the 16th August:—

"Henley Stonor, Thames, Aug. 3rd, 1845.—My dear Sir,—I am

sorry to find that in your late speech at Conciliation Hall you have animadverted with some severity upon my conduct, when I presented the petition of the Catholics of Cork against the Irish Colleges Bill. Every member of Parliament must be aware, though others may not be, that it is the custom—I might almost say the duty—of those entrusted with proper petitions, to present them whether concurring in, or differing from, the prayers they contain. I did not concur in the prayer of the petition in question, but as I was anxious to do every justice to the petitioners, I read the petition at length, and I stated I did so on account of its importance, because I did not concur in its prayer, and also especially because it was the only document that I was aware of that I had brought before the House of Lords, the official knowledge that the Irish Catholic Bishops had unanimously condemned the Bill as, in their opinion ‘dangerous to faith and morals.’ I mention the above, to let you know the exact course of conduct I pursued with regard to the petition from Cork, but without the least desire to contend that I was right in supporting the Bill, or wrong in not handing over to some opponent the petition entrusted to me.

“Believe me always, my dear Sir, yours sincerely,
 “John O’Connell, Esq., M.P.” “CAMOYS.”

And the reply was:—

“2, Charlemont-terrace, Kingstown, Dublin, Aug. 6, 1845.

“My Lord,—I beg to acknowledge your candid, high-toned, and obliging communication of the 3rd inst.

“We, in Ireland, have had such bitter experience of neglect, insult, and hostility from the Imperial Parliament, that it is with great difficulty we can bring ourselves to send forward a petition even on the most urgent occasion. We are consequently peculiarly sensitive of any act on the part of our few friends in Parliament that may tend to encourage our enemies to repeat their insulting conduct.

“I acknowledge myself to blame for not having ascertained your lordship’s sentiments before I caused the petition to be forwarded to you.

“I beg to say that I will, as I think it is your lordship’s due, read your letter in the Association next Monday, and this my reply, unless I hear from you to the contrary; and I trust you will allow me to subscribe myself with sincere esteem faithfully yours,

“The Lord Camoys, &c., &c., Stonor.” “JOHN O’CONNELL.”

THE JESUITS.—Very serious events are imminent in Switzerland. Never was there more extraordinary fatuity or gullibility than the “Liberals,” about to plunge their country in civil war, have been guilty of. The truly well informed admit that “the Catholic clergy of Switzerland, who had been always distinguished for patriotism and liberality, have become changed since the introduction of the Jesuits into the cantons; but the noise made about that order, and the importance attached to their residence in the republic, are sadly misplaced.—*Correspondent of the “Times.”*

Extract of a letter in the *Morning Post*.—“On leaving Rome, M. Rossi requested and obtained a promise that, if the French government would not molest the French Jesuits, the former might promul-

gate without contradiction, for a time at least, what account of the mission to Rome and its result should be deemed most advisable at the Tuileries. The general of the Jesuits is even said to have written to his spiritual subjects in France, commanding them, by virtue of their holy obedience, not to contradict any statement, however erroneous, which might be published in France on that subject. It was well for him that he did so. There *are* some men among the French Jesuits,—F. Ravignan for example,—and men whom nothing short of such a command could have kept silent, under so scandalous an affliction. Hitherto the general has adhered to the disgraceful compact, with all the enormous faith of these piping times of expediency and compromise. But now, the scandal being a little too flagrant, he has cast off some of his reserve ; and, leaving M. Guizot and the *Débats* to adjust their anxieties and alarms with M. Thiers and the *Constitutionnel* as they are best able, he employs an English Catholic layman to come forward with an—authentic doubtless, but still—unofficial contradiction. So you see, Mr. Editor, that the Church of Rome has quite as much reason as your English landed interest has, to deplore the spread of temporising doctrines, and the substitution of a hollow peddling *im-policy* for the grand and simple rules of right and wrong.

“ Your constant reader,

“ Aug. 9, 1845.”

“ ROMANUS.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Reliques of Irish Jacobite poetry, with biographical sketches of the Authors, and interlinear literal translations and historical notes.
By John Daly, together with metrical versions by Edward Walsh.
Dublin. London : J. R. Smith.

This work is being published in penny numbers. It is intended, as we are told in the preface, “ for the Irish peasantry.” We are glad that the “ Irish peasantry” have pennies enough to spare for such food for the mind ; and we the less doubt Lord Stanley’s assertion of the hidden wealth of the tenant farmers. Still we think their pennies and the talents of the writers of the work on our desk, might be more judiciously employed than in perpetuating feelings of ill-will against the “ Saxon,” the “ foe,” and “ the stranger,” when the occasions that gave rise to them have ceased in the person of our present gracious Sovereign. We have quoted these epithets from the preface, where the writer enumerates the “ cruel deeds of the invader till the race of Irish bards became almost extinct, and now very *few* remain to tell the sad tale or lament over the *wails* of *his* country.”

We do not understand the latter part of this sentence ; but that is evidently our own fault ; for the author gives us “ a series of short and simple rules by which,” he says, “ any man of common understanding after one or two careful perusals, will be able to read any Irish book with ease.” Perhaps we are not apt scholars ; for certainly we never learned any language with the facility here promised.

The name of Mr. Walsh testifies that the translations in this compilation must have poetic merit : we only regret that he has not expended his talents on subjects more worthy of them. If this were a Repeal publication, it would call for a more serious notice : but professing as it does to be only a collection of *Jacobite* songs, we say frankly that we cannot recognize in the object of their praise any claim to the sympathy or regrets of Irishmen.

Italy, Austria, and the Pope ; a Letter to Sir James Graham. By Joseph Mazzini, pp. 136. London, 1845.

This is an appeal from Sir James Graham to the people of England : —an appeal to the people of England, to say whether they will sanction with their approval the system of government, to uphold which the Secretary for the Home Department resorts to means repugnant to the feelings of every honourable mind. It is written in good nervous English ; and is an exposition of facts which ought to be generally known. Debarred as Italians are from that peaceful agitation which it is the boast of this country to permit, nay to sanction, it may be wise in them to appeal to the people of Europe to control, by their sympathies, the natural propensities of irresponsible power.

We will never take our place with those who justify *political* misconduct, because they revere the *spiritual* character of the parties who permit the wrong. One of Bocaccio's tales records the endeavour of a Catholic to prevent a Jew, who was inclined to become a Christian, from travelling to Rome to study religion at the fountain head. The Jew was obstinate : but after a few weeks, he wrote back to the friend, who had already despaired of his conversion, “ I am at Rome ; and I have seen here such abuses in the *discipline* of your Church, that I am convinced its *faith* must be divinely inspired and supported, or it would have sunk under them ages ago. I therefore mean to become a Catholic to-morrow.”

We thank heaven that this distinction between discipline and faith is pretty well understood by English Catholics : that not one of them will approve the injustice and despotism of Italian rulers, because the spiritual head of their Church is a temporal prince ; and, as a temporal prince, is swayed by the example of other despots around him. Proud we are that, in the recent debates on the post-office espionage, Mr. Shiel should have recognised this distinction, and, more energetically than any other member of parliament, should have denounced the obstinate imbecillity of Roman political misrule. We wish, therefore, that Mr. Mazzini's letter were in the hands of every English Catholic : they are the proper parties by whom the political wrongs of Italians should be

taken up : they (better than Anglicans, and better than the writer himself, fired by the wrongs of his country to occasional injustice)—they will be able to distinguish between the two characters of the ruler of the Roman states : their detestation of the abominations of Italian princes, will convince Englishmen that, in warring against the abuses of their several governments, Italian refugees do not attack the laws of God, the sanctions of religion : and their approval may thus tell, with double force, upon the mind of the public—ever suspicious of foreigners,—particularly when those foreigners are arrayed against the temporal and spiritual rulers of their country.

We, therefore, particularly recommend Mr. Mazzini's book to the study of English Catholics. The descendants of those who triumphed at Runnymede, are hereditary lovers of civil liberty ; and must be ever anxious to see their co-religionists, in every part of the world, enjoy that freedom and those natural rights which they so nobly won for their own succeeding generations. Let them not be led away by religious sympathies and scruples. Abuses of temporal governments are recorded in this pamphlet, which, though committed by Catholic potentates, have no more to do with religion than they have with the last comet —

With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs

who felt guilty. If these statements be true, as we believe many of them to be, every lover of right is bound to enter his protest against them. This is an appeal to public opinion ; and it touches the honour of English Catholics that they should not be backward in responding to the call.

We commend this political *exposé* to their candour.

The London Art-Union Prize Annual of 1845, containing 250 engravings of Pictures and Sculptures purchased by the London Art-Union. London. R. Sprigg, Library of Arts, Great Russell Street.

We doubt not that this publication will be very much admired; that purchasers of annuals will deem it an inexhaustible source of artistic study. So, in truth, it is : for here may be discovered almost every fault against which the designer and the engraver should most carefully guard. The multitude are not artists; and the softness of the engravings will have a great charm for many. We own that it reminds us of the feather-bed style of poonah drawing in which young ladies were formerly wont to rival the down of the butterfly's wing. The plates being copied from paintings of our first masters, must, necessarily, recall many excellencies : we can only regret that they have not been reproduced in a style worthy of the originals. We would especially advise the engraver in future to ask himself, when he sits down to his work, from what point the light is presumed to fall on the objects he is about to represent;—we would venture to assure him also that a patch of ink is but a poor substitute for the rosy glow of a woman's cheek.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, to which are added miscellaneous Poems, by Robert Snow, Esq. 1 vol. 18mo. pp. 311. W. Pickering. London.

This book is just what one would anticipate from the title:—a medley of memorials, pleasing to the author, his family, and his friends, but in which the public at large can feel no sort of interest. The author is evidently a man of refined aspirations, of religious feelings, of classical scholarship; but all this will not make a poet. To those who were his fellow-travellers, the following lines will promise a renewal of sympathies and adventures which must have been delightful with such a traveller: but what promise do they hold out to the public? Let the public judge:—

“ New realms their theme, new cities, manners, men,
Like self-sown plants, my random sketches grew;
Now 'tis a joy these trifles of my pen,
Dear fellow-travellers, to collect for you.
For in your loves and memories I confide:
And as though still companions on the way,
We, in retrospect, by our own fireside,
Will journey far on many a future day.”

The blank verse is better; and did our space permit, we would gladly extract an address on Monte Barbaro—an address full of good feelings sweetly expressed: the fresh feelings of the thoughtless child are beautifully contrasted with the memories of the past crowding upon the classical mind of the father:—

“ Till understanding almost had usurped
By imperceptible degrees the throne
Of genuine feeling. Then I turned to thee,
My dear companion, and I thanked thee; yes,
I blessed thee for the equipoise of soul,
Sweet compensation, which thy gesture, look
And voice brought to me from the sunny side
Of our existence, making knowledge stand
Abashed and silenced !”

The writer is a liberal-minded man. We should be glad to meet with him again in prose:—in which, by the bye, this volume contains many pleasing descriptions.

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Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. No. XXXIII.

This number concludes the fifth volume of this interesting publication—if any have been published since, they have not been sent to us. The present number contains accounts of the missions of North America, of India, of Tong-King, and of the Levant. Some of these are particularly interesting. Apart from their value as documents showing the progress of religion amongst the heathen, these papers give a clearer insight into the manners and social condition of the various nations to which they refer than any other works we are acquainted with. Our missionaries are not mere political economists or tourists: but intelligent men, struggling in life and, too often, in death with those amongst whom the Faith has cast their lot. They see beneath the surface of every society, and they tell what they see.

DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. VIII.

OCTOBER 1, 1845.

VOL. II.

THE STUARTS IN EXILE.

WITH the name of James the Second, Catholicism and arbitrary power are, in the minds of a great majority of persons superficially acquainted with the facts of English history, inseparably connected: and nevertheless, the worst crime which can be laid to his charge is, that in the exercise of a prerogative which he believed himself to possess, and of which the legal limits had in fact never been authoritatively defined, he attempted to carry out certain great principles of civil and religious liberty, whereof in our own more enlightened times all parties have recognized the justice and wisdom. The alleged designs of James to subvert the Established Church, and reinstate Catholicism in its stead, were simply tantamount to the enactments of the Catholic Relief bill, which, a century and a half later, conferred equality of social rights upon a long proscribed and persecuted portion of the general community. James the Second was not mad enough to suppose that by his single influence and authority he could extirpate the predominant religion of the country; his only ambition was to place the partisans of the faith he himself professed on a footing with their fellow-subjects. The jealous bigotry of the times was diametrically opposed to such a sweeping measure of toleration; the morbid spirit which had lent a credulous ear to the infamous falsehoods of Titus Oates was still rife in senate and city; and efforts which in 1688 were stigmatized as a crime and rewarded by a sovereign's deposition, became, in 1829, subject matter for the triumph of one of the grandest principles of constitutional liberty.

We will not, however, further trench upon the limits of historical controversy; but leaving the cold-blooded William and his "second Tullia," as Mary has not been inaptly designated, in possession of their ill-gotten throne, let us follow the fortunes of the fugitive monarch, and contemplate him and his family under various phases of their fallen destinies.

The flight of Queen Mary and the infant Prince of Wales had by some days preceded that of James, whose non-appearance so filled her with anxiety that she had more than once expressed her determination to rejoin him in England, when the news of his safe landing at Ambleteuse, expressly forwarded to her by Lewis the Fourteenth, overwhelmed her with joy. "Que je suis heureuse!" she exclaimed to the equerry that brought her the intelligence; the glad tidings of her husband's safety rendering her at that moment forgetful of every other calamity.

On the day of the King of England's expected arrival at the Château de St. Germain, which had been newly and sumptuously furnished for his reception, the French monarch was in waiting to welcome him. The two sovereigns tenderly embraced each other; but it was remarked that with the humility of a person in deep adversity, James inclined himself almost to the knees of his royal brother and benefactor. After this first salutation, they passed hand in hand through files of assembled guards, and Lewis conducted James to the queen, who received them in bed. The king of England did not embrace his consort, probably out of respect for the presence of his French Majesty. After a quarter of an hour's conversation—we quote the words of Mademoiselle de Lafayette—the two kings proceeded to the apartment of the Prince of Wales. The attendant courtiers had not been favourably impressed either by the demeanour or discourse of the English sovereign. He entered upon a long relation of all that had befallen him, but told his story so ill, that the company present chose to forget that as an Englishman he might be pardoned for speaking indifferent French, that he stammered a little by nature, that he was over-fatigued, and that misfortunes such as he had endured might well have paralysed a more fluent tongue than his own.

Upon leaving the Prince of Wales's rooms, the two kings returned to the queen, and Lewis shortly afterwards took his departure for Versailles. All the world were moved at beholding the interview between two such illustrious princes. The next morning King James found himself surrounded at his levee by all the appendages of his state, and on his toilet-table lay a purse containing ten thousand pistoles.

The hospitality and generosity of Lewis the Fourteenth devised every means for the entertainment of his banished guests, and the splendours of Versailles for a time diverted their minds from brooding on the past. Mary d'Este, an expert horsewoman, hunted regularly with the Dauphin, and entered as keenly into the sport as if amusement had been her only care.

At the command of Madame de Maintenon, Racine composed the tragedy of Esther for the young ladies of St. Cyr, which they acted among themselves before the French and English royal families; and dramatic entertainments of a lighter character were performed before them in the theatre of Trianon. Amidst all these amusements, James assiduously followed his religious duties, taking pleasure in visiting monastic establishments, and conversing with their members. One day, as he was seen coming out of church, the Archbishop of Rheims ironically remarked, "There goes a man who forfeited three kingdoms for a mass!"—a pretty remark for an archbishop, adds Mademoiselle de Lafayette.

"The best wish I can make you is that I may never see you again," was the parting aspiration of Lewis the Fourteenth, as he presented James the Second with his own sword, previously to the English king's departure for Ireland, upon the expedition which the battle of the Boyne so disastrously terminated. In the demeanour of James during this ill-conducted campaign, his peevish irritability and pusillanimous irresolution, one is puzzled to recognize the individual of whom the great Turenne had said, "That if ever there was a man without fear, it was the Duke of York," and the victorious admiral who had on many occasions so effectively upheld the honour of the British flag. Misfortune had soured the disposition and impaired the energies of a prince whom nature had marked out for a hero.

When in 1692, from the heights of La Hogue, James beheld the total defeat of Admiral de Tourville's fleet, which had been equipped to embark himself and his army, notwithstanding the prostration of all his hopes involved in such a catastrophe, he could not help exclaiming—"Ah! none but my brave English could perform such acts of gallantry!"

From this period James led at St. Germain's a life of apparently contented seclusion, devoting himself with the greatest fervour to the exercise of every moral and religious duty, and edifying all around him by the fortitude with which he submitted to adversity, and the charity he evinced in speaking of his worst enemies.

One of the most interesting episodes of the king's retirement was the visit which he paid to the monastery of La Trappe on the 20th of November 1690, accompanied by his son, the Duke of Berwick, and Lord Dumbarton. He was received at the gates of the convent by the abbot, the famous Armand de Rancé, who from a dissipated man of pleasure, had become the paragon of penitential austerity. In accordance with the rule of the order, he prostrated himself at the feet of James, who immediately raised him up and solicited his blessing. A rare con-

temporary account furnishes the harangue with which the abbot then greeted his royal guest.

“Sire,—Dieu me visite aujourd’huy en la personne de votre majesté : c’est une grâce et un honneur dont nous ne sommes pas dignes, mais c’est en même temps une consolation que je ne puis exprimer. Quel bonheur pour nous de voir en ce désert ce grand prince pour lequel nous offrons à Dieu des prières continuelles ! Ouy ! sire, nous ne demandons rien à Dieu avec plus de ferveur sinon qu’il accorde à votre personne sacrée toute la force et toute la protection qui luy est nécessaire ; qu’il la comble de ses grâces, et qu’il lui donne enfin cette couronne immortelle préparée à tous ceux qui ont le bonheur comme votre majesté, de suivre Jésus Christ et de le préférer à toutes choses.”

The king replied that he was delighted to find himself in a place so famed for the piety of those who dwelt there. He was in the first instance conducted to the church, where he remained for some time in prayer, then had a long private conference with the abbot, and upon the bell ringing for complin, joined the monks at their devotions. The next day, the king received the holy communion at high mass, and the following words of the 119th Psalm occurring in the service of the morning were noticed as being peculiarly apposite to his situation :—“Let the proud be confounded, for they go wickedly about to destroy me ; but I will be occupied in thy commandments.” He passed a whole day in the monastery, partook, in the refectory, of the monk’s ordinary fare, consisting of eggs and herbs, and left them all edified by the piety and humility which he had displayed amongst them.

The annals of history furnish no more remarkable or touching instances of fidelity and self-devotion than were at various times exhibited by the adherents of the house of Stuart in the day of adversity. The heroic conduct of a band of Scottish cavaliers demands especial mention. About one hundred and fifty of the officers who had served under Claverhouse at Killiecrankie had followed James to France. For a time they were all pensioned by Lewis XIV, but when that monarch’s resources became crippled by the exigencies and reverses of war, the allowances which had been made to them were withdrawn, and they found themselves compelled to fall back upon their sovereign, who, himself a pensioner, with difficulty eked out the expenses of his establishment at St. Germain. Not to become burthen-some to him, these gallant men requested permission of James to enrol themselves as private soldiers in the French army, which had boasted a Scotch brigade ever since the reign of Charles VIII, and having with some difficulty obtained it, they marched in a body to St. Germain, to be reviewed by their liege lord and

master. Arrayed in the uniform of a French regiment, they stationed themselves in the court-yard of the castle, that they might meet the eye of the king as he sallied forth to the hunting-field. Just as he was about to mount his horse, he inquired what troops were those, not recognizing his faithful followers in their borrowed accoutrements; and upon being informed, he was so conscience-stricken by the contrast between the frivolity of the pursuit he was about to indulge in, and the danger and hardships which these brave subjects were ready to encounter for his sake, that he at once countermanded the sport of the day, and in pensive mood returned to his chamber.

Some days after, James reviewed the little troop, and harangued them as follows :

“ Gentlemen, I am more sensibly touched by your misfortunes than my own. I cannot express how painful it is to me to behold such brave and worthy gentlemen as yourselves, to whom the highest distinctions in my armies were once accessible, now reduced to the position of private soldiers. If any thing can still attach me to life, it is your fidelity, and that of some among my English subjects, who, although compelled to obey the Prince of Orange, are ready at all times to render me and my family service. Such is my appreciation of your devotion to my person, that if it please God ever to restore me to my crown, it is quite impossible that I should ever forget your services and your sufferings. There are no posts in my army to which you may not aspire. As to your prince, my son, he has your blood in his veins; he is susceptible of any impression; educated by you, he can never be forgetful of your deserts. Conformably with your own wishes, you are about to undertake a long march: I have taken care that you should be provided with money, shoes, stockings, and other necessities. Fear God, and love one another. Let me know all your wants, and rest assured that in me you will always find a sovereign and a father.”

James now passed down the ranks, addressed every man in turn, thanking him for his services, and making a note of his name; then turning to all, made a profound bow with his hat in his hand, and gave them his blessing. He turned aside, but as if fearful of not having shown them honour enough, came back again, bowed a second time, and burst into tears. Deeply moved, the Scottish gentlemen with one accord threw themselves on their knees, and in solemn silence inclined their heads to the ground, then rising simultaneously, they marched past James, saluting him with the usual honours of war.

For some years, this little band of Scottish warriors astonished alike friend and foe by the splendour of their achievements; and on many occasions, on the frontiers of Spain and Germany,

mainly contributed by their prowess to the success of the French arms. During the whole period of their service, they only disobeyed orders twice. The first time was at the siege of Rosès, where they were commanded to quit the camp, that they might get cured of an epidemic disease which had broken out amongst them. They chose to regard this order as an insult, urging that they came to fight, and not to take care of their health—to die in the trenches, but not in the hospital! “*Le gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme*,” was the remark of the French commanding officers when the indignant remonstrance of the Scots had been reported to them.

The second instance of their insubordination occurred on the Rhine, where, in defiance of those who deemed such an attempt impracticable, the Scottish cavaliers forded the stream on foot, and dislodged from an island which has ever since borne their name, a German force ten times more numerous than their own. The French general loudly declared that no more gallant feat of arms had ever been achieved.

Years and hard service thinned the ranks of the exiles. Fourteen of them presented themselves one day at the castle of St. Germain: age, infirmity, and poverty, marked their appearance, yet came they not as suppliants to crave charity, but as faithful friends to be gladdened by an interview with their sovereign. It was accorded them, and James received his followers with the most familiar and fascinating kindness. A few days later, four of them were listlessly loitering near the gates of the palace, where a carriage was in waiting, on the panels of which were emblazoned the arms of England. A child of seven years old came forth at that moment, and was just entering the carriage, when he beheld the four exiles gazing wistfully around. With instinctive tact, he beckoned them to approach; they obeyed, and bending the knee, embraced the young prince's hand.

It was indeed the son of their sovereign, the inheritor of all the misfortunes of his family, whose early schooling in adversity had taught him to appreciate with precocious perspicacity the friends of his father and his own! With a few untaught words of touching welcome, the youthful prince saluted the wandering exiles, bade them rise, and expressed his hope that a day might arrive when they should find that they had not served ungrateful masters. He then drew out his purse containing about a dozen pistoles, and distributing them to the four Scotsmen, bade them go drink the king's health. For a child of such promise, one may well wish that brighter fortunes had been in store.

The constant prayer of James II during the last year of his life was, “I thank thee, O Lord, for having deprived me of three kingdoms, if I am made thereby a better man.” As re-

garded himself, profound sentiments of devotion seem to have blunted the sense of his fallen fortunes, and opposed themselves to the revival of ambitious aspirations. He received, however, with great joy from the king of France the assurance that his son's hereditary rights should be thereafter recognized. James II died on the 16th of September 1701. On his death-bed he openly forgave all his enemies, making especial mention of the Prince of Orange and the Princess of Denmark. Lewis XIV visited the dying monarch, who received him with manifold expressions of gratitude; but the French king interrupted him in the following words: "What I have done has been little enough; what I shall now tell you may be of greater importance. I come here, sir, to inform you that, whenever it shall please God to summon you from this world, I shall take your family under my protection, and shall treat your son, the Prince of Wales, as I have treated you, and acknowledge him King of England, as he will then assuredly be." All present were moved to tears; some fell at the feet of the king; and James made vain efforts to express the feelings by which he was overpowered. Next day, the young Prince of Wales was summoned to his father's bedside. James embraced him, and said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty came here and promised to recognize you after my death. I have sent Lord Middleton to Marley to thank him." Shortly after this last interview with his son, the exiled monarch breathed his last.

James III was only eleven years old when his father died. Acknowledged by one of the mightiest potentates in the world, but bereft of means to enforce the lofty pretensions of his birth, this unfortunate prince was destined to pursue through life the ignis fatuus of a crown that for ever eluded his grasp. His career was fraught with romance and adventure. As a youth, he learnt the art of war in the army of the Duke of Burgundy; and, as the Chevalier de St. George, won his spurs at Malplaquet under Marshal Villars. In 1713, the treaty of Utrecht compelled Lewis XIV to withdraw from James the protection and support he had so long and so generously afforded. The next year Queen Anne died, heaven having apparently punished, in the loss of her nine children, the unnatural usurper of her father's and brother's throne; and the accession of George I, an utter alien to England, and but remotely connected in blood with the house of Stuart, seemed to open a new field of hope and expectation to the legitimate sovereign. The Scotch rebellion of 1715 broke out; but not even the personal appearance of James in Scotland, the year following, could prevent that ill-contrived enterprise from terminating in signal failure. On this occasion, when to have shewn clemency to the partisans of a noble and chivalrous cause, had been so graceful an act on the part of the new

English dynasty, the most illustrious of Scotland's nobility were dragged through the streets of London pinioned like common malefactors; and on an ignominious scaffold was spilt the heroic blood of Kenmuir and Derwentwater. The relentless demeanour of George I to the adherents of the fallen house, is well illustrated in the following extract from the narrative of the Countess of Nithsdale, describing the attempt which she made to obtain from the king mercy for her husband, under sentence of death in the Tower:

“I had also another lady with me, and we three remained in a room between the king's apartments and the drawing room; so that he was obliged to go through it, and as there were three windows in it, we sate in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person; but, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirts of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me from the middle of the room to the door of the drawing room. At last, one of the blue ribbands who attended his majesty took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted through grief and disappointment.”

After reading these lines, it is satisfactory to recollect that the captive Earl of Nithsdale was eventually saved by the self-devotion of his wife, disguised in whose dress he escaped from the Tower.

On his return to France, in 1716, the Chevalier de St. George found his old protector Louis Quatorze numbered with the dead; and the selfish policy of the Regent Orleans and his minister Dubois, no longer offered an asylum to the ill-fated family. Rome became the refuge of the royal adventurer; and Clement XI received him with princely courtesy. Here the marriage was negotiated which eventually united the dethroned sovereign of England to Mary Clementina, the only child of an equally unfortunate competitor for a throne, James Sobieski of Poland. The solemnization of this union was, however, protracted by the intrigues of British emissaries until the year 1720. The sovereign pontiff himself performed the nuptial ceremony. Charles Edward, the eldest son of this marriage, was born about the end of 1720, and his brother Henry Benedict in 1725. Unfortunately, domestic dissensions embittered the harmony and destroyed the happiness of James and his wife, between whom,

however, a reconciliation was at length effected by the intervention of Cardinal Alberoni. The Chevalier de St. George is described by Horace Walpole to have been tall, thin, and of a melancholy aspect. The alternations of hope and discouragement which had marked his destiny, seemed to have stamped his demeanour with a solemnity which inspired more pity than respect. Without resembling any other Stuart in particular, he possessed the marked features and air of fatality peculiar to his family. His appearance was at once decisive of the once debated question of his legitimacy. His establishment at Rome was conducted with great order and economy; and, although he defrayed all its expenses with the greatest regularity, out of an annual sum of about £23,000, arising from pensions allowed him by the Pope, by Spain, and the English Jacobites, he contrived to amass considerable sums of money, which were expended in the disastrous rebellion of 1745.

The hapless leader of that latest effort of the Stuart family to regain their rights, Prince Charles Edward, is described as having been a youth of high promise and great accomplishments, speaking English, French, and Italian, with equal fluency and purity. From an early age, his thoughts and aspirations all tended to the land and heritage of his ancestors; and when at seventeen he travelled to Genoa, nothing could there divert his eyes from gazing on the sea, in quest of the English flag. His adventurous spirit interested in his favour many of the courts of Europe; and the Spanish ambassador flattered his aspirings by doing honour to him as the Prince of Wales. The romantic campaign which, at Falkirk and Preston Pans, seemed once again to throw a transient gleam of success around the cause of the fallen family; which, on the battle field, and within the time-honoured walls of Holyrood, once more called into play the heroism and devotion of ancient Scottish chivalry; and which, upon the gloomy moor of Culloden, terminated in the utter overthrow of the house of Stuart, fraught as it was with deeds of generous adventure, has been a theme too often discussed to be again entered upon.

One characteristic anecdote of the "butcher" Duke of Cumberland and Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, may find place here. A brutal and indiscriminate massacre of the Scots left wounded and dying on the plain of Culloden had taken place, with the full sanction, if not by the express command, of the English commander. As he walked over the field, feasting his eyes with the carnage, a wounded Highlander attracted his notice, upon whose countenance, distorted with agony, the duke thought to discover a bitter smile of defiance. "Wolfe," he cried, "blow out that insolent scoundrel's brains." "I am not

an executioner," was the reply. The massacre of the vanquished was relentlessly followed up, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, for three days after the victory. Nineteen officers of a Highland clan had wandered two whole days in the neighbouring forest: half-starved, and bleeding from their wounds, they were huddled together in a cart, backed against a dead wall, and told to prepare for death. Some, overcome by the terror of their situation, fell upon their knees and loudly implored mercy: all, however, were indiscriminately slaughtered; and the English soldiers battered in their skulls with the butt ends of their muskets. The "debauch of blood" indulged in by the Duke of Cumberland after his triumph (for by no other term can his atrocities be stigmatized), would have done credit to Vitellius and Caligula.

Eluding the vigilant pursuit of his enemies by a series of the most hair-breadth escapes, Charles Edward at length found refuge in France, and was received with kindness and hospitality by Lewis XV. The Queen of France, Marie Lezinska, had been the early friend of Mary Sobieski, and was now delighted to welcome the son of the companion of her childhood. A public reception at Versailles was accorded to the fugitive prince. He arrived there accompanied by Lord Ogilvie and Lord Elcho, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lochiel, and a numerous retinue of gentlemen and levied retainers. Charles Edward appeared on this occasion in a "rose-coloured doublet trimmed with silver, and a vest of brocaded gold, wearing diamond shoe buckles, and adorned with the stars of St. George of England and St. Andrew of Scotland, gorgeously set in brilliants." He supped at the same table with the king and queen, and all eyes were fastened upon him.

Beyond, however, the mere courtesies of hospitality, the government of France were now unwilling to give more practical proofs of sympathy with the Stuart cause. Cardinal du Tencin upon one occasion insinuated to Charles Edward, that if with the aid of France he should recover possession of his throne, he would be expected to cede Ireland to that country by way of indemnity for the expenses of the war, to which suggestion Charles indignantly replied, "Non, M. le Cardinal, tout ou rien."

At length the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle compelled France to acknowledge the house of Hanover, and from that time the attentions which had been shewn Prince Charles Edward were gradually relinquished. He continued, however, to maintain in Paris an establishment of some splendour, and had a medal of himself cast, upon one side of which was the inscription, "Carolus Walliæ Princeps;" upon the other, the representation of

a vessel, with the words, "*Amor et spes Britanniae.*" This incident gave umbrage to the French government, and the Prince de Conti, meeting Charles Edward in the gardens of the Luxembourg, ironically said to him, "I am surprised that you should be so generously disposed towards the English navy, which has never rendered much friendly service to your Royal Highness." The Prince replied, "You are in the right, but nevertheless I am the friend of the English navy against all its enemies: I shall always look upon England's glory as my own, and her glory is in her navy."

The remonstrances of the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, hostages of George the Second for the restoration of Louisbourg, contributed to turn the wavering mind of Louis the Fifteenth, from whom an order was at length obtained for taking Charles Edward prisoner, and conveying him to the frontier. He was waylaid at the opera, "after rather a cavalier fashion," as he himself expressed it, and having been confined five days in the castle of Vincennes, was escorted to Beauvoisin on the confines of Savoy, and thence permitted to go where he chose. At Chambéry and Avignon he successively resided for a time, till driven thence by fresh intrigues, he established himself in Tuscany. In 1753 the Prince paid a secret visit to London, and at once alarmed and astonished some of his adherents in that capital by the boldness with which he appeared amongst them. The cause of the Stuarts had become too hopeless for further effort, and he prudently retraced his steps to Italy. Here, a love intrigue with Mary Walkenshaw, whose sister filled a situation in the household of the English reigning family, alienated many of his friends. The accession of George the Third, a young and popular sovereign, in 1760, and the death of James the Third in 1766, still further sealed the fate of the exiled dynasty. Upon his father's demise, Charles Edward assumed the name of Count d'Albany, and shortly afterwards married the Princess Louisa Maximilian de Stolberg Gredern, a lady thirty-two years younger than himself. The union proved an unhappy one, as might have been expected from such a disparity, and a separation ensued. In 1783, Mr. Greathead, an English traveller, had an interview with Charles Edward, upon which occasion the prince was led to speak of the campaign of '45, and became so interested in and excited by the subject, that his eyes were suffused with tears, and he fell down in a fainting fit. The declining years of the prince were soothed by the tender assiduities of a beloved daughter. Disappointments and mortifications had driven him into intemperate habits which cannot be defended; but when we recollect how great to him must have been the boon, however hateful a one, which the

delusions and oblivion of ebriety confer upon a harassed and despairing mind, and also take into consideration that among the upper classes in the 18th century, excessive drinking was the prevailing and fashionable vice, we may fairly rather confound the failing of Charles Edward in his hopeless exile with the habits of his epoch, than the naturally depraved taste of the man.

Charles Edward died at Florence in 1788; his widow, the subsequent wife of Alfieri, lived till 1824.

Henry Cardinal York, "*Anglicæ Rex, gratia Dei sed non voluntate hominum*," as he caused himself to be styled on a medal which was struck at the period of Charles Edward's death, survived to witness eventful times, and to see the French Bourbons dragged in turn from their high estate, and like himself and his ancestors, shorn of all their earthly pomp and power. To succour Pius the Sixth in his necessities, the last descendant of the house of Stuart sold all his jewels, and reduced himself to poverty. Robbed alike of the appendages of temporal and ecclesiastical grandeur, he consented in 1801 to become the pensionary of George the Third. To the faded prospects of an earthly crown, had succeeded the hope and promise of an immortal one in the bosom of Henry Cardinal York, who in the exercise of every virtue, and beloved by all for his urbanity and kindness, lived to a patriarchal age, and nobly upheld, as a prince of that Church for which his family had suffered so much, the reputation of the house of Stuart for adherence to the ancient faith. It seemed a meet dispensation that the latest descendant of Mary Stuart, should be one of the most honoured and exalted sons of that holy Church she had loved so well!

DARKY DUFF, THE MADMAN.

(A TRUE TALE OF SOUTH MUNSTER.)

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

(Concluded from page 132.)

"I DREAMED I was walking on a lovely Sunday evening arm-in-arm with Grace M'Carthy, in the lonely little churchyard of the village. We were talking, and—I shall never forget it—about death. I remarked, how sweet it would be to 'sleep the sleep that knows no waking,' on that sacred spot on which we stood; so silent, so green, and so far removed from the din and bustle of this weary world.

" 'Oh yes,' said Gracy playfully, 'lie down now and die, and I will mark and decorate your grave;' and as she spoke I dreamed that she stooped, and with her white finger traced on the grass a space of the size and shape of a full-grown man's coffin. She then with a malignant smile asked my approbation. I remained mute with astonishment, but on gazing in her face perceived her hair interwoven with flowers of various and delightful colours. As I gazed in wonder and admiration she began to pluck them from her ringlets and plant them one by one upon the newly formed grave, and they seemed to spring up as if by magic, and bloom most luxuriantly. I was transfixed to the spot, and whilst I remained silent and oppressed with various strange emotions, a mighty wind rushed around me, a black cloud of vast and gigantic appearance rolled down from the sky, it burst at my feet, and from its dark volumes the ghost of my father appeared with menacing and terrific aspect.

" 'Rash and senseless son,' he exclaimed in hollow and sepulchral tones, 'thou art doomed,' and stooping, whilst his grave-dress floated wildly around him, he began to drag up the springing flowers and fling them in the face of the impassive-looking girl. Blood instantly flowed in torrents from her mouth, nose, and eyes. It ran streaming over the ground: my hands and clothes were red with gore: I screamed in my agony and awoke.

"I never was the same man after. My love for Grace M'Carthy—like the snow on the mountain-top—disappeared as rapidly as it came. I feared her, nay, I hated her. I was always weak-minded, nervous, and timid in my disposition. Reared and educated amongst the simple-minded and superstitious peasantry of Munster, I had early imbibed the most absurd of their prejudices, and from my infancy drank in with avidity the wildest of their tales of fatalism and predestination, of supernatural influences,

ghosts, fairies, enchantments, and *diablerie*. Now, alas, the effects of those early imbibed errors were fatally developed. I cursed the day I first met Gracy M'Carthy. I viewed my dream as a warning from heaven. I looked upon the blameless girl as an enemy, if not to my temporal, at least to my spiritual welfare, and I firmly determined to break off with her and quit that neighbourhood for ever.

"That night I was absent from the once-loved cabin of Owen M'Carthy. I retired to the house of a friend at the other extremity of the parish. It was long since I had slept from under the same roof-tree with Gracy, and this night was passed in a state of mind easier to be imagined than described. But my resolution was unchanged, and the more I reflected on the past and on the present, the more I became convinced that my surest, my only hope was in a speedy flight and an eternal separation from those objects now so apparently dangerous to my earthly and eternal felicity.

"The next morning's sun rose lightly and unclouded. It was a holiday—a Roman Catholic holiday—the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. On that day there was an annual fair held in the market-town of the district—a little town and a poor town indeed, but a merry and a pretty one, and romantically situated on the banks of one of the most charming of our Irish rivers. This fair, occurring in the prime of summer, and on a holiday too, was always looked forward to with the most intense interest by the peasantry for miles around its locality. Vast crowds of the young, the beautiful, the gay, the idle, and the dissipated, resorted there, and it was a scene of fun and frolic, of mirth and extravagance, such as cannot be witnessed outside the 'gem of the sea.'

"I said I would go there. Yet it was not to seek pleasure, for indeed my heart was too sorrowful for pleasure; neither was it with any hankering wish to meet again with Grace M'Carthy, for I felt no such desire, and even if I had, she was not to be there, for she had been for some days absent on a visit in the county town, and was not expected home for some days subsequently. But I wanted money, and many who were 'in my books' on account of school fees had promised to 'see me' in the fair, by which it was mutually understood that all 'old scores' were to be rubbed out, and my pockets heavier on my return; although indeed in most cases it is seldom the pockets of a young man and a bachelor wear a very plethoric appearance on his return from an Irish holiday fair.

"I went. It was a lovely day even for sunny June. Never had my eyes rested on a gayer scene than presented itself on that day. Fun was all-sovereign there. Every face was radiant with pleasure, every eye brilliant with love and hope but mine.

I roamed silent and solitary through the noisy crowds, and amid sights and sounds of joy and excitement I was sad and desolate and lonely-hearted.

“ I had not been long in this mood, when an unusual bustle around a tent-door attracted my attention. Impelled by some undefinable feeling, I pressed forward, and judge of my astonishment when I perceived the charming figure of Gracy M'Carthy lightly plying through the merry mazes of an Irish jig to the sprightly music of an Irish bag-pipe, and having as her partner a well-dressed and very handsome young man, to me an utter stranger, and far superior in air and deportment to any of the rustic boors with whom Grace had been previously acquainted. A pang of jealousy and discontent shot through my soul, and she for whom an hour ago I felt no feeling that was not akin to hatred and disgust, now appeared more amiable, more lovely, more fascinating than ever. Hitherto no rival, at least no formidable rival, had crossed my orbit, and now, despite of all my newly-formed resolutions of prudence and reserve, the very idea of such a one was enough to drive me into the deepest whirlpool of desperation and despair.

“ Like one under the influence of some mystic power, I gazed until the dance was ended. Amid the plaudits, the smiles, and the ‘ blessings ’ of the spectators, the performers made their ‘ honors ’ and took their places cheek by jowl at a little table covered with mugs, jugs, and drinking-glasses. The young man sate himself down by the side of my faithless fair one with as much familiarity as if, like me, he had been her accepted, her betrothed lover. I lost all control of my feelings. I rushed into the tent undetermined and unconscious. My name was pronounced, a loud laugh rang from some one of the group, and the lovely face of Grace M'Carthy once more fully beamed before my aching eyeballs. But, horror of horrors! who can paint my feelings, my anguish, my terror, my despair. Her raven hair hung in clustering curls around her marble brow, and in every ringlet was wreathed flowers—flowers—flowers!—not shreds of silk and paper, but sweet wild flowers of the meadows and garden, such exactly as had appeared in my unfortunate and mysterious dream. In every stem, every leaf, every petal, hue, and colour there was—no, not a likeness, a similitude, but all was the same, the frightful, the maddening, the mysterious same.

“ I was almost annihilated with superstitious terror. I gazed on the girl wildly for a moment. She had never before worn flowers of any description on her person. Why wear them *now*? and, above all, why should they be the very flowers she wore, or appeared to wear, in that fatal dream. It was frightful, intolerable; ‘ that way madness lay.’ I rushed from the tent careless and unknowing where I would turn my footsteps. I remember,

however, having met a friend who asked me 'in' to have a 'treat,' and I recollect having accompanied him; but of what occurred after I am utterly ignorant, until I awoke next morning at my old home, the cottage of Owen M'Carthy.

" 'Well, miracles *will* never cease,' laughingly exclaimed the good-humoured farmer, as I made my appearance at breakfast, 'Miracles will never cease indeed, when Darky Duff, the 'block ov a clargy' went to bed last night as drunk as a piper, and is coming from 'cloth-market' this morning with a blackguard's coat-of-arms—two black eyes and a bloody nose.' I raised my hand mechanically; he had spoken truly; my eyes were black and swollen, and my nose cut and encrusted with clotted gore. I had quarrelled with some one in my cups and had been maltreated, the effect of which was such as I have described.

I was gloomy and shy during the meal. Grace was not there; but I did not seem to remark her absence; and when breakfast was over I arose and departed, I knew not and cared not whither.

It was a glorious morning, every flower and plant blooming as freshly and as sweetly as if that moment just springing from the hand of the Creator, and the summer choristers pouring forth the full tide of their morning song, as if praising the same Creator for the beauty of the scenes amid which they fluttered, and warbled, and existed. But nature or her beauties had no charms for me. I was too much oppressed, too much under the influence of my worst passions. I was—I was a maniac.

"As I roamed up the little shady green lane or *boreen* which led to the school-room, I met an ill-looking woman of about sixty years of age, tall, muscular, of an olive complexion, and of very ugly and forbidding aspect. She was barefoot, her person closely wrapped in the folds of a rugged crimson mantle, and in her hand she carried a small basket of wicker, such as is carried by pedlars, hawkers, and others of that questionable class at fairs and gatherings.

" 'God save you, *a chorra*,' she said in Irish as she came up.

" 'And you too,' I replied in the same language, passing on without putting any further 'comether' on her.

" 'Is this the road to Bally-nasoggarth?' she continued.

" 'I never heard of such a place before,' was my reply.

" 'Many a thing besides that you never heard of,' she pertly retorted, and then lowering her tone, she added, "poor fellow, you appear all through other this morning.'

" 'You're out, then,' I replied drily.

" 'Do you sleep well, latterly?' she asked with a sneer.

" 'What's that to you?'

" 'Not much, but can't you answer a body civilly; do you dream of your sweetheart these fine midsummer nights?'

"My curiosity—my deepest feelings were aroused. A thought

struck me. 'Could she be a fortune-teller? What is she up to?' I mentally enquired, and I at once determined to pump her. So affecting a tender manner, I said, 'sometimes.'

" 'Sometimes—humph, I thought so; and *sometimes* your dreams are not the pleasantest in the world.'

" 'How do *you* know that?

" 'No matter; you dreamed not long ago so and so'—and here she repeated every incident, every tittle of my unlucky and singular dream.

" 'How did you discover that? I told no one on earth: 'tis strange.'

" 'Stranger things happen every day,' was the careless reply; and she moved on as if about to resume her journey.

" I seized her. 'You shall not go that way:—as you know so much you must know more—what do you say to me?'

" 'What do *I* say? is it? what would you have me say?'

" 'About that dream.'

" 'You dreamed it—that's all.'

" 'I did.'

" 'Well, you got your warning; take it.'

" 'What warning?—for God's sake speak.'

" 'You are deceived—you are in danger; that girl is your enemy; she may prove your ruin, so—beware.'

" 'No, no!' I passionately exclaimed, 'I may be mistaken, deceived; but Gracy M'Carthy to be my enemy, my ruin, I won't believe it.'

" 'Don't,' shouted the ugly hag, and she cast on me one withering look of scorn and contempt; a demon sneer played on her grim features, and she burst into a hoarse, unearthly chuckle.

" 'One word for all;' I resumed, 'if you can serve me in this case I will reward you,' and I put my hand into my vest pocket, and drawing forth a silver crown, deposited it in her rough and sun-burnt palm.

" She signed the coin with the sign of the Cross, and spitting on it, as she said 'for luck,' deposited it in her pocket. 'This is Tuesday,' she said, in a low tone; 'tis not a good day, but tomorrow-night, about an hour after sunset, meet me here, and I will try what we can do to bring you clear out of this hobble.' 'To-morrow-night,' I echoed. 'Yes, but easy, what is your intention? Do you wish to be revenged?'

" 'Certainly, if you speak truly of that girl.'

" 'Fool,' said the vixen, 'you will believe me when too late—what would you have?'

" 'Revenge, revenge,' was my emphatic reply.

" 'Be it so, then,' she said hurriedly, 'revenge. But harkee, as you value your soul, keep your secret from the very ground.'

“ ‘Never dread me,’ I replied.

“ ‘Well, then farewell,’ and she reached me her coarse, yellow hand. ‘Farewell; to-morrow-night, after sunset—remember.’

“ She departed; I watched her as she went, and when out of sight, I took my way in the opposite direction. That night found me again at M’Carthy’s; I supped and slept there, but though I saw Grace, we did not speak. She seemed in ill-humour with me, indeed she appeared to regard me as one by whom she was ungratefully treated, and her manner was reserved and bordering on the contemptuous.

“ The next evening came at last, and I was at the appointed place of rendezvous to the minute. The woman was not there, nor any appearance of her approach. I waited hours, aye till midnight, yet she did not come. I was enraged; I felt she was cheating me. ‘But no, curse it,’ I said, ‘how can that be? She told me all as if she read the very secrets of my heart. She has knowledge, were it from the very devil it came, and although she may never fulfil her promise to me, she is not an impostor.’

“ I was there the next night, and the next, but she did not come. ‘No matter,’ I said, ‘she put me on my guard, and I will not neglect her warning. I can do my business if she were in hell, and the fox never sent out as sure a messenger as himself. I will, I must be, up-sides with Grace M’Carthy.’

“ My conduct towards Grace was instantly altered. I feigned contrition for my late estrangement, and my passion seemed to blaze with redoubled ardour. Our late misunderstanding was amicably arranged, and on her return from the neighbouring market-town on the next Saturday, I met her by mutual agreement.

“ She was all smiles, all love and devotion. ‘Ha! the deceiver,’ thought I, ‘she thinks I am an idiot. She thinks she can go on now as she has done up to this. But she may soon find me able enough for her; she will soon find to her sorrow that with me she cannot carry two strings to her bow.’ Such were my thoughts as I met her in a lonely part of the road on that evening. I had twenty notions to murder her on that spot that same moment, but as she smiled so innocently in my eyes, and when her soft melodious tones fell on my ear, I had not the heart to raise my hand to her. And yet I hated her as the devil himself hates holy water. She was preferring another to me because I was a poor schoolmaster, and she was deceiving me with professions of fidelity; for these reasons I hated her, but above all I *dreaded* her, for I fancied she was my evil genius, and that so long as she existed I should walk this earth a slave to some unknown fatal influence—some dread, mysterious power, which would render me miserable during my existence,

and sooner or later conduct me to a certain and no less dreadful doom. I was resolved that this should not be, and yet there was no remedy but one—her speedy death—and I panted for her blood. I thirsted to be her destroyer, her murderer.

“ ‘And Darky *avhic*,’ said the poor girl, the big tears glistening in her fine eyes, ‘what’s come over you at all this time back, or are you getting too proud to speak to an old well-wisher, or what ill wind is blowing between you and I of late days?’

“ I was silent—indeed I was oppressed by too many conflicting feelings to reply.

“ ‘Tell me at once,’ she resumed, ‘what charge you have against me, and if I am guilty, let there never again be yes, aye or no, between us.’

“ ‘If I speak at all,’ I replied, ‘it must be contrary to my feelings, and to my disadvantage and your esteem.’

“ ‘’Tis well, the blame does not rest with *me* any how,’ she continued, ‘but as it is, let me hear it.’

“ ‘As you must hear it, of course you shall,’ I answered. ‘I have been these few days back subject to an attack of an old complaint——’

“ ‘An old complaint—what is it?’

“ ‘Falling-sickness,’ I faintly replied.

“ The girl got ashy pale; she gazed at me a moment evidently suffering under various emotions; surprise, pity and disappointment plainly depicted on her countenance. ‘’Tis strange,’ she resumed, ‘that I never heard this before.’

“ ‘I had not an attack these two years before,’ I replied. ‘I fancied it was gone for ever, and I never mentioned it to any one in this part of the country. Now you know all, and can you wonder that my temper has been such as it was these few days—sour, gloomy, and disagreeable.’

“ ‘You are forgiven, all,’ was her reply. ‘I forgive your unkindness, I pity your misfortunes, and——’

“ ‘But you no longer can love me?’

“ ‘Aye, better than ever. I never will despise you, Darky, because the hand of God is heavy on you.’

“ ‘Angelic girl!’

“ ‘Shew me any manner in which I can prove my sincerity, and see then if I deceive you.’

“ ‘Grace.’

“ ‘What?’

“ ‘There is one thing.’

“ ‘What?—speak.’

“ ‘’Tis too much, I dare not.’

“ ‘Go on, for God’s sake go on.’

“ ‘ By your co-operation, I can be still cured of my dreadful malady.’

“ ‘ Thank God—how?—tell me all.’

“ ‘ Old Father Roche, God rest his soul, cured hundreds of the same complaint.’

“ ‘ But he is dead.’

“ ‘ But he told me the secret of the cure on his death-bed.’

“ ‘ Well, what is it?’

“ ‘ The blood of a dead man; twelve drops of the blood of a dead man drank at midnight in the grave from whence it is taken, will cure that horrid disease in its most inveterate form.’

“ The girl shook like an aspen. A deadly paleness overspread her face, and I thought she would sink on the earth.

“ ‘ ’Tis terrible,’ she muttered.

“ ‘ Old Florry Fogarty of the Oaks died yesterday; to-morrow he will be laid in his grave; in that grave, if you assist me, I will drink his blood to-morrow night and be healed—a sound and a happy man.’

“ ‘ Oh good God!’ exclaimed the trembling girl.

“ ‘ Do you falter?’ I asked impatiently.

“ ‘ No, no,’ she answered eagerly; ‘ but what can I do in it?’

“ ‘ Everything,’ I answered. ‘ The person for whose use it is intended, cannot touch the corpse. I can merely open the coffin, and stand by while the blood is procured from the body.’

“ The poor girl again shook in her agony. ‘ Well, then,’ she resumed, ‘ What must be, will be; I am at your command. I will go through it.’

“ ’Twas growing late; and, after finally arranging our plan of operation, we parted: she pursuing the high road to her father’s dwelling, whilst I went by a less circuitous route through some fields, and arrived home a few minutes before her.

“ That, indeed, was a restless night with me; and with her too. Yet neither of us faltered in our resolution. Her love for me made her look all danger, all terror, in the face; whilst my hatred for her grew the stronger, for I now believed her capable of any act, however unnatural, savage, or inhuman. In fact, I could not tell what to think of her: but of one thing I am certain, I determined to be her murderer,—her heartless, atrocious, cold-blooded murderer,—and I thirsted for her blood with the ferocity of the vampire of eastern romance.

“ Next day was Sunday, and Gracy was at mass. She passed me as I knelt before the little altar. Every eye was fixed on her graceful figure, her snow-white dress, and the waving plume of her black Spanish hat. I almost felt my heart relent,—my resolution falter; but, as she knelt down, and turned her lovely countenance towards me, I again perceived the fatal flowers in

her luxuriant tresses. My desire for her blood returned in its full force. I thought of the old hag's prophecy,—*'that girl may prove your ruin :'* and it was by a struggle that I refrained from laying violent hands on her, even in the house of prayer.

"Service over, I met her at the door. 'To-night, Gracy,—don't forget.'

"'No, no : ' was the reply.

"I turned; and who met my gaze but the young man who had been her partner in the dance at the fair. He put his arm familiarly in hers, as she came up. She cast on him a smile of recognition, and of welcome. I turned on them one scowl of malignant, and I might add triumphant ferocity, and went my way.

"The long wished for night came at last,—and in storm. The latter part of the day had been rainy and tempestuous; and, as the night fell, the sky was shrouded in one vast gigantic pall of fiery, angry-looking clouds. Claps of thunder were heard in the distance; and, occasionally, a flash of blue lightning shot athwart the zenith. It was, indeed, a meet, a favourable hour for the perpetration of a tragedy. I was at the appointed place in due time. It was a lonely and sequestered spot, surrounding the scanty ruins of an ecclesiastical establishment of the early Christian ages. The little chapel of the district stood about forty perches westward; and, although its yard had been for some time consecrated, yet most of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood clung to the 'ould soil'—the burial-place of their forefathers—with a tenacity peculiar alone to the Irish peasantry. It was, as I have said, a lone and gloomy spot, far from any human habitation, and encircled by a belt of venerable old white thorns, the growth, perhaps, of many ages.

"On arriving in the churchyard, I stood to reconnoitre. No human being was near; and, as I stood within the shade of one of the old thorn bushes, I might be aptly compared to the ghost of Oriental fable, who haunts the city of the dead for his prey, and feeds and fattens on the blood of the tenants of the grave. There I stood, awaiting in grim silence the coming of my victim. The corpse of poor Flory Fogarty was not yet well settled in its narrow bed, when I again, with unholy hands, invaded its quiet repose. I struck the spade which I had brought with me upon the fresh-dug grave, and, stretching myself listlessly beneath the shade, I impatiently awaited the arrival of the unsuspecting maiden.

"The atmosphere was getting clearer, although still an occasional peal of thunder rumbled in the far horizon, and now and then a vivid flash of lightning shot across the sky. It was evident, however, that the storm was subsiding; and I felt cha-

grined, and mentally prayed that it might continue until I should have accomplished my direful project; as, amid the commotion of the warring elements, I ran less risk of interruption, or of having any struggle or outcry overheard by any chance stragglers from the neighbouring villages. Amid the pauses of the sinking blast, I heard the sound of footsteps approaching. The next moment, a tall figure stood upon the stile leading into the grave-yard. It jumped lightly on the ground; it approached the spot where I stood,—it was Gracy M'Carthy!

“‘I came as soon as I could,’ she began, in a low deprecating tone. ‘I was afraid of the thunder and the terrible lightning to venture out. God send it’s a good job we are about doing.’

“‘Time will tell all,’ was my brief and somewhat prophetic response.

“I, without further parley, stripped off my coat, and, grasping the spade, commenced opening the old man’s grave. The girl, crouched beside me, sat watching the process silently, and with intense interest. The wind had now nearly sunk into a whisper; and the thunder, too, was heard no longer. Here and there, a star was seen, struggling amid the reeling masses of clouds, and shedding a wan and sickly radiance upon the ghastly scene. No sound was upon the earth, save, now and then, the sharp bark of some cur dog of the village, or the appalling whoop of the screech-owl, as it sailed on noiseless wing within the shadows of the ruined building.

“The clay being fresh and loose, I was not long arriving at the coffin,—the spade striking on its lid with a thrilling and unearthly sound. I fell, overcome with all the strange feelings of the moment, into the bottom of the grave. The devoted girl jumped in, and raised me on her arm. Her endearing words of fondness and encouragement, aroused me in a moment, and I stood erect as if nothing had happened. I tore the lid from the coffin. A broad and brilliant flash of lightning darted overhead that instant, and the pale, impassive features of the dead man were distinctly and painfully visible. The girl uttered a low, suppressed scream of agony, and I jumped on the edge of the grave.

“‘Now, now, Grace,’ I said. ‘Here is my pen-knife: it is sharp; rip open the winding-sheet; and here is a cup to hold the blood,—a few drops will do. Quick, quick! and let us be going.’

“‘Oh, God! ’tis a trying hour, indeed,’ murmured the trembling maiden.

“‘’Tis indeed, Gracy; but ’twill soon be over. Quick, quick! or some one may perceive us.’

“The girl took the knife and the little china cup with a trem-

bling hand, standing in the dim light of the fiery stars, the very picture of terrified devotion. Her teeth chattered; her eyes were fixed on my face, and she moved her blanched lips as if about to make some remark.

“ ‘Quick, girl, quick!’ again I said, impatiently; for I feared lest my courage—my fiendish courage—should fail, and that such an opportunity should slip by without being made use of.

“The girl stooped. ‘Lord have mercy on your sowl to-night, Flory Fogarty,’ she said compassionately; ‘and the Lord may forgive us, if it be a sin we are committing.’

“ ‘Amen!’ I shouted; and, raising aloft the heavy iron spade, I wound it with all my strength, and striking her a mighty blow on the bare skull, laid her weltering on the open coffin. One low, feeble groan was all I heard. Her prostrate form quivered a moment convulsively: I could hear the hot blood gurgling from the vast chasm in the open skull. I cast one wild, furtive glance on the murdered maiden. Her form was still; her spirit was not there.—It was, I hope, in heaven.

“In ten minutes, the grave was closed, and fixed as accurately as I had found it. Kneeling at its head, I muttered a hurried prayer for the soul of the murdered Gracy M’Carthy; and before the morning sun shone on the grim ruins of the sacred pile, I was several miles from the scene of my crimes and my misfortunes.

“The rest is easily told. I came to Dublin, and embarked in the first packet for Liverpool. From thence I took shipping for Rio de Janeiro, where, on landing, I chanced to get a respectable and lucrative situation. I remained there a few years, made money, and came home about three months ago, with an intention of surrendering myself into the hands of the law. But I cannot at present. I have a wife in South America. She was *envious* when I left her. She was a lovely and an artless girl. I loved her; and, besides, I feel an insurmountable desire to see,—to kiss my child before I die. I am on my way now to the Western world; but my stay there must be short. I lately visited the grave—the borrowed grave—of Grace M’Carthy; and I swore by her blood, and by the holy mass, that I would die to satisfy for her murder. I will redeem my vow; I must do it; I cannot endure existence, and bear the weight of murder on my unfortunate soul!

“One word more, and I have done. Two months ago, in one of the Munster poor-houses, an old woman died. Previously to her death, she called the matron of the establishment to her bed.

“ ‘Before I face God,’ she muttered, ‘I have a word to say.’

“ ‘Go on,’ said the nurse-tender. Here she confessed all. It was the old witch by whose suggestions I murdered Grace M’Carthy. She was one of those vagrants who wander over

Ireland, telling fortunes, making mischief, and picking pockets. She saw me in my drunken fit in the fair of ———. She heard my ravings, my denunciations, my threats against Gracy M'Carthy. She resolved immediately to turn her acquired information to her own advantage and my ruin. She inquired my name, my occupation, my residence. She heard me confess my love, my thoughts—my *dream*! She followed me to Owen M'Carthy's. She met me!——the rest is told."

Here ended this strange story. Folding the paper, I thrust it into my pocket, dressed myself, and sallied out through the streets of the metropolis. Often during the day I thought of Darky Duff and poor Gracy; and that evening, as I was sauntering down towards the North-wall, a steam-packet, puffing and grunting, flew by us down the river. It was the "Jupiter," bound for Glasgow. I gazed at the deck-passengers. A man took off his hat and waved it towards where I stood. I looked again,—it was Darky Duff. J. K.*

* In justice to the tavern represented, in page 124, as "something of a bite," the writer begs to state that he had personally no cause to complain of its charges.
—J. K.

AVE MARIA.

"Ave Maria,"
Bright Star of the Sea,
"Virgo Prædicanda,"
We come unto thee.

"Turris Davidica,"
List while we pray;
"Sancta Sanctissima,"
Hear us this day.

"Ave admirabilis,"
We kneel at thy feet;
"Ora pro nobis,"
O Virgin most sweet.

FIDELIA.

AN ANALYSIS OF WIT, FROM ÆSOP TO PUNCH.

(Concluded from page 177.)

BUT that which universally recommended the writings of Dickens to popularity was a propriety and delicacy of expressions throughout his most comic descriptions, such as had been hitherto unexampled, and contrasted nobly with the mean and insolent lewdness with which the pages of almost all his predecessors had been defiled. Indeed, not a solitary instance can be adduced wherein a single sentence of this admirable author is sullied by even a tendency to immorality. In addition to this great allurements, "Boz" propitiated general applause still more by a bold though hazardous satire at some of the most conspicuous grievances in the political constitutions of the realm. Whether iniquity lurked in foul obscurity or brazened the gaze of the multitude, it invariably elicited the terrible ridicule of his fine genius: the abominations and vile deeds perpetrated in the workhouses and the Yorkshire schools were thus exposed to scorn and abhorrence by the author of *Oliver Twist*. Dickens, moreover, rendered himself the especial favourite of the populace, by planting himself in every instance between the oppressor and the oppressed, by endeavouring to break down that barrier which had hitherto appeared to have insurmountably separated opulence from indigence, and by standing forward in the most conspicuous manner as the avowed champion of the poor. We enumerate these well-known circumstances as a necessary preamble to the mention of the very remarkable work which made its appearance some six years after the first literary attempts of "Boz." And we do this because the original design of this production seems to us to have been skeletonized upon the principles and the plans which Dickens had rendered so popular.

There is present the same generous interference in aid of the wrongfully contemned; there is present the same loathing towards viciousness and atrocity under any guise; there is present the same contempt for shallow ostentation and sneaking hypocrisy; there is present the same antic quaintness of imagery, the same joyousness of tone and irresistible kindliness of manner, the same smart and impetuous blows at those pernicious bubbles that, every successive year, lure thousands of families to ruin. Had not the name of this work been prefixed to the present article, it would have been ostensible to every person, from the characteristics just enumerated, that we alluded especially and solely to "PUNCH." As the calm and elegant style of composition which is the main feature of the "Spectator" was singularly in accordance

with the tastes and habits of the Augustan age of Queen Anne, so are the unconscionable jibes and fantastic gambols of "Punch" peculiarly appropriate to the age of Queen Victoria. It had been evident, from the period of the Napoleon wars, that the "caricatura" was a species of humour exactly suited to the ironical temperament of John Bull, and this partiality for the ridicule of the pencil had, moreover, been much increased by the capital inventions of George Cruikshank and the clever tableaux of H. B. This love for artistical facetiousness was sufficiently evident to many of the most excellent writers now living, and doubtless led them to combine together, with a oneness and entirety of feeling, all their varied capacities for the grotesque, and by this combination to produce a periodical of a humorous and satirical character. The selection of that wooden elf which had figured with so much *éclat* in the vagrant theatres of the streets for so many years, and which had been made the subject of some exquisitely merry scenes both in Fielding and Dickens, can only be regarded as one of those happy thoughts that start up almost without premeditation. The cluster of witty rogues met—their aggregate was christened *Punch*, and, in the July of 1841, appeared the first number of a periodical which has continued ever since to enlarge the number of its admirers, and to administer to all the quackeries and humbugs that have obtruded themselves upon society since then, a shower of smart raps with its baton of lath. We may safely assert, that this one work has brought more smiles upon the faces of the mercantile man and the thorough-going man of business than any which has ever issued from the press. Nor is there any lack of the more virulent and pungent qualities of satire, malice, and acrimony; indeed, these have given rise to the only accusation that has hitherto been levelled at *Punch*, namely, that its wit has partaken too much of malevolence, and that its sarcasms have occasionally degenerated into uncalled-for malignancy and unwarrantable personalities. Unhappily there is too much ground for the accusation, inasmuch that his most enthusiastic readers must feel unwillingly compelled to acquiesce in this reprobation of the otherwise noble-hearted Mr. Punch. Still, with a due regard to the casualties of head and heart incident to all mortals, we are almost tempted to ascribe such violence of language to our excellent friend's extreme hatred of vice and oppression, and we are inclined to christen such misjudged acerbity with the mild appellation of an amiable fault. Yet, by these excessive displays of philanthropy, *Punch* has at times placed himself in the questionable position of rendering himself ridiculous when he intended doing so the least; and as Don Quixote put his lance in "rest" and assailed the wind-mills, imagining them to be giants, so has Mr. Punch put his

pen in motion and “charged” some insignificant Mr. Nobody with as much violence as though he had been a sceptred despot. We have already remarked upon the unity of feeling which has so particularly characterised the contributors to this periodical; yet there is, nevertheless, a most unmistakeable individuality about the style of the several writers, making in all a pleasant contrast of manner in the mode by which sound principles of rectitude, and generosity, and disgust of the many evils perpetrated by avarice or callousness, are here inculcated. Who could have mistaken the bitter and almost venomous scorn of Douglas Jerrold, in that detestation of meanness and criminality in all its villainous aspects, given with such peculiar energy in the caustic letters written by Punch to his eldest son? Who could mistake the rich and lavish flow of animal spirits, peculiar to Albert Smith, in those merry jests at the foibles and eccentricities of the middle classes, in the “Physiology of London Evening Parties”? There are, without question, many articles that are immeasurably inferior to the staple proportion of this work; but they are mostly inferior only by comparison with their more able associates: though several of the smaller squibs, the *bon-mots*, that stop-gap the columns, are occasionally sufficiently meagre of all pretensions to the comical to have been kicked out of his office by the venerable droll himself, or floored by his baton with every testimony of excessive contempt.

With these misproportioned contributions must be classed sundry doggrel attempts at humour, the maudlin frivolity of which accords but little with the general vigour and energy displayed in the other articles. Sadly do these *poetical* eccentricities contrast with the exquisite fun of illustrious Tom Ingoldsby—alas! that we should have to subjoin “now no more.” In the compositions of this latter humourist, Melpomene seems to have abandoned herself to the most exuberant jocularities: now she dances into a fandango in “The Jackdaw of Rheims,” now she subsides to a syncope in “The Black Mousquetaire;” now she instils beautiful principles of morality in the Honourable Mr. Sucklethumbkin’s story about “The Execution,” now she betrays the horrible remorse attendant upon crime in the grotesque legend entitled “The Dead Drummer.” On reading over again his comical “Misadventures at Margate,” it appears impossible to think the hand that traced it so recently can be inanimate. These “Misadventures,” though apparently advanced as a mere trifle, form a perfect specimen of the humorous. Turn, for example, to the verses which follow the secret departure of “the little vulgar boy” with the trinkets and carpet-bag of Mr. Simpkinson, the fictitious narrator; when the latter gentleman thus pursues his description:—

“ I went to ‘Farvis’ landing-place,’ the glory of the town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down ;
 I told my tale, he seem’d to think I’d not been treated well,
 And call’d me ‘Poor old Buffer !’—what that means I cannot
 tell.”

Whereupon the seaman remarks that he had seen that morning
 on the shore

“ A little ‘gallows-looking’ chap’—dear me ! what could he mean ?
 With a ‘carpet swab’ and ‘muckingtogs,’ and a hat turned up
 with green ;
 He spoke about his ‘precious eyes,’ and said he’d seen him ‘sheer,’
 —It’s very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer,—
 And then he hitch’d his trousers up, as is, I’m told, their use,
 —It’s very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose,”
 &c.

To return, however, to the consideration of *Punch*. It is we own, almost ungrateful even to refer to its trivial blemishes, and it savours somewhat of the gourmand, who has been luxuriating over his madeira and his filberts, flying into a vast passion with his butler, because one or two of the nuts were either mouldy or deficient of kernel. Particularly when it is certain that in several departments of literary composition there may be culled and collected from the pages of these witty volumes perfect specimens of each. In corroboration of which we may adduce the “Comic Blackstone” as a masterpiece of punning and raillery upon men and manners; perhaps the most difficult species of humorous writing to render universally entertaining, and to prevent from growing wearisome or monotonous. It is a legal superstition that the greater the truth the greater the libel, and we might possibly assert with more accuracy, the more sober and solemn the original, the more exquisitely comical the burlesque; and, receiving the latter as a self-evident proposition, perhaps no production offered so many temptations to a forensic wit as the *Commentaries* of Judge Blackstone, affording as it did such an opportunity for cunning and harmless jests at the flaws and blunders of the very constitutions of the kingdom. This notion has here been carried out with so much vivacity and unflagging fun, that we would rather stand the chance, hinted at by Dr. Johnson, of having our pocket picked by Gilbert à Beckett, than forego the society of so thorough and delightful a punster.

Possibly the most able serial which has adorned *Punch* with its earnest satire of wholesale and retail villainy, are the epistles of the wooden-headed philosopher to his firstborn. Who can forget that inimitable allegory of the goslings, uttered by our modern Chesterfield when he discourseth of military glory! How the “pomp and circumstance” of glorious war degenerateth

ever afterwards into a covey of geese-that-are-to-be, "little bits of flannel," quacking and whistling along in martial array—truly a queer covey! And when he scourgeth the gamblers with his tough lines, and excoriateth them with his corrosive ink, how the dashing gamesters dwindle into miserable "egg-suckers!" How the drunkard, doubly sodden with selfishness and alcohol, sickens one into a love of temperance by the delineation of a picture worthy of Christopher North! How the shallowness of ordinary friendship is un-husked; and how the thousand other instances of degeneration in the social family are disclosed to avoidance and detestation. Jerrold has subsequently impaled the callousness of our artificial affections in certain theatrical sarcasms in the "Story of a Feather," and here his horror of sin has appeared with almost double energy. It is easy to perceive that under the masquerade of the fiction, some pretty hard knocks are administered to the superficial and pernicious blandishments of the London world. The *Flamingoes*, and the *Patty Butlers*, and the *Blushroses*, and the *Mrs. Crumpets*, have all their prototypes. But we are inclined to object to the incessant and uncontrasted display of the sneaking, the dastardly, the covetous, the obdurate, and the actually vicious representatives of mankind with which this clever author contents himself. That he is a large-hearted man is trumpeted forth by the plain purport of his writings; yet the acrimony and nervous virulence of his sarcasms breathe of a wounded as well as of a sensitive nature. He takes vice as his victim,—he flays it alive,—and then covers it with the gall of his irony, that gnaws to the marrow of the bone with a terrible fierceness. Jerrold is a noble moralist, but he is deficient in those sunny comparisons of goodness which in the pages of Dickens not only relieve the mind from the unvaried contemplation of iniquity, but, by the very alternations of lights and shadows, deepen the darkness of the detected abominations. Indeed we should prefer his most facetious "Curtain Lectures," if the character of *Mrs. Margaret Gaudle* were in some measure assimilated with her sex by the possession of at least one or two excellent qualities, and did not form a tableau, as it were, of all those aggravating and importunate, though contemptibly trivial foibles, which render a wife more a nuisance than a comfort. We would remind Mr. Jerrold, with the most true and unaffected respect and admiration for his genius, that the common field-nettle has a sweet and toothsome blossom though it is surrounded by prickles.

What renders *Punch* so peculiarly delighting to the entire population, is the knack the rascal has of submitting every circumstance that attracts the slightest attention to an agreeable metamorphosis at the very moment of its occurrence.

Thus, Lord Brougham comes forth as an industrious flea, or O'Connell as a vagrant musician, or Sir Robert Peel as a ballet dancer, or the Duke of Richmond as a poulterer: and by this means a certain imaginary gentleman is destined to exceed the renowned old *Jenkins* of 169 years by an actual immortality. Each topic of the day elicits some smart conceit; the personages who are brought forward more prominently by passing events figure in all manner of grotesque and unexpected disguises; and by these most appropriate jocularities the routine of life loses its intolerable aridity and becomes palatable. In this respect we must acknowledge that the authors have been materially assisted by their designers, whose imaginations seem to be equally replete of the ludicrous and witty. We may particularise several illustrations of "Punch's Heathen Mythology" as the very acme of the burlesque of the pencil; while the fanciful groups of Kenny Meadows, and the political caricatures of Leach, stand without a rival.

Without doubt, many remember that on the first appearance of *Mr. Punch* as a candidate for our subscriptions and our laughter, the general observation was, that it would be impossible to continue such an incessant and copious draw upon the wit of a few funny dogs like those contributors, and that they would be speedily drained of their facetiousness. Nevertheless, years have rolled on, not only without finding the humour of *Punch* flagging in the slightest degree, but rather, like good wine, mellowing with increase of age. Still, it has fallen into a mannerism which it befits the arch-spouse of Judy to overcome, namely, wearing a theme of drollery to very rags and tatters; insomuch so, that, among other consequences, the unfortunate fountains in Trafalgar Square at last became what a jocose writer recently remarked, a very "dry joke" indeed. Hence, also, it appears to us incumbent upon *Punch* to present some splendid testimonial of his gratitude to my Lord Brougham, for the assistance his lordship has been to that publication in furnishing it with materials for loud and sonorous laughter to an almost incalculable extent.* But, much as we have roared at the rollicking merriment of this glorious droll, we honour and revere Mr. Punch as a generous-hearted and uncompromising philanthropist. Not only has he followed in the footsteps of his great predecessor "Boz," in never once giving utterance to a syllable or an innuendo that would call the blush to a virgin

* Notwithstanding all the jokes and waggeries which have been directed at this illustrious nobleman; notwithstanding the obloquy cast upon him by opponents, and the violent attacks of a few political contemporaries; Henry Lord Brougham may rest satisfied that there are multitudes who venerate his vast genius and his most noble heart, and who do not wait until his death to acknowledge that a great man has been among them.

cheek, but he has pressed forward in the cause of injured virtue and neglected penury, with a pathos and an earnestness worthy of Charles Dickens. We have but to mention poor Tom Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, a lyric that made the eyes swim and the heart throb with emotion, and rendered permanent a nation's love for that admirable wit; while it causes us to regard the pages in which it appeared, not only with delight, but with affection. *Punch* is without a parallel: it is terse, and nervous, and kindly, and morose, and preposterously gay by turns: it is at once an antic and a teacher of grand truths: and our sentiments will be echoed by all who read them, when we utter an aspiration for its prosperity and continuance. So genial and wholesome is its humour, that we feel assured the severe lip of Cato would have curled into a smile, the melancholy visage of Cassius would have relaxed into an expression of joyousness, and the rancorous Timon and whining Heraclitus, would both have "stripped their teeth" with laughing,—aye! and have chuckled as loudly as that grinning philosopher Democritus,—had they but glanced down the columns of the *London Charivari*.

THE SONG OF THE SEASONS.

BY THE REV. J. FITZGERALD, AUTHOR OF "ERIN'S SACRED HARP,"
"IRISH MELODIES," ETC.

SPRING.

I BREATHE of the zephyr, so fresh and so cold,
And the crocus and primrose are shining in gold,
My skies full of sunshine, with blue-coloured wing,
With dew-drops are sprinkled, my rivulets sing,
All hail to thy glories, beautiful Spring!

This is my lay,
Huzza! Huzza!

SUMMER.

My glory is felt when the daylight awakes,
O'er valleys, hills, rivers, and beautiful lakes;
Then my zone flower-woven is gemmed with dew,
While the roof of my temple is Heaven's own blue,
With the diamonds of midnight shining thro'.

This is my lay,
Huzza! Huzza!

AUTUMN.

Hark! hither I come, thro' wave, thro' air,
O'er drooping boughs, with their golden hair,

To the song of the vintage and lay of the lute,
Now dances the corn, now blushes the fruit,
While valleys are vocal and cataracts shoot.

This is my lay,
Huzza ! Huzza !

WINTER.

I come with a spirit untouched by care,
Tho' Time and his breezes have thinned my hair ;
Hearty, tho' cold, my vigour unbroke,
Like the time-honour'd boughs of my own old oak !
Thus Winter exclaim'd, and he sigh'd as he spoke.

This is my lay,
Huzza ! Huzza !

 THE ANNUNCIATION.

MOONLIGHT was silvering the olive boughs,
And lighting up the dusky cypresses
That shaded Olivet. The tall palms wav'd
Their fan-like foliage to the evening breeze,
Making a wild and fitful melody.
Night crowned herself with stars ; and, like a queen,
Came forth to view her empire.

With meek brow,
And eyes upraised to heaven, Mary knelt
Beside her casement ; communing with Him
Who meteth out the ocean in His hand,
And supplicating mercy for the fair
But wretched land of Judah.

At her feet
Was spread the volume of the law that spoke
Of the Messiah's coming.

A full flood
Of radiance, brilliant as the rising sun,
Illumed the chamber. Mary turned, and lo !
A heavenly messenger before her stood,
Veiling his features with his snowy wings.
" Hail, Mary !" he exclaim'd, " thou full of grace !
The Lord hath bless'd thee more than womankind :
The Lord Himself is with thee."

* * * * *

With a look
Of lowliest thankfulness, the virgin knelt,
Bowing her thoughtful forehead to the dust.
" Behold the handmaid of the Lord !" she said ;
" Even as He wills, so be it done to me !"

E. J. G. D.

ÆLFRIC'S ANGLO-SAXON HOMILIES.

EDITED BY B. THORPE, ESQ. FOR THE ÆLFRIC SOCIETY. VOL. I.*

A PEOPLE'S literature is as true a token of its national turn of mind, its strength of reasoning, its beauty and loftiness of thought, and its hallowed feelings toward religion, as is the mineral wealth of any land a proof of the inward worth of its soil, when contrasted with the countries around it.

The changes which always await upon the footsteps of time, with regard to the things that are the works of man—wars at home, invasions from abroad, the fickleness of fashion, or some one or another of those hundred causes, which, however small, are not the less mighty in bringing about great effects—are ever at work, if not in quite destroying, at least in hiding from one age the productions of those which went before it. Thus is it that the churchman's holy exhortations, the poet's lay, the gleeman's song, and the story of the chronicler, upon each of which, in its own turn, our forefathers used to hang with such listening fondness, are often buried as deeply from the knowledge of the next generation, as the vein of precious ore is from the surface of the ground.

By the skill of the untiring and nothing-daunted miner, the all-coveted metal is delved out of the hardest rock; or the no less useful seam of coal is "come upon," and brought forth for the public good. A process somewhat like this is gone through by those scholars whom we may with truth call literary miners, from their unwearying toils in digging down, as it were, to the hidden literary wealth of their country, and searching for those lost riches of the intellect, which have been left so long covered from our eyes under the aged forms of an almost forgotten tongue, or overlaid by the dust, and, what is still worse, the neglect of many centuries.

If every age in the history of our national literature have certain distinguishing marks about it, among such signs as characterize the present times, assuredly not the least striking one is that laborious research which our ablest scholars are making after the forgotten, if not almost lost treasures of days gone by. During the last thirty years, many literary clubs have sprung up for the publication of inedited MSS., and the reprinting of scarce early-printed books, belonging to our national literature. From these societies have issued many a welcome and precious contribution to the literary stores of these islands.

* London: Pickering, 1845.

Without however at all wishing to lower the worth of any of these truly useful associations, it is doubtful if any of them be likely to add a greater weight of more stirring worth to our literature, or break open for the English student deeper and fresher well-springs of our rich and racy mother-tongue, than the Ælfric Society, or, as it is better called in the language of its own fitting motto, Ælfric's Book-gild.

This society has proclaimed its object to be the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, which have either not yet been given to the world, or of which a more correct and convenient edition may be deemed desirable.

Among our Anglo-Saxon worthies, stands out with deserved honour the name of Ælfric, the zealous homilist, and the painstaking grammarian; it was therefore, and very properly, agreed that the time-honoured name of our illustrious Anglo-Saxon countryman Ælfric should be bestowed as the distinctive term on this Anglo-Saxon society.

It was meet that the first thoughts of this society should be turned to the principal works of the illustrious man under the shadow of whose name it had chosen to present itself to the notice of the country. The series, therefore, of the society's works, has commenced with the publication of a portion of those venerable monuments, of paramount importance in a theological, historical, and philological point of view, *The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church*, of which a considerable number (whether translations or originals) are ascribed to the learned prelate by whose name the society is distinguished. This work is edited by B. Thorpe, Esq., F.S.A., who is already well known, both here and on the continent, for his deep learning in Anglo-Saxon literature, and who has enriched our literary resources with a translation into English of *Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, and edited with much ability *The Ancient Laws and Institutes of England*, as well as *The Codex Exoniensis*, the *Anglo-Saxon Version of the Gospels*, besides having just presented to the public *A History of England under the Anglo-Saxon Kings*, translated from the German of Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, to which he has appended many valuable additions of his own.

Besides one volume of *Homilies*, the society has put forth the first part of the *Legend of St. Andrew*, a poem which, with several other such compositions, was in a thick volume of Anglo-Saxon Homilies discovered in '32 by Dr. Blum at Vercelli; and should its labours receive due encouragement, it proposes to print the following works, never yet published:—

The Lives of the Anglo-Saxon Saints; the inedited portion of the collective works written by or ascribed to King Alfred,

namely, Anglo-Saxon translations of *Gregorius de Cura Pastoralis*; of *Flores ex libro Soliloquiorum S. Augustini*, and of *S. Gregorii Dialogi*; the Anglo-Saxon version of the *Rule of St. Benedict*; the Anglo-Saxon version of St. Æthelwold *De Consuetudine Monachorum*; the Four Gospels from the Durham or St. Cuthbert's Book, with the Anglo-Saxon Gloss in the ancient dialect of Northumbria, adding the variations of the Rushworth Glossary; the Northumbrian Gloss on the Psalter. Moreover, it is wished that new and better editions may be furnished of the following printed books, viz., the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle; King Alfred's translations of Bede, Orosius, and Boethius; and the Anglo-Saxon Grammar and Glossaries of Ælfric.

To every Englishman of right feelings, the exhumation of any hitherto hidden fragment, however small, of our national literature, will become a source of interest and delight. But to the Catholic it must always be doubly so; for, in looking upon these offsprings of the nation's mind, as it thought, and spoke, and taught the people, a thousand and more years ago, he cannot fail to behold in them so many witnesses to certify the oneness of that belief which he and his Anglo-Saxon forefathers hold in common, unchanged, unaltered, unabridged, even in an atom, notwithstanding the wide gap of time which parts them. He who wants any proof of this, need only turn over the *Homilies of Ælfric*. It is fortunate that it fell to the lot of Mr. Thorpe to edit those homilies. That gentleman is not only one of the very best Anglo-Saxon scholars, not merely in England but in the world, but he possesses such method, bestows such minute and unwearying care upon what he undertakes, and is withal so free from any kind of bias, that he disdains to twist a word from its right meaning, or to weaken the strength of a passage, in his translation of the original Anglo-Saxon, and everywhere shows his wish to render his author as truthfully as he can. There is one instance which shows the high sense of honesty which guides Mr. Thorpe as a translator: At p. 58 of the 1st volume of the *Homilies*, Ælfric makes mention of St. John's "claennysse his ansundan maegdhades," which Mr. Thorpe had rendered "the purity of his uncorrupted *chastity*." When, however, it was noticed to him that the Anglo-Saxon of the original went to express something more than chastity, which every married man is bound to observe, and indicated that the Apostle was so especially beloved by Christ because, like himself, he had lived a virgin, Mr. Thorpe immediately acknowledged the truth of the criticism; and among his "Notes," at the end of vol. i. p. 622, points out to his readers, that in this passage "maegdhad" should correctly have been rendered "virginity."

But let us cast a hasty glance at the *Homilies*. Their author, Ælfric, candidly tells us that he has taken for his guides St. Augustin, St. Jerom, St. Beda, St. Gregory the Great, Smaragdus, and sometimes Haymo. Whatever dignity in the church Ælfric afterwards reached, at the time he drew up the *Homilies* he was "monk and mass-priest," and "sent, in King Æthelred's day from bishop Ælfeah, Æthelwold's successor, to a minster which is called Cernel, at the prayer of Æthelmaer the thane." Here it was "he turned from the Latin language into the English tongue" a book of sermons for the whole year. This set of sermons, it is probable, he himself had made from gleanings out of the above-mentioned Latin fathers' commentaries on Holy Writ. But it is time the reader have put before him one or two extracts, to show the kind of treat which awaits his perusal of the *Homilies*.

We cannot help admiring the clearness as well as the simplicity of the following explanation of the divine and human nature in Christ;—

"Our human nature could not see Christ in that divine nativity; but that same Word became flesh and dwelt in us, that we might see him. The Word was not turned, but it was invested with human flesh. As every man existeth in soul and in body as one man, so also Christ existeth in divine nature and human nature in one person, Christ. They said, 'Let us see the Word that is come to pass,' because they could not see it before it was incarnate, and become man. Nevertheless, the divine nature is not mingled with the human nature, nor is there any separation. We might tell unto you a little simile, if it were not too mean. Look now on an egg, how the white is not mingled with the yolk, and yet it is one egg. Nor also is Christ's divinity confounded with human nature, but he continueth to all eternity one person undivided."—p. 41.

Well would it be for our wealthy readers to ponder on the following passage:

"Let him who desires to be good, call to him who ever is good, that he make him good. A man has gold, that is good in its kind; he has land and riches, they are good. But the man is not good through these things, unless he do good with them, as the prophet said, 'He distributed his wealth, and divided it among the poor, and his righteousness continued for ever.' He diminished his money and increased his righteousness. He diminished that which he must leave, and that will be increased which he shall have to eternity. Thou praisest the merchant who gets gold for lead, and wilt not praise him who gets righteousness and the kingdom of heaven for perishable money. The rich and the poor are wayfarers in this world. The rich now bears the heavy burthen of his treasures, and the poor goes empty. The rich bears more provisions for his journey than he requires, the other bears an empty scrip. Therefore should the rich share his burthen

with the poor ; then will he lessen the burthen of his sins, and help the poor. We are all God's poor ; let us therefore acknowledge the poor who ask us, that God may acknowledge us, when we ask our needs of him. If a rich woman and a poor one bring forth together, let them go away ; thou knowest not which is the rich woman's child, which the poor one's. Again, if we open the graves of dead men, thou knowest not which are the rich man's bones, which the poor one's. It is one thing, that a man be rich, if his parents have bequeathed him possessions ; another thing, if any one become rich through covetousness. The covetousness of the latter is accused before God, not the other's wealth, if his heart be not inflamed by covetousness.

"The rich and the poor are needful to each other. The wealthy is made for the poor, and the poor for the wealthy. It is incumbent on the affluent that he scatter and distribute ; on the indigent it is incumbent that he pray for the distributor. The poor is the way that leads us to the kingdom of God. The poor gives to the rich more than he receives from him. The rich gives him bread that will be turned to ordure ; and the poor gives to the rich everlasting life," &c.—p. 255.

We had marked several other extracts, but we must forego the pleasure of enriching our pages with their beauties : as, however, we are writing these lines on the eve of the Assumption, we cannot withhold from our readers the following passages which we have chosen from the splendid homily for that festival of the blessed Virgin Mary. After telling us that,—“ Our Lord, through his piety, committed the blessed maiden his mother to the chaste man John, who had ever lived in pure virginity ; and on this account he was especially dear to the Lord, so much so that he would commit to him that precious treasure, the queen of the whole world,” &c. p. 439, the homilist declares that,—

“ This festival (the Assumption) excels incomparably all other saints' mass-days, as much as this holy maiden, the mother of God, is incomparable with all other maidens. This feast-day to us is yearly, but to heaven's inmates it is perpetual. At the ascension of this heavenly queen, the Holy Ghost in hymns uttered his wonder, thus inquiring: ‘ What is this that here ascends like the rising dew of morn, as beauteous as the moon, as choice as the sun, and as terrible as a martial band?’ The Holy Ghost wondered, for he caused all heaven's inmates to wonder at the ascension of this woman. Mary is more beauteous than the moon, for she shines without decrease of her brightness. She is choice as the sun with beams of holy virtues, for the Lord, who is the sun of righteousness, chose her for his mother. Her course is compared to a martial band, for she was surrounded with heavenly powers and with companies of angels.”

“ Of this heavenly queen it is yet said by the same Spirit of God, ‘ I saw the beauteous one as a dove mounting above the streaming rills, and an ineffable fragrance exhaled from her garments, and so as in spring-tide blossoms of roses and lilies encircled her.’ The blossoms

of roses betoken by their redness martyrdom, and the lilies by their whiteness betoken the shining purity of inviolate maidenhood. All the chosen who have thriven to God through martyrdom or through chastity, they all journeyed with the blessed queen, for she is herself both martyr and maiden. Other martyrs suffered martyrdom in their bodies for Christ's faith, but the blessed Mary was not bodily martyred, but her soul was sorely afflicted with great suffering, when she stood sad before Christ's rood, and saw her dear child fastened with iron nails on the hard tree.—God's chosen shine in heavenly glory, each according to his merits : it is therefore credible that the blessed queen with so much glory and brightness excels others, as much as her merits are incomparable with those of the other saints. God has commanded us through his prophets, that we should praise and magnify him in his saints, in whom he is wonderful: much more fitting is it that we, on this great festival of his blessed mother, should worship him with hymns and honourable praises ; for undoubtedly all honour to her is praise to God."—p. 443, &c.

One extract more, to show with what deep feelings of devotion our Anglo-Saxon forefathers looked up to the Blessed Virgin ; and we close the first volume of *Ælfric's Homilies*.

"O thou blessed parent of God, ever maiden Mary, temple of the Holy Ghost, maiden before conception, maiden in conception, maiden after conception, great is thy glory on this festival among the before-said saints ; because through thy pure childbirth, holiness and heavenly honours came to them all. We speak of the heavenly queen, as is usual, according to her womanhood ; yet all the faithful church confidently sing of her, that she is exalted and raised above the hosts of angels in the glorious throne. Of no other saints is it said that any of them is raised above the hosts of angels, but of Mary alone. She manifested by her example the heavenly life on earth, for maidenhood is of all virtues queen, and the associate of the heavenly angels. The example and the footsteps of this maiden were followed by an innumerable body of persons in maidenhood, living in purity, renouncing marriage, attaching themselves to the heavenly bridegroom, Christ, with steadfast mind and holy converse, and with white garments, to that degree that very many of them suffered martyrdom for maidenhood, and so with two-fold victory went glorious to the heavenly dwelling-place."—p. 547.

For the boon which he has bestowed upon English literature in his able edition of the Anglo-Saxon text of *Ælfric's Homilies*, and the faithful translation with which he has coupled it, we beg to offer Mr. Thorpe our best thanks ; and we hope very soon to congratulate him on the completion of his labours, as far as the homilies are concerned, by the appearance of the entire second volume, when, we trust, he will gird up his loins for fresh toils. But he has right truly done his part already, and it is now for the country to fulfil its duty, by bestowing not

mere empty praise, but lending a helping hand, in becoming subscribers to its funds, and thus forward the intentions of an association of which Mr. Thorpe is so bright an ornament. We do live in hope that such will be the countenance and ready aid afforded to the Ælfric Society, that it may have the means of printing every unedited Anglo-Saxon manuscript existing, either in these kingdoms or on the continent, and thus rescuing them from the danger of being lost to future ages, through fire, wanton neglect, and a hundred of those mishaps which have already snatched from us so many valuable works and writings of our forefathers.

There are, however, other weighty reasons why we earnestly wish to bespeak for the Ælfric Society the goodwill of our countrymen, and especially of those to whom is entrusted the charge of the education of our youth. We confess that without slighting other men or other countries, we love above all our own dear mother-land, and we wish our youth to be taught to love her too, fondly, warmly, heartily, and to look with becoming feelings of homage and attachment on everything belonging to her old religion, her old constitution, her old laws, her old glory and renown. As Englishmen we have to think, to write, to speak, in English and with Englishmen. Surely, then, it is a matter of concern to know and understand well our own tongue. But what is the truth? In all our schools, public and private, with sorrow be it said, much, very much time is thrown away upon learning two dead languages, Greek and Latin, which after all lend little aid to the everyday business of life. The object of learning a strange tongue is not so much to become knowing in new words, but through words to become knowing in the sentiments, opinions, and wisdom of the great, the good, and the holy men of by-gone ages, and other lands; or to tell strangers our thoughts, our wishes, our feelings, in language which they understand. Now of all those who have spent so many years at our schools in the scanning of Homer or Virgil, or stringing words together in the various measures of Latin verse, how many ever take up a Greek or Latin book, have need to write a letter, a speech, an accompt, in Latin or Greek; or use either language as a means of amusement, instruction, or business, in after life? Not one in twenty thousand. How much better then would it be if in our public and private schools as much attention at least were given to the teaching of English, as of Greek and Latin, that our youths might bring home with them a racy idiomatic way of speaking and writing their own language, instead of a smattering of Greek and Latin, which they almost forget, and generally neglect in a few years' time. Let our English youth of both sexes be taught to

drink deeply of the well of English undefiled. For this, a study of Anglo-Saxon is absolutely needful; for after all, it has bequeathed to us by far the largest stock of words in our language. About the Anglo-Saxon tongue there was the strength of iron, with the sparkling and the beauty of burnished steel, which made it withstand with success the attacks that the Norman William and his fawning courtiers directed against it as they tried in vain to thrust their French into the mouths of the English people. If the sword of the Normans vanquished the Anglo-Saxons, the Anglo-Saxons' tongue in its turn overthrew the French of the Normans. The greatest harm that was ever inflicted on the English language, came from Johnson, who in giving English endings to long-drawn Latin words, foolishly thought to impart dignity of style to his writings by words, big, not with meaning, but with sounding emptiness. Such silliness and childishness has happily died away; but still our young men have to be taught to follow our best and latest writers, and always to choose an Anglo-Saxon word before a Latin one. When this shall be done, then may we look forward to a bright period in our country's literature. We shall have our ears charmed with a flow of sounds as strong as they are sweet and beautiful, instead of, as often now happens, being wearied with a namby pamby gibberish made up of Greek, Latin, and French words, with English endings.*

C. P. S.

* While this article was going through the press, the writer met with, for the first time, a small work entitled *Holy Readings*, in the preface to which he was glad to find thoughts like his own on the subject of our English mother-tongue, aptly and strongly put forth. "Saxon words," says its editor, "are not, indeed, available to the language of science: but in books, and in teachings meant for the people, it is wise to speak their language as much as we can. That language is essentially Saxon: and every Saxon word which we may employ, will not only be better understood by them, but will embody our own meaning more readily and strongly than any foreign word." From the hasty glance which he who pens these lines has been as yet able to throw upon *Holy Readings*, he recommends it as a goodly little book, out of which both old and young may draw much wholesome knowledge for the health and weal of their souls.

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 161.)

BOOK II. CHAPTER III.

HEEDLESS of all the turmoil attendant upon the Baron of Taverna's triumphant entry into Palermo and reconciliation with the king, the pale Saracen artizan conversed, as we said, in an angle of the palace with the outlawed Abderachman. The tattered disguise assumed by the latter was not, indeed, necessary to his safety; for in the excitement of the city, none would have heeded an individual, however previously obnoxious. Such mighty interests had been at stake, such mighty passions had been gratified by the fall of Majone, that matters of mere police and concerning only the safety of individuals, seemed unworthy of a moment's consideration. This the robber now felt; and little heeded to maintain his disguise. It had been assumed in obedience to the hints conveyed by Gavaretto when, as will be recollected, he had allowed him to escape from the royal dungeons, in obedience to the orders of the late High-Admiral, instead of breaking him on the wheel to which he had been condemned. Since that period, the Saracen had deemed it prudent not to follow too openly his usual daring pursuits, not to trust too implicitly to the favour of the minister: for he had felt that he was too well known to hundreds in Palermo to venture openly within its walls and again entrust his safety to the connivance of a jailor.

Now, however, he laughed openly at the fears expressed by his more timid kinsman. "Tush! tush!" he said; "these people have other matters to think of. Seest thou not that he who can strike a good blow is the hero of the day. The slavish rabble feel kindly towards swordsmen for doing that for them which they dared not do for themselves; and were I recognized, I might perchance come in for a share of their heroic admiration."

"Better not risk the experiment, kinsman," whispered the artizan.

"I do not intend to do so," replied Abderachman in a less subdued tone of voice. "Still, it is needful that I should see what is going on, and should make my own play amid the general joy. This enthusiasm for the usurper of Taverna is too hot to last among the people: and we must devise some means to prevent King William from falling asleep on the neck of the murderer of his friend. How can this be easiest done?"

“By putting his avarice between them,” answered the jeweller: “and depend upon it, that he will follow the bait as surely as the true believer turns to the tomb of Mecca.”

“Allah il Allah! thou art a kinsman worth having. Show me thy device, cousin,” exclaimed Abderachman.

“I have got the English Bishop of Syracuse to promise me, in reward for having discovered the jewels and proved Majone’s treachery, to promise me whatever unknown and unclaimed debt I can show to be owing to the crown. Hast thou forgotten the tenure on which the lands of Taverna are held by the usurper: so many plumps of spears or else so many gold pieces to subsidize the king in his wars?”

“And neither have been paid for years!” cried the outlaw joyfully interrupting him. “By heaven, Azab, thy cunning is worth all my skill in arms!”

“Majone never called for it; for he always intended to marry this baron to his daughter,” continued the artizan; “and he would gladly, therefore, have had the quit-rent forgotten. But mark me, cousin: I am not such a thick-skulled Norman as to expect that King William will allow me to receive all the arrears: he will claim them for himself as well as the future dues.”

“And then will there be war between him and the Baron,” interposed Abderachman. “I see it all; and in the quarrel we may have a chance to recover the broad lands of our fathers. I have vowed by the holy prophet never to rest until the castle, so basely confiscated, be wrested back from the invaders.”

“It can never be ours,” muttered the artizan with an ironical, and yet half-confiding smile.

“It can never be thine, perhaps; because traffic has debased thy soul almost to the level of that of a Nazarine: but though all the heads of our race died in defence of their country, some of their wild and pure desert blood yet runs in my veins, and prompts me to grasp at those rights between which and me the sword of the Norman has left no other claimant. But enough of this. Thou knowest the hope for which I live. Well for us that the shouts and the gabble of these idiots prevent them from hearing my words! But tell me, Azab,” he continued more coolly,—“I know that thou dost not move without a motive,—wherefore didst thou discover thy handiwork and bring down the king’s wrath upon the memory of Majone? He was friendly to me.”

“He *said* he was,” replied the other: “but I was not such a fool as to believe that he would act against his own son-in-law to favour a Saracen outlaw. Besides, he was dead. I wished, therefore, to secure a new patron in the king or, at all events, to make a scramble in which we might come in for our share.”

“By Allah, but thou shouldst have given me notice! Wil-

liam has been too quick for us. Not a house of Majone but has been ransacked; not a kinsman of his but has been already lodged in the dungeons of the Alcazar."

"All but the Lady Corazza whom they cannot find," observed Azab.

"Sayest thou so? Is she not found?" exclaimed Abderachman joyfully seizing hold of the jeweller's shrivelled arm. "Allah, thou art merciful still! One of my fellows saw her go forth towards her old haunts two days ago. Without a doubt, she is there still. I must after her."

"Nay but wherefore? What good can she do thee?" expostulated the other.

"None. But she most likely knows of some secret horde of her father's wealth that the king has not yet discovered. Nothing can be done in Palermo, amid all these men at arms and guards, without surer knowledge than I now possess. I must get it from the little vixen, Corazza. I have had her once in my clutches: but she shall not escape from me again without paying toll. Farewell, cousin. I am after her."

He drew his brown cap and tattered cloak closer round his gaunt limbs, and glided noiselessly through the cloud. As he passed along, he whispered to several other wild-looking Saracens, most of whom were armed with the full complement of weapons which the very liberal customs of the times permitted to be worn, without attracting notice, within the walls of a city. They were all standing at no great distance from one another nor from the spot which the outlaw had occupied during the passing of the procession. A glance of intelligence from each replied to his injunction: and a few minutes afterwards, each one quietly withdrew from the throng that still encumbered all the Cassaro.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, shouts of triumph from the mob greeted the appearance of the Baron of Taverna and his compeers as they reissued from the royal hall of audience. Again and again it was repeated in every quarter of the city. It was caught up and renewed in derisive tones by half a score of savage-looking Saracens who, with Abderachman at their head, galloped over the bridge across the rippling Papireto beyond the walls of Santa Agata and brandished their scimitars above their heads as they wildly dashed towards the forest of Monreale.

CHAPTER IV.

The supposition of the outlawed Abderachman was correct. Corazza, with her attendant and companion, Theresa, had rode

out towards the convent of San Martino on the evening that witnessed the death of Majone. The restless spirit of the young lady ever urged her to wander beyond the accustomed haunts of those of her age and condition : and she was, moreover, anxious to meet again the mysterious personage who had first sent Matteo of Taverna to her assistance and had then urged him to woo her for his wife. Of late, she had had cause to doubt the fidelity of the knight who had once seemed to acquiesce so readily in the designs of her preserver. He had almost entirely shunned her sight before he departed on his embassy to the Barons of Italy. Of course, she knew not that he had there openly renounced her. But she was suspicious, jealous : and an interview with her whom Theresa had called Rosalia might calm her fears or tell her how to call back her truant lover.

And the hope of meeting again with this same mysterious but honoured vision had induced Theresa gladly to acquiesce in the wish of her young charge. We have seen with what deep devotion she had hailed her, at their former extraordinary meeting, as the friend and loved ward of earlier years. Rosalia had charged her not to follow her, not to speak of her ; and she had faithfully attended to her wishes. But her anxiety to meet her again and to hear more of the strange inward promptings which had urged so young a maiden, the niece of the reigning sovereign, to forsake the world and her own station in it and seek refuge in the wildernesses of the forest—that anxiety had gone on encreasing during the last few weeks. For the retreat of the Princess Rosalia was now known to hundreds : true, indeed, that they knew not who she was ; they knew not her royal birth, nor the dangers to which the jealousy of King William had exposed her ; but the fame of her wonderful beauty and sanctity had already widely spread. Already it was widely known that a young hermit wandered near the convent of San Martino whose look was more than human ; whose counsel was said to have preserved her votaries amid overwhelming dangers ; whose spirit was, according to popular report, endowed with a prophetic fire ; and whom many averred to have healed diseases which could be cured by no power that was not miraculously interposed.

Theresa had heard all these whispered rumours : she was herself aware of the piety and intelligence beyond her years which had ever characterised her former nurseling ; in her own mind, there was a depth of religious feeling which made her readily bow down to whatever was wonderful, if only it was supposed to be inspired by heaven : and without revealing the secret of the hermit Princess, she willingly reported and even

magnified her supposed excellence, in the hope of inspiring, into the all-worldly-minded Corazza, some portion of the heavenward aspirations of her former charge.

Such were the feelings with which both had sought the convent wilds on the fatal night whose events we have recorded. It was no difficult matter to discover the retreat of Rosalia, to which many now thronged every week ; and they were advancing towards it through the forest, under the guidance of a pious goatherd who recounted to them, as they walked along, all the miracles which, he averred, had been performed by the object of their search, when, as they emerged from a narrow path in the copse-wood into a more open glade, the virgin hermit herself entered upon it from a deer track on the opposite side. She could not now have avoided the meeting, even had she been desirous of doing so : for Theresa darted forwards, and seizing her hand, covered it with kisses, while she murmured forth the joy of her warm pious heart at again meeting her beloved ward.

"Enough, enough, good Theresa," said the hermit gently. "We shall be too late for Complin at the church. Bid the lady Corazza come thither also. The holy nuns go into Retreat this afternoon to prepare to celebrate the festival of thy blessed patron, Saint Theresa. There, alone, can her life be safe. Bid her to come and pray to God to preserve her amid the many dangers that threaten her."

It was not without considerable difficulty that the self-willed Corazza was induced to obey the injunctions of the hermit. The advice and exhortations of Theresa would have had no effect upon her if they had not been strengthened by her own blind superstitious dread of the personage she had come out to consult, and by her fears lest, if offended, she should refuse to charm back her betrothed to her side. These considerations made her yield. An attendant was sent back to her father to inform him that she had been induced to spend the next two days in religious retreat with the nuns of San Martino ; and, rather sulkily, she then followed Theresa into the church.

The last notes of the beautiful Sicilian hymn, pealed forth in richest cadences by the unseen voices in the choir, were dying away in harmonious breathings amongst the cupolas of the little church, when the two passed beneath its pointed door. This church, one of the earliest raised by the Norman invaders of Sicily (it had been built by the father of the present king), still remains to delight and to puzzle the antiquary, so completely does it resemble the mosques of the Saracens, from whom its style of architecture had been copied. It was, indeed, in the shape of a Latin cross : but this could not counteract the Saracenic character imparted by the five little cupolas that rose above

its roof. No rich mosaics adorned its walls: but the plain squared stones of which they were built gave it an air of noble simplicity that was startling, after the gorgeous shrines generally raised according to the taste of the Byzantine Greeks. Earnest sounded the voices of the priest and of the nuns and small congregation, as the beautiful service proceeded, and one after the other they asserted a belief in the glorious "Communion of Saints:"—confessing to those in heaven whatsoever they had done unworthy of their high fellowship, and calling upon them to intercede, with the common Lord of them all, that he would regulate their thoughts, words, and deeds, and unite them all in the same life everlasting. Earnest, deeply earnest, were the prayers that uprose from the guileless breast of the innocent Rosalia and the scarcely less pious heart of Theresa; but to Corazza, that touching service was but an hour of weariness and indifference. Her feelings were all of this world: and she only felt annoyance at having been entrapped into spending a whole day in what, to her, seemed the monotonous solitude of a convent.

And yet how gratefully that day fled by to the pious inmates of the house and to the two strangers who, like them, had learned to commune with God and with their own hearts! The world, to them, had passed away: even the small cares of the conventual life had ceased for the time. Memory was annihilated save when it told them of some imperfection hitherto, perhaps, unnoticed: conscience and hope and faith and charity were alone awake within them. And for those pious souls how sweet it was to dive down, down into the remotest recesses of conscience, and to find there no sin that was not long ago repented of, no present will that was contrary to the will of God, no affection that He would not approve, no doubt that He would not dispel, no aspiration that did not tend towards Him! Earthly desires, earthly hopes they knew not, save only in so far as they were involved with real duties and cheerful submission to the dispensations of heaven. For such spirits, how sweet is solitude! For such spirits, how sweet is self-communion! How sweet are those periodical retreats from the worldly interest to life, when the soul enters into itself, and, by pious aspirations, rising midway to heaven, feels how easy it would be to spring upwards through the remainder of the space that still separates it from the object of all its devotion, of all its fervent love!

With minds refreshed and strengthened to tread their allotted path in life, gathering to their bosoms the flowers of submission and obedience and resignation and cheerfulness and charity with which they may hereafter bedeck the fragrant courts of heaven, such recluses return to their allotted duties in the cloister or in the

world. With increased zeal and charity they return to their daily duties, embracing heaven and earth and God and man and angels in their enlarged and refined sympathies.

The Retreat was over: and the hermit princess, Rosalia, wandered forth from the convent walls in sweet converse with her humble friend, Theresa. The Lady Corazza was with them: but her mind was fretful and anxious, and little able to join in the high communings of her companions. They spoke of the holy calm they had enjoyed during the last two days; of the bliss of solitude when peopled by heavenly thoughts.

“But, alas! I can no longer find it here,” gently sighed Rosalia. “Some poor peasants’ wives to whom I have given advice in their little ailings, have foolishly imagined that I can cure all evils, and have spoken of me in terms that draw other simple-minded persons to my retreat. Aye, Theresa, thou mayst well look guilty: for thine over-believing heart and thy kind feelings towards thy former pupil, have classed thee amongst those silly votaries of a weak maiden. I grieve not that I have met thee this once: but it must be for the last time. The caves of Monte Quisquina no longer keep my secret: and I must wander away to some unknown and less accessible region.”

“But, dearest lady,” replied Theresa, “if you are resolved not to return to the world and to your uncle’s home—and heaven forbid that I should persuade you to give up your pious resolves for the anxious splendour or the splendid sinfulness of a worldly life—but if you are resolved to consecrate yourself to God, wherefore not do so in one of these convents of pious sisters, where you would be free from intrusion and from the precarious existence which must be yours in the wilderness. Methinks the life of a nun were a blessed monotony.”

“Would to God that I were worthy to enjoy it!” replied the princess, “but I know the restlessness of my own character: and I fear that I could not tame it down to submit to the rules of monastic life. Besides, I am more worldly-minded than thy kindness would deem of me. I could not resign the power of wandering amongst such blessed scenes as the little world, even of this retired valley, offers. I could not resign these beautiful wild-flowers, these towering trees, the sunshine by day or the glorious orbs of night, with all of which my soul holds wondrous communion. And then to feel the evening breeze or the midnight gale rush over one’s heated forehead and dash aside one’s hair!—to think where it comes from or on what unknown errand God sends His unseen messenger—all this is rapture which I have not strength of piety enough to exchange for the holy calm of a conventual life. But this talk of the fresh air of heaven,” she said, abandoning the tone of exalted enthusiasm in which

she had been speaking, "this talk of the fresh air of heaven makes me observe how strangely heavy the atmosphere seems now to weigh down all nature. Surely a wonderful change has come over it since we went into Retreat? Not a leaf moves upon the trees; not a bird twitters on the boughs; a lurid haze shuts in the valley and seems to palsy every living thing. Let us go up the side of the hill and see, if the distant horizon is as ruddy and as clouded."

The little valley in which stood the convent of San Martino was, indeed, completely shut out from the world by its high encircling ridge of rocks. It almost resembled the crater of an extinct volcano, so precipitous were its sides and so teeming the vegetation which crowded the bottom of the little basin. Orchards of almond trees and of every fruit bowed their loaded branches towards the ashen soil of the plain. Higher up, dark woods of noble Italian pines stood out before the jagged rocks; and the nakedness even of these was partly concealed by the rich hues of flowers that trailed their blossoming stems along the natural terraces, or shot out from every crevice and fell, in festoons, down to the lower ridges. By a winding path they ascended the flowery bank. Corazza still wandered restlessly near them; plucking flower after flower, and as quickly casting each away with the wilfulness of one whose thoughts were far distant and who was dissatisfied with her forced companionship with persons in whose feelings she could not sympathize. She had, however, just resolved to put an end to her state of uncertainty and boldly to apply to the reputed saint and prophet for information and guidance in the love which herself had suggested, when they reached the top of the ridge, where their attention was suddenly arrested by the sounds that came up to them from the city.

Palermo, indeed, was not visible with that distinctness with which the eye generally pierces through the clear transparent atmosphere of Sicily. A mist, which might be produced by a summer blight, weighed heavily o'er all the land. The hot scirocco wind was blowing, and added to the sultriness of the air. But through this dull and heavy atmosphere, uprose shouts and sounds from the city, at the foot of the hills, such as had never before startled those peaceful solitudes. Thousands seemed to shout at once, and the discordant jangling of bells from every steeple proved that the whole city was possessed with wild exultation, terror or rebellion.

"What is it, lady? What is it?" asked Corazza, eagerly. "You who can tell the future, can surely explain wherefore I have been kept in that dull convent, when all the world was so strangely astir?"

“For thine own good, maiden: to keep thee out of mischief or of harm’s way; and it would well befit thee even now to thank God for the mercy He was willing to show thee, and to pray Him to avert the danger which is at hand. I warned thee to pray, but thou wouldst not. Thy worldly mind resisted the call of grace. Twice have I been made to interpose in thy behalf. I prayed to God even now that He would not leave thee to thine own wilfulness. But the hour of penance is at hand; may it avail to turn thy thoughts to that heaven from which prosperity has so estranged them!”

She spoke with a stern wildness, such as might well have impressed the simple peasants who had resorted to her with an idea of supernatural power and inspiration. Corezza, however, was hardened against any such feelings. She struggled not to be overawed; and she forced her swelling throat to utter a tremulous laughter in derision of the pious admonition of the saint.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” repeated a loud voice behind the party, “I thank thee, maiden, for thy power of prophecy, which gives, into my power, her I sought, and has not even availed to save thyself from the vengeance of Abderachman. I told thee, when thou didst thwart me once before, that we should meet again.”

Thus speaking, the outlaw and his band rushed from the brushwood. With either hand, Abderachman seized the wrist of Corazza and of the unknown princess, while two or three of his fellows stood around Theresa. The others held the horses amongst the trees.

“For pity’s sake, for heaven’s sake, let me go!” cried Corazza, struggling violently.

“Nay, signorina, the holy saint here, just now, said that you were no votary of heaven. Why then appeal to it now against one who wishes you well?”

“Let me go, I say!” persisted the little lady, stamping her tiny foot with passion. “Dost thou know who I am? Not all the world will be able to hide thee from my father’s vengeance, from the vengeance of the Lord High Admiral of Admirals.”

“Alack, pretty one,” replied the outlaw, “the name of the Lord High Admiral has lost its power to charm. Hear you not the shouts that greet his murderer, your betrothed?”

“Murdered! and by Matteo! For the love of God, explain thyself,” cried Corazza wildly. “It is impossible!”

“Aye, signorina, it should have been so,” replied Abderachman. “But he was unworthy of your love. You shall come along with me and I will soon find you a more deserving husband.”

“Man, I adjure thee by the blessed Mother of God to explain thyself,” said Theresa solemnly.

"It is even as I say, mistress," replied the bandit. "Majone is slain by Matteo of Taverna, as he calls himself. For the last two days, Palermo has been in an uproar of delight. All his kinsfolk are in prison; and, I fear me, most of his treasure is pillaged; but our little signorina, here, will, I trust, be able to tell me of some hidden store; and, if not, she is a treasure herself with which I must console me."

Theresa turned her, weeping, to Rosalia. "Oh benedetta," she said, "God sent you to call her into the convent away from the scene of woe. Oh save her now! Save her now!"

"Calm thyself, dear Theresa," replied the princess: "we are all in the hands of God."

"Nay, by Allah, you are all in my hands now!" scoffingly exclaimed Abderachman: "and though it is not very likely that Master Matteo Bonello will interfere with us again, we will move on at once, with your good pleasure. Here, Harem," he continued, addressing one of his followers; "Do thou and half the men take the horses to—thou knowest where: and then rejoin us at the cave. We must not go out of reach of Palermo while these doings last. Now signora, now Santa What's-your-name, whoever you are, *en avant!* as the Normans say. The road is rather rough: but the Seraglio I take you to is as strong as Alcazar; and you shall not want for food while it can be had for the taking."

Rosalia silently made a sign of resignation to Theresa: and without further expostulation, they set forward in the midst of their captors.

The track they followed skirted now the sides and now the ridges of the chain of continuous mountains, winding amid the tangled copsewood or through more open glades where forest trees spread their boughs high over-head. At times, it led them along ledges of the hill-side, hanging, like shelves, over abysses far beneath, and from which the eye of any one but a mountaineer would have recoiled dizzily. At times, a steep precipitous rock rose up on their right hand, like a wall, and hung out wreathes of flowering plants and brambles above them. Everywhere, the purple convolvulus trailed its glowing flowers upon the ground. Indian figs, prickly pears and aloes sprang from every cleft in the mountain. The party were all young and strong; and they advanced at a quick pace, considering the broken nature of the ground: for Abderachman openly professed his anxiety to get back to Palermo so soon as he should have left his prisoners in the place of safety to which he was taking them, and have obtained from Corazza sufficient information to guide his search for her father's treasures.

"It is no use keeping the secret, bella ragazza," he said

with more than his usual bold presumptuous look. "If not mine, they will fall into the hands of the king, for whom you cannot feel much love after his treatment of your family: unless, indeed, your late friend, Matteo of Taverna, seizes them to adorn the Countess of Catanzaro."

"To adorn the Countess Clemence!" exclaimed the lady eagerly and with flashing eyes.

"Aye," replied the outlaw. "Knew you not that he has delivered her from her imprisonment in the Favara, and that the king will, doubtless, give her to him to reward him for having slain the father of his first betrothed."

"Can this be true?" asked Corazza stopping suddenly and seizing the arm of the Saracen with a convulsive grasp, while she looked up into his face with starting eye-balls.

"Not a doubt of it!" he repeated.

Her look grew, if possible, more intense; her gripe, if possible, more tight. Suddenly both relaxed: her black eye-lashes fell: her fingers assumed a yellow, tawny hue; and she fainted in the arms of Abderachman.

"That's a dear ragazza!" he exclaimed suddenly kissing her, while he seated her on a mossy stone beside the path.

"Theresa was at her side in an instant, "Off, villain!" she exclaimed angrily; and she pushed him aside with a strength of arm that seemed almost unwomanly.

"By heaven, that arm ought to carry a lance!" exclaimed the outlaw good-humouredly. "However, mistress, you are right," he added: "bring her to her senses. My time is not come yet."

He took an iron skull-cap from the head of one of his men; and filling it with water that leaked from a crevice in the mountain-side, dashed it suddenly in her face.

"Look up, pretty one!" he said. "Thou shalt have as good a man as Matteo of Taverna." She opened her eyes and gazed heedlessly about her. "Thou shalt have as good a man as Matteo of Taverna, I say," he repeated: "and one whose whole life shall be spent in avenging thee; or at least in warring against him who has betrayed thee."

A slight shudder came over her: and yet she forced herself to put on a smile as she rose quickly from the rock; and, without speaking, walked forward on the path before them. And soon they ascended into a more elevated region of the mountain, where vegetation was less luxuriant and where the ridge, standing out towards the north, looked down upon the sea, apparently beneath their feet, and upon the splendid country on either side. They turned a shelving rock, and the whole glorious landscape of Palermo lay stretched out before them.

There, at a distance of two miles, but just underneath them so that the two miles seemed to be all ascent, there lay the city at their feet, in all its varied beauty of land and sea. There were the rich gardens that surrounded it, climbing up the undulating hill sides. There, beyond, was the beautiful promontory of Begaria and the Colle; beaming dimly, like all the rest, through that strange mist which hung over all the land. It scarcely extended out to sea; for there, on the shining breast of that tideless ocean, uprose the Lipari Island and the fitful flame of ever-burning Stromboli. Before them, almost at the other extremity of the island, most mighty Etna upheaved its snow-white crest, contrasting strangely with the glowing southern scenery around, and with that hot scirocco wind. A low moan like thunder seemed to break around them—so difficult was it to judge whether it came from above them or from below.

“Now, ladies, now signorina,” said Abderachman impudently, and regardless of the rushing sound of thunder: “now you all know where you are—you all know that we stand upon my Monte Pellegrino that the lazy dwellers in the city yonder gaze up at in wonder, deeming its summit quite inaccessible. And so it is to heavy Norman feet. But we Saracens still hold some fastnesses in the country: and you are welcome to one of the homes of Abderachman.”

As he spoke, he seized a hand of the Princess Rosalia and of Corazza; and, dragging them round a corner of the shelving rock, showed the mouth of a wide cavern whose depths the eye could not discover.

Half a dozen flashes of forked lightning broke simultaneously through the sky, in the direction of Mount Etna, and interwove their lines of fire.

“Welcome to the Alcazar of Abderachman,” repeated the outlaw: “come in and let us refresh ourselves. The holy Prophet will not grudge us a goblet of wine on so festive an occasion.”

“Back, man, in the name of the holy Virgin,” exclaimed Rosalia, indignantly breaking from his grasp.

“Nay, nay, signorina,” persisted the Saracen, again stepping towards her; “men do say that you are something of a prophet yourself: I have always followed one prophet, and am willing to believe in you as a second. Scorn not, therefore, to admit me amongst your worshippers.”

“Hark!” cried Rosalia, drawing up her tall slim figure to its full height and starting to the edge of a rock near them that overhung the precipice. “Hark!” she said, extending her arm in the direction of Etna and gazing, like one inspired with knowledge beyond human ken. “Hark! and tremble at the bidding of the God of heaven!”

She cast herself on her knees where she stood: and with her

two arms uplifted above the valley, she ejaculated, "Father, into thy hands I commend myself!"

Abderachman did, indeed, tremble. Dropping the hand of Corazza, he and his fellows staggered together to the side of the overhanging rock and leaned against it like weak women, as they felt the mountain shake under them. Suddenly two new craters upheaved their columns of ruddy fire from amid the snowy sides of distant Etna. Bright, and brightly seen across all the length of the island, they shot up into the clouded eastern sky. Countless flashes of forked lightning played amongst the billows of floating ashes, and streaked their murky depths as if they had been masses of summer thunder clouds. Again and again the earth shook more violently. The sea rolled back nearly half a mile from the beach beneath their feet: then, hissing and foaming as if it were based upon a heated furnace, it again rushed forward and spread beyond its former limits. They saw the buildings topple over in the city below them; they heard the cries of the wretched inhabitants. Wretched, indeed, to be overtaken by such a calamity whilst all amongst them was festive joy and noise and clang:—murderous festivity, which had prevented them from noticing the warnings which the dread volcano had given for the last two days!

There was a cessation in the trembling of the earth, though the pillars of fire from the mountain rose higher and higher into the unclouded sky, while heaving billows of ashes were carried, by the wind, over the distant eastern seas. The sea rushed back and contracted itself far within its usual limits. Abderachman reverently approached the Virgin Hermit.

"God is, indeed, thine avenger!" he said. "Forgive me, maiden. Let thy God becalm the earth; and allow me to depart in peace."

Rosalia made the sign of the cross over her breast, as if concluding a prayer, and then arose from her knees.

"Foolish infidel!" she said, "deem not that God has sent such a scourge over this fair country at my bidding, or that, at my bidding, He would withhold His wrath. That which He was about to do, He did in time to save me and to make thee dread his vengeance. I feared thee not, Saracen; for I knew who was my protector."

"Protected, indeed, you are; and never more will Abderachman molest her whom the Lord favours."

"Thou must do more, Saracen;" exclaimed Rosalia as if moved by a sudden thought. "Thou must give up to me this cavern and this mountain, and swear never more to come near its summit."

"What would you do in so frightful a wilderness?" expostulated the outlaw.

"What! Dost thou still doubt that God will protect me?" exclaimed the virgin. "Wouldst thou have more evidence of His power?"

"It shall not need, holy saint," interposed the infidel, anxiously: for it chanced that the earth, just then, gave another heave, and the sea again boiled up at its motion. "It shall not need. I resign to you the cavern of Monte Pellegrino."

"And thou swearest that neither thou nor thy followers will ever more approach it, nor reveal to living soul that I am its inhabitant?"

"So may Allah protect me, I swear it," replied the Saracen fervently.

"Go, then," said the maiden: "go: and beware lest some worse thing happen to thee."

Abderachman hesitated for some seconds. Then turning to the Lady Corazza he said, "Methinks that you, signorina, would not wish to make your solitary home on Monte Pellegrino. Let me, therefore, guide you through its wilderness."

"And what pledge give you of your faith?" asked Theresa, stepping forwards.

"I see not, mistress, that I need give any," replied the outlaw, with much of his former freedom. "You and the young lady must both go with me, unless you wish to lead the lives of hermits here; which I am quite certain would not suit her fancy, whatever it might do thine own."

"What am I to do, dear lady? Give me your heavenly counsel," entreated Theresa, turning to the Lady Rosalia.

"May she confide in thee, Saracen?" asked the princess.

"I have told the suspicious woman so already," said Abderachman. "I swear to thee, mistress, that thou shalt be free to go where and when thou wilt."

This assurance pacified Theresa. She addressed her to Rosalia, while the outlaw, turning to one of his followers, whispered: "I swore to let the old one go, mark you. I said nothing of the young one."

"Oh, think again, dearest lady," said Theresa to the princess, "think again on the terrible resolve which I see that you are forming. Surely, surely you would not condemn yourself to solitude in this wilderness?"

"I have told thee before, my friend, that solitude exists not for me. God and his angels are ever near me. The holy Virgin hears my every prayer, and wafts it to her blessed Son. Why, to live in such a place as this, is to live almost at heaven's threshold! Look down on that unhappy city, and think of the hopes, the plans, the fortunes, the friendships overthrown during the last dreadful hour. Here my hopes and my plans must

all aspire to heaven : there I lay up all my fortune ; the saints of heaven are my only friends. Let the earth crumble, these can never fail me. With these hopes, with these friendships, I can never be alone. I told thee even now that it was my purpose to flee to some more remote wilderness, in order to escape from the applications that followed me on the Monte Quisquina. God seems to have sent this infidel to show me a retreat which I believe to be unknown to all men."

"But how will you support yourself, dear lady? On what will you live? with what will you be clothed?"

"Be not solicitous, saying what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed," repeated the princess sternly. "Thou hast heard that saying, Theresa; tempt me not, therefore; but go thy ways and leave me with God."

"Only remember, dearest lady," reiterated her faithful attendant, "remember that, should you chance to want any thing, the convent of San Martino is at hand. You have lived so long in the mountains, that you will, I trust, be able to find your way back to it."

"Now, signora, we must be off, an' it please you," exclaimed Abderachman, in a voice that broke harshly upon the gentle words of the females.

Theresa seized the hand of the princess and her tears began to flow fast: but with strong emotion, Rosalia cast herself on her neck and kissed her often and affectionately.

"Farewell!" she said, tenderly: "may my last remembrances of my kind be of thee, thou good and pure-hearted friend of my childhood! Be what thou hast ever been, and God will bless thee. Farewell—farewell for ever. Pray for thy Rosalia."

As she spoke, she tore herself from the arms of her humble friend; and turning abruptly round, darted into the wide cavern beside her. Theresa stood for a few moments as one overcome and stupified: till Abdrachman gently touching her arm with the unslung bow he carried in his hand, recalled her to herself. She went quickly to the side of Corazza.

"What a holy saint she is for one so young!" she exclaimed. "I would that she had given you her blessing before she fled."

"Nonsense!" said Corazza disdainfully. "Cannot one be a saint without living in such a wilderness as this!"

"God forbid that I should deny it! and may you, lady, accomplish the more difficult undertaking, and be a saint in the world!" replied Theresa meekly.

Escorted by the same Saracens who had brought them to Monte Pellegrino, they now began to retrace their steps along the broken and circuitous track from that cavern to which a flight of marble steps and a colonnade, a mile long, now leads the

people of Palermo to the shrine of their patron saint. The tremblings of the earth had ceased; and a brisk wind had blown away the vapour that had overspread the sky during the earlier part of the day. The huge mountain in the distance, still belched forth its dreadful flames; and wide channels of red-hot lava were dimly seen melting the white covering of snow that had mantled all its summit. The distance was too great for them to be distinguished except by the displacement of these otherwise-eternal snows. Down to devoted Catania they sped upon their errand of destruction; and soon buried the greater part of that hapless city below their rivers of molten rock. All this, however, could only be guessed by Abderachman and his companions; for the summit merely of the mountain was visible from the heights of Pellegrino. The destruction occasioned by the earthquake was more widely spread: and eagerly the Saracens paused to note its fatal effects, on the beauteous city beneath them, whenever a turn in the road or its passage over a projecting eminence gave them a view of Palermo. Confusedly they observed many of those changes which now perplex the inquiries of antiquaries. Palermo has often suffered from earthquakes: but on this day occurred those great changes in the topography of the town and country of which eight centuries have not quite obliterated the traces. With many an exclamation of dread surprise, Abderachman marked that the sea returned not to its former limits: but that disrupted hillocks closed up, in a great degree, the channels of those little rivers whose confluence with the ocean used to divide the central portion of the city from its two suburbs. The cathedral no longer loomed sternly beside the water's edge; and the Torre di Baych, whose lofty keep had marked the extreme point of the peninsula, now lay a mass of ruins at some distance from the still foaming waters.

"Hasten, bella signorina, hasten as much as you can," he said. "Brave work must be going on below; and I would fain take my share in it. Haram, do thou hurry forward and bring the horses and the other men to the Bocca di Falco. I will not now harass you, beautiful Corazza, on the subject on which we before spoke. This earthquake will give William and his new favourite other matter to think of than to seek for your poor father's riches. You shall tell me what you know of them hereafter."

"But are you not taking us back to Palermo?" interposed Theresa anxiously. "Remember your oath, Saracen."

"I swore to let you go back, mistress," replied the outlaw; "and you are welcome to do so as quickly as you like. But I am too much devoted to the lady Corazza to take her to a city

where thousands are thirsting for the blood of all her kin ; and where, if she escaped from their vengeance, her only home would be in the dungeons of the palace. Fear not, signorina ; I will not so desert you," he said ; and he gave his hand frankly to the damsel.

Whether she was moved by fear or gratitude, it is impossible to say : but she did not refuse to touch the infidel's proffered hand. He affected to consider the act a pledge of friendship ; and that it established an understanding between him, the outlawed Saracen claimant of a forfeited barony, and one who, two days before, would have accepted with haughtiness the homage of princes—unless they who tendered it had happened to strike her fancy. But in those two days, she herself had become a fugitive : she had learned that her betrothed had deserted her : and her present protector was pledged to avenge his own and her quarrel upon him. She concealed her loathing as the Saracen raised her hand to his lips.

Shortly afterwards, they were met by the rest of his little troop with the horses. Theresa would not desert her charge. Both were quickly mounted : and at a pace which showed thorough contempt for the dangers of the mountain road, they dashed under the overhanging boughs of the forest.

(To be continued.)

ANGELS-GUARDIAN.

A SONNET.

OH, bless the guardian angels whom the Lord
 Has sent to tend and help us on our way !
 They keep glad watch around us, night and day.
 They note our faults ; but, still more gladly, hoard,
 For blest remembrance, each good thought and word.
 They fend us from the Evil One ; 'tis they
 Give notice of his wiles, and bid us pray
 For help against him. When our spirits, stor'd
 With pious thoughts, confess the One ador'd
 Great God of them and us, they lead us on,
 And bear each blessed feeling up to heaven.
 Those kind forewarnings, inspirations even,
 Which men can not account for, are their own,
 For guidance to our souls in mercy given.
 They wreathe for us, on earth, a heavenly crown.

POVERTY AND THE BARONET'S FAMILY.*

THE title of this work is startling, from the claim put forward for the Author of having been the founder of modern Tractarianism ; and it was not until we remembered the interest created by his conversion to the Catholic faith, after his rather extraordinary career at Oxford, that we thought the editor of the present work might possibly be justified in the assumption of it. But a biographical memoir is prefixed to the volume which certainly makes out a case. It is compiled from the account given, in different works, by the author himself, of the origin and manner of his conversion to the Catholic Church ; and this evidently sprang from the "high church" feelings with which he strove, in his time, to inoculate the university. His calls upon the clergy to resume their priestly characters rather than sink into teachers of mere morality ; and his attempts to arrogate to the Church of England an existence as part and parcel of the Catholic Church, have found imitators in later times : but that they were original in his own days, is proved by the reception given to the sermon in which he claimed, for the Anglican clergy, the power of absolving from sin, and called upon them to exert it.

"Not for a hundred years before," he says, "had any Anglican congregation heard anything so strange ! Yet so conformable is it to the Anglican theory, that it was applauded by all the University of Oxford, except the Indifferents ; who, though the more numerous, were not the most respectable party. The reviews said that ground was laid for an important controversy : the Dissenters said that if the Church had renounced Popery, it had got something that would do as well. My conversion to the Catholic faith, four years and a half afterwards, rendered the sermon worse than useless to the cause of Anglican absolution. Had I been *decursu honorum*, a dean or a bishop, it would not have been so readily forgotten."

This and other passages seem to justify the editor of the present volume in the claim he thus puts forth.—"More recent events at Oxford have given us cause to believe that the sermon was not so entirely forgotten as the writer of it afterwards fancied. It is more than probable that the doctrines inculcated by him, had lived in the mind of the University, maintained by the sympathy of the more pious and learned of its members,

* A Catholic Novel, by the late HENRY DIGBY BESTE, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford ; Originator of the religious opinions of Modern Oxford. 1 vol. pp. 450. London : Jones, 1845.

and prompting and suggesting that larger development with which they have been put forth in our times."

We need not enter further into this question. The author, as is known, became a Catholic at the end of the last century. His account of the feelings and studies which prompted the step are most interesting at the present moment. Once convinced of the "absurdity of the notion of a true Church teaching a false doctrine, not much road remained for me to travel." He never seems to have contemplated the possibility of remaining in the Anglican Church after he was convinced of its errors and of the truth of the Catholic faith :—a system based upon such a confusion of ideas, that we only abstain from denouncing because we cannot understand it. He "studied for instruction, not for dispute: to remove prejudices and correct misapprehensions."

Pass we to the Novel which this "Biographical Memoir of the Author" introduces to us. And here we must congratulate English Catholics that such a work has emanated from one of their number. We own that we are amongst those that take a pride in whatever is honourable to our body. We have no petty jealousies, no personal enmities, no trumpery pecuniary interests which should lead us to drown truth in the sink of partisanship. We know the talent and learning that lie hid amongst English Catholics, and we gladly aid them to take their rightful place, by enabling the public to judge of their claims. To this extent, and to this extent only, are we partisans: we have no need to "extenuate," and nor fear nor favour shall lead us "to set down ought in malice." We wish well to all men, but (and we are sure that those who are separated from us in faith will approve our avowing the sentiment), but especially to those of the brotherhood: and when we can honestly praise, so far from withholding our applause, it is bestowed with redoubled pleasure when we feel that the object of it has done honour to our religion and to our body.

Thus much on our conduct towards Catholic candidates for literary fame. In secular matters, we are actuated by similar feelings. We do not address Catholics as mere sectarians who have no sympathies beyond those of their own community: but we strive to bring their conduct fairly before the public, and we deem that matter which may, perhaps, be uninteresting to the community at large, may yet be attractive to the co-religionists of the actors. It is time that English Catholics should adopt human means to accomplish human ends. The ends we have in view are justice, good-will, gentlemanly feeling, and respect for the consciences and the rights of all: the means by which to attain these ends are—UNION.

No sectarian partisanship, however, could influence our

judgment of the volume before us. From whatever source it had sprung, it were an honour to the human heart. We know but of one work like it; and with the same depth of feeling, this has more power of thought—we allude to Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. In "Poverty," too, is a truth and variety of individual character which the other work does not offer. From the Irish peasant-kinsfolk of the hero, to the Baronet's Family and their associates, all stand forth in a truth of colouring which would make it impossible for a reader to attribute to any one of them the conduct and the conversation of the other. And yet here is no caricature, no buffoonery. The whole is evidently drawn from nature and from real personages that must have been present to the imagination of the author.

What an insight does the following extract give into the *tableaux vivants* which every chapter presents us with!

"Sir Cecil was again becoming bilious. He prudently rang the bell:—'Order my horse to the door: let Ponto and Basto loose: my son wishes them to have exercise before September:' and he left the room with the servant.

"Arabella had prepared some needlework, and was seating herself by her mother, when she observed her father returning at full speed from the gate of the lawn, towards the house. She ran out to meet him.

"'What's the matter, papa?'

"A servant came to take his horse. 'Put up the pointers,' he said; 'and let William get ready to go with me to Grantham.'

"'What's the matter, papa?'

"'I had forgotten that this is the day for the meeting of the Bible Society at Grantham: Lady Mary Oldham particularly requested my attendance.'

"Arabella gently laid on his arm her finely-formed hand: he was one step below her at the door; and this little elevation gave to her height the advantage of being somewhat taller than her father—a great help in argument or persuasion:—the sun shone full upon her; she raised the other hand to draw before her fine blue eyes the ringlets of her light auburn hair. She stood thus before him; keeping him at her arm's length from her, and occupying the middle of the door-way by her graceful figure; her intelligent, though not regularly beautiful features, beaming playful affection with profound thought.

"'You shall not enter the house,' she said, 'till you tell me why you are such a hy—hy—hyp—hypocrite. You know how often you shock me, and offend Dr. Fullarton, by jesting on the Bible histories. If you do not believe the Bible, why—'

"'But Lady Mary does; and if I refuse to attend such meetings, she will raise the whole country against me, and cry me down for an infidel. Let me come in girl. I want to make myself smarter than was needful for a rural ride. You will see in the next *Grantham Mercury* an account of our proceedings—Sir Cecil Foxglove in the chair—my speech—the Rev.—'s prone—a list of contributions, Lady Mary's name at the head of it for ten times as much as anybody

else. I shall try and shirk from my subscription what may buy you, my pretty conscientious daughter, a sparkling cross

‘ Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore :— ’

a sign worshipped by all the world, when made of a precious metal.’

“ The expression of melancholy in Arabella’s countenance gained more and more force as this speech proceeded.

“ ‘ Between you, my dear father,’ she said, ‘ and the archdeacon, and Mr. Harrison, I know not what to think.’

“ ‘ Think as the archdeacon does, to be sure, child. Besides as Saladin says in ‘ The Crusaders,’ it does not much signify what religion a woman is of.’

“ ‘ For shame, papa. That is very well in the mouth of a Mussulman.’

“ ‘ My dear Bel, I have no time for controversy : I must be there by one o’clock. Ask your mother all about it.’

“ If this conversation, hurried as it was, had not made a serious impression on the mind of Arabella, she might have asked her mother all about it. But she knew the spirit of this reference to her mother ; and therefore would not keep to the letter of it. She simply told her mother the cause of her father’s return, and the business that called him to Grantham. Lady Foxglove expressed a hope that he would get home without having been caught in the rain.”

And the following at the conclusion of Sir Cecil’s account of the meeting :—

“ Contributions having been levied on the willing and the unwilling, a party of men proposed to dine together at the inn. I was earnestly entreated to stay and propose their toasts ; so much satisfaction had my conduct given ! I excused myself ; and they were obliged to be contented with voting me their thanks. Let us go and take a turn in the shrubbery.’

“ Thither they went. Lady Foxglove soon found occupation with her exotics in the conservatory. Sir Cecil cried out, ‘ There is not air enough here, Bella ; let you and I take a walk in the grounds. We will return to tea, Lady F.’

“ ‘ Very well, Sir Cecil.’

“ When fairly on their walk, ‘ Papa,’ said Arabella, ‘ I will trifle and be trifled with no longer on a matter of all others the most important. Is the Bible true or not ? ’

“ ‘ To be sure it is true, my dear. How can you doubt it ? ’

“ ‘ Because you do.’

“ ‘ I assure you I have no doubt on the question.’

“ He said this with an expression that provoked her answer. ‘ Then your doubt is settled into disbelief.’

“ ‘ And suppose it be so, Bella, what then ? ’

“ ‘ Why then I say, it may suit you as a man, to keep up the farcé of pretending to believe ; but I am only a woman, and my opinions can be of no political consequence whatever.’

“ ‘ But were you, dear Bella, to declare yourself an unbeliever, the consequences to yourself would be most disagreeable.’

“ ‘ I am aware of it, my dear sir ; but no consideration ought to pre-

vail to make us countenance imposture. Permit me to say, my dear father, you do not see your own conduct in its true light ; you have so many to keep you in countenance in this double dealing ; pardon me the term—such it really is.’

“ Sir Cecil mused for some time ; then said, ‘ My dear Bella, what would you have me do ? They talk of liberty of conscience ; but there is none for persons of our rank in life ; we must conform to what society requires of us. I have not the spirit of a martyr. A negative faith requires no martyr ; and calls on no one to make proselytes. You have my secret, Bella.’

“ ‘ I thank you for the confidence, papa ; a secret which you boast of before so many others. But your faith is not totally negative ? ’

“ ‘ As far as regards revelation. I am a believer in the great First Cause ; that he is an intelligent Cause ; for the cause of intelligence must be himself intelligent. I believe also in a future state of retribution ; the existence of evil, whatever be its origin, is a proof of it.’

“ Arabella mused in her turn, then asked, ‘ Does my mother know that you are, what she would call any one else professing such sentiments—an infidel ? ’

“ ‘ I am unwilling to let matters come to that extremity : she is one of that society to whom, as I say, one must conform ; she does not sift me curiously. As I let her teach you and Charles your catechism, and take you to church, and as I go there myself when I have no excuse for staying away, your mother has no right to condemn me.’

“ ‘ Certainly not, sir, for being what you are ; but for pretending to be what you are not.’

“ ‘ Oh she would be sensible of the necessity of so doing.’

“ ‘ No necessity,’ said Arabella, ‘ *can* justify imposture. And pray, what says, or what thinks Charles ? ’

“ ‘ Your brother, my dear, is worse, as you would call it, than your father ; he has pulled down every thing and built up nothing ; but he is an excellent fellow, with very good principles of conduct.’

“ Arabella remarked, ‘ He has a good understanding and a kind heart ; but how can he have principles without admitting a moral responsibility ? ’

“ ‘ I do not know that he does not admit it,’ said Sir Cecil ; ‘ indeed I do not exactly know his creed. We agree very well in disbelieving ; and I treat him, as your mother treats me :—I refrain from scrutinizing, for fear of finding that he believes too little.’

“ ‘ I lament, I am shocked at my brother’s indifference,’ said Arabella ; ‘ in such a high concern, indifference is unjustifiable, unworthy a rational being.’

“ ‘ Are not the believers indifferent ? ’ asked Sir Cecil.

“ ‘ Such persons are not believers,’ said Arabella ; ‘ they assent, but they do not consent.’

“ ‘ Well,’ said Sir Cecil ; ‘ and if you divide all the Christians in England into consenters, assenters, and dissenters, how many will you find of the first class ? ’

“ ‘ Very few in the Establishment, papa ; they are generally assenters merely. You do not use the word ‘ Dissenters ’ in the sense of dissent

from the Establishment, but of dissent from Christianity ; there is not much of that sort of dissent amongst us ; for mere *assent* does as well for all practical purposes. The *consenters* are to be found among the Catholics, and those properly called Dissenters.'

" 'That is to say,' observed the baronet, 'amongst those who are not of the Establishment. Well, it is to be hoped we shall get rid of it ere long.'

" 'Then you will not object to my no longer adhering to it ?' asked his daughter.

" 'If you withdraw your support, it will be the more likely to fall. But what *do* you mean girl ?'

" Arabella taking her father affectionately by the hand, related to him with much agitation, that ever since their residence in Italy, she had entertained serious doubts whether the change of religion in England, at the time of what is called the Reformation, were justifiable.

" 'In Italy,' said she, 'they confound it with the schisms and heresies that have, in all ages, disturbed the unity and peace of the Catholic Church for a time, and are now forgotten. I was much struck by the assurance with which they rely on the perpetual protection of God accorded from the beginning, and to be continued to the consummation of the age ; and by the charity with which they regard the errors of their 'separated bretheren,' as they call the several sects.

" She was proceeding, when her father who had been held mute by astonishment, interrupted her, 'My dear Bella, you do not mean to make yourself a Catholic ?'

" 'I am not yet convinced that I ought to do so, papa ; when I am convinced, I hope you will not love me the less for doing what, in that case, will be my duty.' "

Let us now turn to the hero of the tale, Bryan O'Meara, the son of an Irish peasant whose father has perished in saving the life of Charles Foxglove, and who has been educated at Stonyhurst, by a Catholic neighbour of the Baronet, in the hope that he would dedicate himself to the service of God in the Church. Lady Foxglove had given a grand *gala* in the hope of promoting an union between her daughter and a Mr. Walton. Sir Cecil had (according to the custom so prevalent in France, where he who has given an entertainment to the rich is generally waited on the next morning by some patron of *bienfaisance*, who reminds him that the poor have also claims upon his charity,) Sir Cecil had given orders that, on the following day, a late dinner should be provided for a number of poor persons equal to the number of those invited to the gala.

" At one-twentieth part of the expense," he said to Lady Foxglove, " I shall procure twenty times more of gratitude, of good will, and, it may be, of real useful help from my poor neighbours, than your Ladyship will gain by *fêteing* all your block-heads and coxcombs, male and female. I say nothing of the Bible being, most decidedly, in my favour."

The Gala, however, was over : Mr. Walton had proposed and

been rejected by Arabella. Lady Foxglove was not to be appeased, and she urged, as a still greater disappointment, that the fête was all thrown away !

" On this, Charles Foxglove took occasion to remark that he hoped it would be the date of his own happy engagement to Clara Hawke.

" ' You have then proposed ? ' said the mother greatly soothed : ' you are my comfort, Charles ; you can take up with the daughter of a country gentleman ; as for your sister, I suppose she means to be a duchess at least.'

" ' Am I not your comfort too, mama ? ' said Arabella, hurt by her mother's unkindness.

" ' Yes, Arabella ; and you will be my comfort long enough at this rate.'

" On this, Arabella retired ; and, with her father's approbation, wrote a note to Mrs. Craig, a widowed cousin, a Catholic, living at Grantham, and requested her to receive her on a visit for a few days.

" The family was too much fatigued on the following morning to go to the parish church. Lady Foxglove breakfasted in her own apartment, and did not meet her daughter till dinner-time, half an hour earlier than usual, that they might attend the supper which Sir Cecil had provided for the poor. Hardly could Lady Foxglove be persuaded to accompany them, till Charles said, ' I have appointed to call on Mr. Hawke this evening ; I will drive you to the village, mother, in my curricule, and Bella will walk with my father.'

" Thus, two and two, they came to the Foxglove Arms.

" Sir Cecil and his daughter went first into the large room of the inn ; on each side was a long table, and on each side of the two tables sat about five-and-twenty persons, partaking of a coarse but plenteous meal. As Sir Cecil entered, they began to rise from their seats.

" ' If you do not sit still you will drive us away,' he cried out ; and was obeyed. Lady Foxglove entered, leaning on the arm of Charles.

" ' How hot the room is,' she exclaimed.

" ' Not hotter than a full drawing-room,' Sir Cecil whispered ; adding, ' pray *look* pleased, whatever you may be in reality, or they will not thank you for coming.'

" He then, leading his daughter, her face dressed in smiles prompted by a kind heart, proceeded slowly up one side of the room. Almost all his guests were known to him ; and for all he had a question or a jest, or at least a look and gracious nod. ' He is a good-natured gentleman,' said they. Of one man he asked, ' Where is your wife, Thomas ?'

" ' Where should she be, your honour ? sitting beside me.'

" ' What at dinner-time in a large company ? That is not the fashion.'

" ' May be, fashionable folk do not love their wives as well as poor folks.'

" Sir Cecil was a little conscience-stricken, but being on his good behaviour, he replied, ' Why when you have been out at work all day, you know your wives are glad to see you back again at night.'

" ' There may be somewhat in *that* your honour.'

" The party from the hall had now performed more than half of their courteous circuit, and were returning by the side of the other

table, when Mr. Harrison and Bryan entered and went up the room, on the same side, to meet them. As they advanced slowly, that they might not pass by any without notice who might happen to be known to either of them, Bryan was arrested by a poor Irishman,—

“ ‘Sure,’ he said, ‘I have seen your honour these last two Sundays at chapel ; and I would have made bold to speak with you as you came out, but that you were with the quality. I am an Irishman ; but I need not say that, for my tongue will tell without my saying a word.’

“ ‘A *bull*, Pat, a *bull*,’ cried a man from across the narrow table.

“ ‘It is no *bull*,’ said Bryan ; ‘he meant without his saying a word to declare himself an Irishman. Well, my countryman, I would have found you out, Patrick, but I have only just now heard of your being settled here.’

“ ‘The Irishman’s heart was gained by this speech. ‘I am in England these five years,’ he said, ‘and have a wife and two babies.’ Then, gazing at Bryan, ‘What a fine handsome young gentleman you are ; and they tell me that your own father was a labouring man, like myself !’

“ ‘For shame, Patrick,’ cried his wife ; ‘how can you mention that to the gentleman ?’

“ ‘Why not ?’ said Bryan. ‘Are you ashamed of your husband ?’

“ ‘No, sir.’

“ ‘Then, why should I be ashamed of my father ?’

“ ‘I chose my husband for myself, sir.’

“ ‘And God chose my father for me,’ said Bryan. The woman was silent.

“ ‘Another woman, seated next to her, began however : ‘God bless him for a good son ; I have seen him standing over his father’s grave and leaning his hand on the tombstone for ever so long a time, very early in the morning.’

“ ‘Then he was praying for his father’s soul,’ observed Patrick in explanation of the act.

“ ‘No, Patrick,’ said Bryan ; ‘I trust my father’s soul has long been in bliss ; but I was praying to him to pray for me to the merciful Father of us both.’

“ ‘This short speech made a powerful impression on all who were within hearing of it. ‘There is comfort in this,’ said the wife of Patrick. Then she added, to Bryan, ‘Sir, my husband has been trying to make me a Catholic ever since we were married. I will go to Father Piron, as soon as ever I can, and know more about it.’

“ ‘Do so, my good woman,’ said Bryan ; ‘you cannot do better.’

“ ‘Bryan went and joined the party at the hall, now increased by the accession of Mr. Henry Russel the clergyman of the parish, to whom the baronet said, ‘You should have been in time to say grace, reverend sir ; you were amongst the foremost, yesterday, in the sports and the dance.’

“ ‘You would not have me dine with these good people, Sir Cecil ?’

“ ‘Certainly not, Mr. Russel,’ said Lady Foxglove.

“ ‘As they passed near where Patrick was seated, a subdued mur-

mur of applause, and even some clapping of hands, was heard. Lady Foxglove looked round, as if enquiring its meaning. 'It is for that good young gentleman, my lady,' said an elderly woman, rising from her seat and curtesying. 'We all love him that have heard him talk.'

"Lady Foxglove continued her stately progress.

"Bryan was compelled to explain to the company, while taking tea at the hall, the meaning of this demonstration. He related simply what had passed. 'I did not think I had said anything extraordinary,' he observed; 'but it seems it was so to them.'

"Mr. Russel made not the least remark. The other hearers were affected by the relation according to the habitudes of the mind of each. On that of Arabella it made a deep impression.

"But Lady Foxglove's wrath on occasion of her daughter's refusal of 'so good a match,' as she thought it, had continued unabated all the morning; and it was in no wise soothed by the sight of the happy faces at the dinner; for she had never approved of Sir Cecil's 'absurd attempts to gain popularity among people who had no votes;' so she had called his benevolence, without being aware that she had produced an argument for universal suffrage, that last horror of the Tories. Her mortification had even been reinforced by the flattering reception that Bryan had met with, which had seemed to throw even the benefactors themselves into the shade; and, lastly, she was vexed by the incapacity of Mr. Russel, which left to Bryan the undisputed right and credit of praying to or for his own father, without any endeavour to prove the 'fondness' and the folly of such a practice."

We have preferred to select scenes which might show the character and scheme of the work rather than those which, full of thought and deep feeling, might reveal the plot of the story. But in such scenes, these pages abound. We know nothing more affecting or more Catholic than the description of the death of Bryan's father, and the conduct of his widow: and the winding up at the end is more striking than the "conclusion" of any novel which we can now call to mind. It may be said that the story is defective in that, professing to be in a great part a description of Irish peasant life, it seldom puts the Irish brogue and provincial dialects into the mouths of its Irish characters. Those who object to the work on this account, must be shallow thinkers and still more shallow feelers. Before Walter Scott set the fashion of doing so, what writer ever thought it necessary to make the personages he portrayed express themselves in the vulgar idiom of their country? We admit that the practice gives a zest to the dialogue: and that, from the introduction of words only half understood by the reader, that often passes for sharp wit which, were it translated into common English, might pass for mere pertness or uninteresting vulgarisms. But what writer would venture to fill pages of his works with the dialect of any English county—the unintelligible savage jargon of Devonshire, for example? When Walter Scott portrayed French

characters, he did not think it necessary to make them talk French. The practice of making Irishmen ridiculous by their brogue is, indeed, well calculated to curry favour with the critics of the gallery of a theatre; but readers of such a work as is now on our desk, ought to rise superior to a practice which is generally made insulting to their religion through that of their co-religionists of Ireland.

We hope we have said enough to secure the attention of our readers to the book which has so much delighted us. It is not likely to be read by mere Protestants: but it must be read with interest by every Tractarian; the biographical memoir alone would secure their attention; and every Catholic in the empire will only hesitate whether he should feel most interest in the story or most delight that the work should have emanated from one of his own faith. The book is absurdly cheap; containing, as it does, as much matter as would fill three goodly volumes of the season. It ought to find its way to the table of every Catholic gentleman and tradesman who has either a head or a heart for his religion.

We conclude with the following extract of a sermon supposed to have been preached by a French emigrant priest at Grantham:

“I do not charge the rich,” he said, “with insensibility to the sufferings of the poor; in their maladies, and on occasions of hurtful casualties, the rich relieve them by their bounty;—witness those hospitals with which the land is studded, in outward semblance like the palaces of nobles, and within, well regulated, provided with every comfort that can be demanded by the sick or maimed, and visited by medical skill and science. Witness the immense revenue raised annually in this country by a rate for the poor, which, though it aggravates the evils of poverty, and dries up the sources of ordinary alms-giving, is, by far the greater number of contributors, acquiesced in cheerfully, from a love of the purpose to which it is destined. In accidents by flood or fire, in any wide wasting calamity, the rich fly to the aid of the poor: in afflictions caused by the death of near relatives, or of those to whom they had looked for support, the rich withhold not their commiseration. But I do charge it on the rich that they despise the poor; and in evidence of this charge, brought most reluctantly and unwillingly, and solely with the view to edification, I appeal to their conduct and sentiments in their ordinary intercourse with them. Intercourse, did I say? Nay, they avoid them; all that relates to their daily concerns, to their manner of existence, their feelings as individuals, seems to be unworthy of the notice of the rich. They turn from squalid poverty as from certain disease; and from the details of a life of industry, as from degradation and intrusion. Shocked by a difference of external appearances, the rich hardly permit the approach of the poor; and deluded by the pride of wealth, they despise the great bulk of mankind, and forget that ‘the Lord is the maker of them all!’”

THE REVIVAL OF CHRISTIAN ART IN GERMANY.

THE taste for genuine Christian art, having been in abeyance for about three centuries in European history, has of late years, as some of our readers are aware, experienced a somewhat sudden and successful resuscitation in the chief capitals of Germany ;—an event which, if indeed it be generally known in this country, has excited very little attention either in respect to its causes or its consequences. Abroad it has created much more ; and, as a proof, we need only adduce the fact that whilst scarcely any notice has been taken of the subject beyond a casual paper or two in some of our best conducted periodicals, the German press has sent forth some instructive and able papers on this important topic, and two extensive works in French have supplied us with ample and very interesting information ; we allude to the publications on modern art in Germany, by the Count Athanasius Raczyński and M. Hippolyte Fortoul. In the present article we do not intend to travel over so wide a field as the two writers just mentioned, but confine ourselves to the causes, the origin, and characteristics of this revival, and to the chief authors of it, rather than extend our survey to the localities and collections containing the distinguished results of this blessed but unlooked-for revolution.

“ There are two different phases,” says M. Fortoul, “ which German taste has assumed during the progress of nearly a century. Under the first was professed the culture of the antique and of the ideal ; during the second, due honour has been paid to the monuments of Christian art, and free scope given to the individuality of genius : however, there is little doubt that the enthusiasm developed by the doctrines of the former epoch contributed to the independence of the productions of the latter.”

About the middle of the last century flourished Raffaele Mengs, a native of Bohemia, who, at the age of eighteen, was named painter to Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. Besides his mythological pieces, some of which are very celebrated, there is to be seen at Dresden, in the Catholic church of the court, his immense picture of the *Ascension*, one of the most important and interesting of his works.—The *Christ*, an imitation of that of Raffaele’s *Transfiguration*, rises, like the Virgin in the *Assumption* of Titian, from the midst of the kneeling disciples towards the Eternal Father supported by angels. In this composition, thus borrowed from different sources, the talent of the author reveals itself by a certain nobleness always somewhat effeminate, and by an elegance which

consists in not lavishing the too complex or lively harmonies, whether in the colouring, the design, or the airs of the head, which are almost all conformed to the same ideal.—Mengs, an imitator of the ancients from principle, of Corregio from taste, and of Raffaele from reflection, sought, with the combined styles of the great painters of the sixteenth century, to embody and clothe the sentiment of the antique, which constituted his originality and that of his time. Winckelmann, less scrupulous, broke through modern tradition, in a fit of phrensy trampled it under his feet, and brought forth antiquity perfectly pure before the astonished regards of his age. In 1805, Göthe's work appeared, *On Winckelmann and his Times*, in which the gifted author endeavoured to demonstrate that the subjects of Christianity were not favourable to art, while he sought to rekindle the enthusiasm of his countryman for the Greek mythology.—Already had the school of Winckelman produced some eminent disciples, to wit, Asmus—Jacob Carstens, and his disciples, Joseph Koch, Eberhard de Wötkler, Gottlieb Schick, Wilhelm Tischbein, and Gerard de Kugilgen. Carstens accomplished in German art a transformation analogous to that which Andrew Chénier operated in French poetry: he applied himself to restore at the same time the antique form with the modern sentiment.

In 1803, whilst the remains of German art, the rich spoils of convents and churches, were being conveyed to Paris, a small company having established themselves at Cologne, resolved to save from destruction or exile the paintings of the gothic schools.—The brothers Boissérée thus commenced, with M. Bertram, a collection of pictures, together with other reliques of preceding ages, and in 1804 communicated the result of their labours to Frederic Schlegel, whose views their discoveries served to second, and who improved upon their enthusiasm. In 1817, their collection being finished, was found to contain a series of compositions, which embraced a period of nearly two hundred years. Among the authors of these works figured, by the side of the recovered glories of the school of Cologne, the two Van Eycks, Hemling, Mabuse, Engelbrechtsen, Schoorel, Hemskerk, Lucas of Leyden, Martin Schoen, the Kranachs, and others; all of whom, with the differences resulting from the personal organisation of each, possessed some general characteristics which constituted a veritable tradition. This tradition corresponded at once with the developement of the Christian and the Teutonic genius, which it blended in intimate union, and to which it seemed to have given a common form: hence, it naturally became the object of study, of enthusiasm, of imitation, by a whole generation of artists who participated warmly in the feeling of the dangers as well as of the glory of their common country. The collection

of the brothers Boissérée was purchased, in 1827, by the King of Bavaria, for 375,000 florins, and is now one of the greatest ornaments of the Pinacotheca, at Munich.

A collection of another kind, made some time afterwards, introduced a new modification into the taste of the Germans, and contributed likewise to endear to them the traditions of their national art, by showing that they could find a sort of confirmation of it, in an important epoch of Italian art. Already had Madame de Staël said, in stating the general sentiments of her age; "Albert Dürer, Lucas Kranach, and Holbein, have, in their manner of painting, some affinity with the predecessors of Raffaele, Perugino, Andrea Mantegna, &c." Since the publication of her work *On Germany*, erudition has singularly extended itself; and established certain analogies and parallels between the predecessors of Albert Durer and of Perugino, from which it has been supposed by some that all the legitimate inductions have not yet been drawn, and on which might be founded, without too great temerity, a new theory of modern art.

An Englishman settled at Hamburgh, a Mr. Solly, smit with a passion for Italian pictures, by the advice of a gentleman of Berlin, a connoisseur and a safe guide in such matters, resolved to buy up the works of masters anterior to Raffaele. In the meantime some young German artists had gone to Italy, having looked upon the arts of that country with the spirit which presided over the collection of the brothers Boissérée. In effect, the ancient painters, whose works Vasari had either passed over altogether, or merely mentioned in order to exalt in the comparison those of his contemporaries, had suddenly acquired their admirers and disciples. In the Florentine school, for instance, these had ascended, beyond Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, to the admirable naïveté of Masaccio, and even to Giotto, who by the side of Dante, his friend, was replaced in the most elevated sphere of art. Higher still, they had gone to the ancient schools of Sienna and Pisa, the depositories of the earliest traces of Italian art. Setting out from this supreme point, they had determined, contrary to the custom hitherto prevailing, to signalize in all the subsequent schools those painters who had remained faithful to the primitive character, in the midst even of epochs the most addicted to innovations. Thus, through the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, they followed a chain of archaic artists. At Venice, at Bologna, at Ferrara, at Perugia, they recognized the pious representatives of the ancient or mediæval manner; the Umbrian school being considered by them as the supreme manifestation of the religious genius of modern Italy, and as the utmost term of a long series of artists allied to those of old Germany by some mysterious relations.

Conformably to these new investigations, Mr. Solly directed his purchases, which he continued till the year 1820—at which period, for the sum of 610,000 thalers, he sold his gallery to the King of Prussia, who made it the basis of the Berlin museum. Furthermore, this prince determined to second efforts and studies so intimately connected with the most important events of his reign; and a Danish gentleman, M. de Rumohr, was commissioned by the Prussian government to traverse Italy, that he might examine on the spot, under their own glorious sky, all the old ultramontane masters who had flourished beyond the times considered but lately as the birth-day of modern painting. The two brothers Tieck, fit representatives of poesy and sculpture, accompanied Rumohr in this embassy. The choice collection formed in this journey was added to the museum of Berlin; but the most valuable treasure thence derived was the course of observations which he published, under the title of *Italian Researches* (Italiänische Forschungen). This book, while it has rendered many real services, has also propagated some errors. M. de Rumohr has shown, by his conscientious ransacking of the archives, how the numerous inaccuracies of Vasari may be rectified, and has thus opened up to erudition a much more facile career for the future. He possessed by nature, as well as by study, many excellent qualifications for the task he had undertaken. But connected as he was with the romantic party (as it was termed), by whom his book was regarded, and will continue to be regarded, as one of their most ingenious manifestoes, he confined himself, in the appreciation of painters, almost solely to their personal or individual character, and disdained to estimate their works by reference to the ideal. This limited point of view has often subjected him to error, at the same time it is one of the least of the inconveniences attaching to his theory.

“All the great epochs of art,” says M. Fortoul, “have expressed practically some distinctive and appropriate forms, the invariable features of which, as regards what is essential and fundamental, and applicable at once to architecture, sculpture, and painting, have not failed to represent the variety of existences in its connexion with the unity which attaches to the sentiments and ideas of every period. This in fact is one of the signs by which the human mind legitimately manifests its empire over nature, and marks the successive steps of its march, which is continually ascending towards the ideal. The art of the middle age will take, by the side of ancient art, the place hitherto denied it, only when the question shall have been set at rest as to whether there really exists an essential form which gives a common character to its divers manifestations. This question, which is one of the most important that esthetics can propound at this

day, romanticism is unable to resolve. Perfectly well suited to the political and literary contest which it has had to sustain, it is not to its office that the honour can appertain of explaining the grand phases of human intelligence. In order to ascertain the law of the most imperceptible grain of sand, we must ascend up to the eternal principle of all substances and all form. Entirely shut up in the ego of man, romanticism must partake of all its changeableness, of all its presumption, and of all its incertitude; fortunate, withal, when it listens not to the inferior instincts of his nature, and does not lose itself in their wake, in the debaucheries of materialism, or in the darkness of non-entity!"*

At the beginning of the present century, whilst the French armies were traversing Germany, some young artists, to whom the want of a national art was a subject of the deepest anxiety, as we have already remarked, sought a refuge in Rome, the place whither war, religion, and art, have successively led all generations of the northern races. In poverty and fear, yet studious and enthusiastic, they could enjoy with rapture the delights afforded them by the eternal city, such as their visits to the basilicas and the catacombs, the newly-discovered region of Christian art, until then neglected and despised. They brought with them from their own country two different predilections, the natural inheritance from two epochs whose diversity has been noticed. From the doctrine of the ideal, diffused in the former of the two periods, they had retained the notion, that instead of nature, the painter was bound to take his own idea as the guide in the composition and execution of his works. But this habit of mind was singularly modified by the opinions borrowed from the second epoch; thus, far from thinking that the artist was bound to conform to absolute models, without and above him, they conceded this liberty only in as far as it might become the basis and rule of his ideas. They repeated that the pencil was in their hands a means of expressing their own proper sentiments upon life and the world, an instrument of individual improvement, forgetting that the individual can only be improved by going out of himself, as it were, in order to advance towards the ideal of sovereign perfection. However, as liberty is effective only so far as it is able to operate upon an element distinct from itself, they had sought, in the recently recovered traditions of ancient German art, a general form of expression, which became really for them that exterior and superior ideal which they otherwise denied.

At Rome these young artists found objects of study which

* De l'Art en Allemagne, par Hippolyte Fortoul, tom. i. p. 261-262.

confirmed some of their tendencies, which altered others, and which enlarged all. In the catacombs and basilicas rose before their astonished gaze rude images, representing an early period of Christian art. After this first period, which has justly been called the Byzantine, a second presents itself, totally different, which Giotto so wonderfully adorned in the fourteenth century, and which corresponds to the epoch of the old German painters; in the labours of this period we recognize, next to the astonishing vigour of the works of the former age, a grace tending to approach nature, with a modesty and delicacy which the artists of the north have not always exemplified at the same time. Subsequently commenced that which has been denominated the entire field of art: determined by the revival of the ancient taste, it blended the majesty of the first period and the grace of the second in a form at once more correct and more animated. Within these three grand divisions of the cycle of modern art, the German painters extended their studies; most prepared though they were by nature to comprehend the second, which sufficed to correct in great measure their defects of manner. The most adventurous and confident did indeed pursue alone their investigations in the third period, the complex productions of which were naturally adapted to disconcert minds in quest of the simple and primitive element of their art. The most interesting discussions did not fail, as we may suppose, to mingle in these researches; a sort of piety totally new presided at these conversations and labours. Everywhere was impressed the ardent conviction of that mutual bond of life and art which Frederic Schlegel has established in his works.

Ever since Raffaello, deserting the simplicity of the Umbrian school, had turned for his models to the specimens of antiquity exhumed from its ruins, paganism had not ceased to consolidate itself in the papal cities and towns, and to spread itself over the rest of the world. Mythology and materialism were the consequences of the system inaugurated at the Vatican with so much éclat by the school of Athens. Then all fell back again into nothingness; and when the artists of other nations came to visit Italy, it was to resuscitate the worship of ancient art which they had made subservient to the novelty of their enthusiasm. But, on a sudden, some men of the country of Luther had given the signal of the *déchéance* of Rome; some Germans crossed the Alps, to reawaken in the eternal city the Christianity buried under a second paganism, and to resume the tradition of Perugino where Raffaello had abandoned it. Assuredly, this was one of the most singular revolutions of our age!

Frederic Overbeck was the first to cross the mountains. He was born in 1789 at Lubeck, one of the richest of the Hanseatic

towns, the rival of Bruges, not in respect of commerce only, but also for the treasures of mediæval art. In 1806, he left his native town for the purpose of going to study painting in the academy of Vienna, in which prevailed at that time the principles of the school of Mengs, modified by that of David. Pagan antiquity, the anatomical imitation of nature, had nothing in it to seduce a genius imbued with the *naïveté* of the middle age, and entirely open to the mystic aspirations of Christianity. The efforts then made at Vienna to awaken the instincts of German nationality ; the ideas put forth by poets, professors, and preachers, all concurring to this end, affected the imagination of Overbeck much more than the lessons of his masters, who, becoming displeased and discontented with their pupil, at length dismissed him from the academy. Nothing cast down, however, by this treatment, Overbeck prevailed on two of his comrades, Vogel of Zurich, and Pforr of Frankfort, to accompany him to Rome, where he arrived with them in 1809. Now, free from all restraint, he commenced immediately his picture of *Christ's entry into Jerusalem*, which he afterwards made a present of to the cathedral of Lubeck. Vogel had now returned to Zurich, carrying with him the *Visit of Christ to Martha and Mary*, which Overbeck had painted for him as a token of remembrance. Another German, who had joined the little fraternity, and who has since been inspector of the academy of Dusseldorf, Herr Wintergarst, had also repassed the Alps.

In 1811, two others arrived, who are now at the head of two opposite schools, Peter Cornelius and Wilhelm Schadow ; these suitably filled the places that had remained vacant by the side of Overbeck. Cornelius, a native of Dusseldorf, had pursued his studies there but very incompletely ; the engravings of Sadeler and of Goltzius had been his chief guides, in an academy where his ardent and impatient imagination caused disgust or offence to some of the professors, zealous partisans of the school of Vienna and of David. As to Herr Schadow, being very young when he arrived from Berlin at Rome, he may be said to have pursued his studies in Italy. He distinguished himself there less by imagination than by the agreeable tone of his colouring and the refined exactness of his portraits.

For some years these artists remained unknown and unnoticed in the recesses of their convent, where during winter they prosecuted their studies in tranquillity, and whence they issued, as soon as the fine weather returned, to visit the numerous sanctuaries which religion and art had jointly contributed to raise in the midst of the uncultivated mountains and the smallest villages of Italy. When the events of 1815 had crowned with success the wishes of the German princes, the only real satisfaction ob-

tained by the Germanic mind, the docile instrument of their victory, was, doubtless, the attention and favour bestowed upon the efforts of the artists who had been to imbibe and reform the the national art at the common source of Christian art. The Prussian consul then at Rome, M. Mendelson Bartoldi, was the first who thought of giving to the novices an encouragement proportionate to their desires. He proposed to them to decorate a room in his house with frescoes representing the history of Joseph. MM. Overbeck and Cornelius distinguished themselves from that time by the diversity of their talents. The former showed how nearly his genius was allied to the ancient German schools, which the study of the Italian had as yet but feebly influenced. It was evident that M. Overbeck was so constituted by nature as that he could only proceed by degrees to divest himself of the Teutonic forms, in order to appropriate those of Italy. Cornelius, on the other hand, bold and impetuous, had manifested so vigorous and assimilating a character, so adapted to luxuriate at once in the most diverse epochs of art, that from that time it was augured of him, that if he were susceptible of improvement, he would attain to the highest eminences of his vocation. Hence, from this period, to justify to the fraternity the contrast of the mystic sweetness of Overbeck with the scientific vehemence of Cornelius, it began to be said that, as St. John and St. Paul were the bifrontic symbols of religion, these two masters represented the two corresponding phases of modern art.

Ere long, the German colony increased considerably. In 1818, they found themselves sufficiently numerous and strong to make in the palace Cafarelli a public exhibition of their works, of their cartoons, and productions of every kind. They had already been established eight years at Rome; but now, for the first time, did they appear before the eyes of the greater part of the inhabitants and ordinary visitors of the city, in the silence and solitude of which they had remained as if buried all this time. The same year, the Marquis Massimi invited the Teutonic artists to decorate his villa with frescoes, the subjects of which were to be drawn from the great Italian epics. M. Overbeck was engaged to execute paintings from the *Gerusalemme Liberata*; M. Cornelius, from the *Divina Commedia*; and a young man who had arrived in 1817 from Leipsic, and had distinguished himself at the exhibition of the palace Cafarelli, Julius Schnorr, received a commission to paint scenes from the *Orlando* of Ariosto.

Signalized as they had now become, by such works, the school was soon enlarged by a crowd of artists, who hastily crossed the Alps to drink at the very fountain itself of renovated art.—A German baron, Ambach, was also pleased to second their zeal,

by commanding a series of new pictures from the New Testament, which he afterwards presented to the cathedral of Naumburg, in Thuringia. J. Schnorr executed for this collection the *Benediction of the Infants*, the composition of which is said by M. Fortoul, to be excellent, and in accordance with this artist's general style, which is both noble and scientific. M. Schadow painted for the like purpose, a symbolical piece,—*Christ blending the New Law with the Old*. The picture of M. Veit, *Christ in the Garden of Olives*, has been remarked for its charming colour, reminding the spectator of the ancient school of Ferrara, so aptly placed between Venice and Bologna, as to give a solution to the disputed question about colour and design so warmly agitated in the bosom of the archaic schools. Most of the works of Veit indeed prove how earnestly his soul has communed with the chaste spirit of ancient Christian art. Among the new comers, Charles Vogel, of Vogelstein, who arrived from Dresden in 1817, painted a *Crucifixion*, in which there is a remarkable play of colours, as well as versatility in the outline and arrangement; Adolphus Zenf, from Halle, was the author of the *Woman taken in Adultery*, a simple and affecting composition, to which a good golden colour and a delightful Italian landscape impart a peculiar attraction; the *Christ among the Doctors* of Frederic Olivier, of Dessau, recalls to our remembrance the old heads of the early Venetian school, and the *naïf* gestures of the *Incredulous Doctors* of the Florentine Buffalmacco; Henry Nücke, of Dresden, since deceased, painted for the baron Ambach, a *Resurrection*; Charles Eggers, of Strelitz, executed the *Washing of the Feet* in a style partaking, as would naturally be the case, of the stiffness of the models from which he chose to study; and M. Rebenitz, of Vienna, composed a *Temptation of Christ*, of which the phantasmagoria but little accords with the soberness and good sense of his rivals.

Urged by the success of their fellow-countrymen at Rome, some German artists quitted the ateliers of Paris, and repaired to the former capital. In 1817, Wilhelm Wach arrived, who had studied under L. David and Gros; in 1822, Charles Begas, of Cologne. The names of Wach and Begas seem to be naturally connected. The former executed a great number of studies and cartoons in Italy, and a suite of drawings after the ancient style of Florence, tracing the history of the progress of painting previous to the time of Raffaele. On his return to Berlin in 1819, he painted, by order of the king, two great compositions for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Moscow, representing the *Crucifixion* and the *Last Supper*. In the year 1825, the Corporation of Berlin ordered from Wach, a picture to be presented to the Princess Frederica, of the Netherlands. It is now

at Brussels, and represents the Virgin seated on a throne of marble, adorned with garlands of flowers, the infant Jesus seated on her knees, and two angels standing on each side ; the background representing the sea, the foreground filled with cypresses and orange trees. This is one of the best works of Wach, of which a copy by him *en petit* may be seen in the fine collection of Consul Wagner, at Berlin. "The peculiar genius of Wach," says Count Raczynski, "is best displayed in his symbolic compositions, his arabesques, and frontispieces, consisting of allegories." In 1821, Henry Hess came from Munich, deeply imbued with the spirit of the revolution which his compatriots had undertaken, and which was beginning to make its influence felt beyond the mountains.—The entire field of studies and discoveries which Christian art could furnish, having been explored, it was time to quit the centre of operations, and to diffuse them through Germany, which was awaiting the result with impatience. The openings which had been made in the history of art, to the advantage of its ulterior developement, seemed vast enough to furnish, for some years, to the most diversly constituted minds, a field sufficiently ample for the display of their genius and powers ; so that H. Hess, notwithstanding the incontestable superiority of his talents, could find nothing essentially new to do in the country where such and so great innovations had been made. Led by the example of Overbeck, he attached himself to the principles of the Italian painters of the second epoch, modified it with taste, and has thus been instrumental in disseminating it in Germany.

"Henry Hess," says a writer in one of our popular journals, "by his natural disposition, is destined to be the painter of the gospel history and other sacred subjects. The religious sentiment is the predominant feature in the character of his genius, which delights in the tender emotions produced by the practice of the christian virtues. His most important compositions are the frescoes for the Chapel of All Saints, representing a series of subjects from the Old and New Testament history. They bear strong marks of analogy with the style of Giotto and the older masters preceding the age of Raffaele, and even with the Greek paintings and mosaics of the Lower Empire. His manner of treating the subjects is closely connected with the Byzantine style of architecture employed in the chapel, and contributes to the harmonious effect of the whole edifice. Religion here appears in its primitive simplicity. Its solemnity is divested of all vulgar grace and alloy of human passions. We here discover the eternal type and original character of christianity, in like manner as the peculiar genius of paganism is indelibly imprinted on the sculptures of Egina. To have thus revived the spirit of

the gospel history, and embodied it in the language of painting, is indeed a glorious achievement of art."

Placed under the influence of the reaction which brought about the events of 1814, nearly all the German artists who had assembled at Rome, in their anxieties for the restoration of complete art, naturally wished also for that of the ancient beliefs; they abjured the Reformation, and, following Frederic Schlegel, who had given them an example and counsel, they embraced the Catholic religion. Overbeck, having commenced studying the portraits of the Madonna, to which the grace of his talent frequently led him, discovered that, in order to reproduce their divine beauty, it was necessary to yield, with a heart penetrated by faith, that homage which Catholicism alone rendered to them. He began, therefore, to acquaint himself seriously with the Roman theology, the mysteries of which easily gained on his contemplative and exalted intelligence.

Something similar to this is said of Cornelius: that "from time to time, when some subject of deeper pathos or sublime idea comes before him, he instinctively quits the tumult of a profane capital (Munich) and retires to Rome, where his mind is soon attuned to the harmonious feelings necessary for his task. *There* were executed his drawing of the *Crucifixion* and his cartoon of the *Last Judgment*; never were sin and despair, as they will be indelibly stamped upon every feature and limb of the wicked raised to life, represented in a more appalling manner; never were delineated lovelier wreaths of blessed souls, flitting on the air as they rise from earth to heaven. And when," pursues the writer from whom we quote, "we saw the artist's mind divided between his work and the painful duty of attending to the dying moments of a wife and sister; and when we find him sketching these beautiful forms of ascending spirits, after having, within one week, closed the eyes of both, we could not but feel that the affections of the man were more than ever hallowed by the calmer inspirations of the Christian spirit."

Many of Overbeck's friends, Schadow, Vogel, Veit and his brother, Eggers, Müller of Cassel, successively returned to the religion of their forefathers. MM. Schnorr, Wach, and Begas, resisted the general impulse; being sustained in their perseverance by Thorwaldsen, whom the naturally polytheistic genius of sculpture defended from Christian mysticism. However, among the converts nicknamed Nazarenes, may be reckoned two sculptors, M. Roden and Rodolfe Schadow, brother of the former, who could not be separated from him, and who died in 1822.

The conversion of Overbeck has exercised an important and salutary influence over the direction of his talent. He appears

to have abandoned the somewhat superficial imitation of the ancient German artists for a more sensible imitation of the Italian masters of the corresponding epoch: in this transformation, too, he has renounced the affectation of individual caprice, and aspired to a style more general in its forms. M. Fortoul speaks of a sketch of a celebrated picture which he saw at Dresden, that indicates how successfully Overbeck had been able to assimilate the sentiment and manner of the Christian masters of Italy. This composition, destined to adorn the tabernacle of the little church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, situated at the foot of the mountain of Assissi, presents a triangular surface, which is *échancrée* at the bottom, occasioned by the doorway, as some of the frescoes of Raffaelle are by the windows of the Vatican. At the summit of the triangle, the artist has painted, in the midst of angels, the Madonna, who gives her name to the church; at the base, on one side, St. Francis of Assissi, in an extatic posture; on the other, two monks, who wait in adoration to be elevated to that high state of sanctity. This sketch, painted *con amore*, breathes a sweet and tranquil faith, which, aided by the beauty of the design, insinuates itself unreservedly into the spectator's soul; the Virgin shines with a purity only equalled by the cold and immaculate brilliancy of the snow; the angels resemble each other, as if in the bosom of Deity beings lost their diversity; and as to St. Francis and the monks, Fiesole and Perugino never painted them under more choice and tender traits. The gallery of the Count Raczinsky, at Berlin, possesses a *Sposalizio* of the Virgin, which shows us that M. Overbeck can descend from the high and fervent sentiment of those masters, even to the juvenile and yet freer grace of the early manner of Raffaelle. It is with the view of combining the beauty proper to this great master with the sanctity of Angelico, that Overbeck seems to have painted Madonnas, in which German individuality has given place to the Christian ideal.

And yet he has not entirely renounced the habits of his early life; he brings still into his compositions oftentimes the reminiscences of German art; in a *Bearing of the Cross*, which, by the disposition and expression of most of the figures, recalls the *Spasimo* of Raffaelle, the mountainous landscape crowned with châteaux, the dresses of Brandebourg, and some inebriate faces, remind one of Albert Durer, of Holbein, or of Rembrandt. In looking at the engravings made from the pictures of Overbeck, you perceive on the same page, around a virgin, on one side two bald heads of monks imitated from Albert Durer, on the other, two happily borrowed heads from Perugino; the transition from one to the other is admirably managed; and when even you have an eye sufficiently exercised to remark their difference, you are obliged to acknowledge their analogy. The *Passion* presents

equally a fusion of these two characteristics. Hemeling, to whom Overbeck has so great a resemblance, appears to have revealed to him the secret of this union. But if it may be thus realized, it is because its principle lies in the nature of things. It is not merely, as we have said, because German and Italian art designed in the 14th century a more exact imitation of nature, that these two manners present at this time unequivocal signs of a pious fraternization. Independently of individual wishes, artists are subjected by their feelings to certain general necessities which are their true and most exalted aim. The grand, obscure, insurmountable fatality of the fourteenth century, was that which, both north and south of the Alps, obliged architects and sculptors, no less than painters, to forego the round and heavy forms of the Byzantines and Latins, for the finer and freer creations of the vertical movement, and which, by this revolution, substituted in all directions at once, for the rude but sublime energy of the types of the primary epoch, the chaste and elegant forms of the second. The gentleness of M. Overbeck's genius led him to make a particular study of those forms, and thus, naturally, not only to discover the affinity of the old German masters with the ancient Italian painters, but yet more, to precisely fix upon that linear peculiarity in the art of the middle age, which might the most readily find an echo in the heart of our epoch. But those lines, which every where undulate towards heaven, at the same time that they are the sign of a precise epoch of art, constitute also a particular mode of delineation which is capable of being, at all periods, the natural expression of a considerable portion of human sentiments, of that which grace ever accompanies, and which has its highest development in feminine life.

One of the most important of Overbeck's works remains to be spoken of. For ten years did he exercise upon this grand composition his thoughts, his skill, his piety, his historical studies of the German school, and those of Christian art, according to his comprehension of it; with these skilfully concentrated elements, he has executed a piece in which the real is blended with the figurative, and which he calls *The Triumph of Religion in the Arts*. The composition of this picture, in the higher portion of it, is modelled after the *Dispute of the Holy Sacrament* of Raffaëlle; in the lower part, after the *School of Athens*. These two divisions are symbolical, the former opening a perspective in heaven, the latter disclosing, on both sides of the foreground, an abridged representation of the labours of architecture and of sculpture. The intermediate compartment, which is devoted to painting, presents a long series of historical personages, who are discoursing on the mysteries of their art, near a symbolical fountain, by which the lower objects are connected with those above through the reality which separates them.

We have not space to enter further into an analytical detail of this grand composition, and shall therefore conclude this paper with a few miscellaneous remarks. To the names already mentioned, as illustrating the triumphs of modern Christian art, may be added those of Zimmerman, Hensel, Rettig, and the two Rippenhausens, who, in brotherly affection, worked, we are told, "on the same canvas, till death cast upon one the double labour, increased to tenfold weight by the affliction of his soul. Death, too, has lately deprived Christian sculpture of its brightest ornament in the amiable Kessels, whose loss will not be easily repaired." Hensel, a distinguished Berlin artist, also studied at Rome, and is the author of many remarkable compositions, one of the most interesting of which is his *Christ before Pilate*, comprehending numerous figures as large as life; the colouring is said to be vigorous, and the *ordonnance* to merit approbation, but the general effect of the composition is injured by some of the figures, such as those of Pilate and St. John, which produce a somewhat disagreeable impression. With these exceptions, this picture has great merit in respect to drawing, colouring, and expression. His *Woman of Samaria* was painted while Hensel was pursuing his studies at Rome. It would appear to greater advantage in an ecclesiastical building than in the royal gallery at Berlin, where it is confounded with a multitude of other pictures in various styles not harmonising with the subject of this Scripture piece.

ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHIES.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

AN individual may well be classed among the notorious and eccentric, who, uniting in himself at different periods of his life the qualifications of a statesman and a warrior, wore for years the disguise of a woman, and died under circumstances of such mystery that post-mortem examinations and the depositions of eminent medical authorities became necessary to satisfy the doubts of the world at large as to which sex he really belonged. Divested of the embellishments of fiction and of the exaggerations that naturally lend themselves to the discussion of such a "vexata questio," the history of the Chevalier d'Eon is reducible to the following simple particulars:

He was born at Tonnere in 1728, and was the son of Louis de Beaumont, an advocate of distinction. Endowed with great

natural abilities, which education and hard study enabled him to turn to account, he became at a very early age a member of the faculty of advocates to the Parliament of Paris, and so highly distinguished himself by the publication of two pamphlets on the financial condition of France and on ancient and modern governments, that he was selected by the Prince de Conti, the confidential minister of Louis XV, and recommended to that monarch as a fit person to be entrusted with a delicate secret mission to Russia. Thither he proceeded in the apparent capacity of attaché to the Chevalier Douglas, a descendant of one of the Jacobite refugees, and accredited French envoy to the court of St. Petersburg; and had the art to insinuate himself so successfully into the good graces of the empress Elizabeth, that he not only succeeded in the objects of his mission, but for five succeeding years became the sole agent of a private correspondence between the empress and the king of France, the results of which were of the highest political importance. Louis XV rewarded the services of d'Eon by presenting him with a magnificent snuff-box encircled with brilliants, making him a lieutenant of dragoons, and appointing him secretary to the Russian embassy. In this last capacity he achieved another great feat of diplomacy, which was to ruin the Chancellor Bestucheff in the estimation of the empress, by which means Count Woronzow, the declared friend of France, became minister in his place. Further honours and emoluments were lavished upon d'Eon, who continued at the court of Russia to enjoy respect and consideration until compelled by ill-health to solicit his recall. Shortly after his return to France, he exchanged diplomacy for the sword, and distinguished himself at the battles of Hoxter, Ultrop, Eimbeck, and Osterwick. Upon peace being again restored, the Chevalier d'Eon was sent to England as secretary to the French ambassador, the Duke de Nivernais. Here he again rendered important services to his own government, received for reward the cross of St. Louis, and upon the return of the Duke de Nivernais to France was appointed resident, and eventually minister plenipotentiary, at the British court. The tide of d'Eon's success had, however, now reached its turn: he had been too deeply in the confidence of the French king not to have raised a host of powerful enemies. By their combined and strenuous machinations he was disgraced, and received letters of recall, which, however, he deemed it prudent to disregard, and lived fourteen years in England under a kind of proscription. Louis XV allowed him all this time a pension as a reward and acknowledgment of his past services. In 1775, Louis XVI signed a permission for the Chevalier d'Eon to return to France, of which, however, he only availed himself in

1777. Upon presenting himself at Versailles, he was received with distinction, enjoined secrecy upon the matters of state with which his former life had made him acquainted, and ordered to assume the costume and character of a woman, a disguise for which slenderness of physical form and debility of aspect lent peculiar aptitude. The exact reasons of so strange a metamorphosis will probably never be discovered; certain it is that, in obedience to the minister's command, the Chevalier became the Chevalière d'Eon, and led a life in every respect conformable to the habits of his adopted sex. In 1783, he again visited London. Shortly afterwards the French revolution broke out, and d'Eon found himself deprived of his pension, and reduced to indigence. Placed on the list of French emigrants with whom England swarmed, and driven in great measure for subsistence to his own resources, the Chevalier d'Eon derived no incompetent livelihood from the art of fencing, in which he was a consummate proficient. In more advanced years he depended entirely upon the charity of friends for the means of existence, and died in London in 1810. The most conflicting notions had been rife in the world as to which sex d'Eon really belonged to, so ably had he at times sustained the character of the weaker one; and the question was only satisfactorily set at rest after his decease. The Chevalier d'Eon was the author of numerous works on subjects connected with politics, history, and jurisprudence, which, collected together, fill thirteen octavo volumes. So lately as the year 1836 a book has appeared, entitled the *Memoirs of the Chevalier d'Eon*, written with a good deal of apparent consistency and research, and from the pen of F. Gaillardet, the author of *La Tour de Nesle*, one of the favourite melodramas of "Young France," which, however, can only be regarded as a most elaborate tissue of calumny and falsehood. The intrigues, political and private, of which by that writer the Chevalier d'Eon is made the hero or the puppet, would reflect indelible disgrace upon many a great personage of the last century.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Tiara and the Turban; or Impressions and Observations on Character within the dominions of the Pope and the Sultan. By S. S. HILL, Esq., 2 vols. London: Madden and Malcolm, 1845.

THIS is what publishers call "a taking title." To prevent the public from being taken in by it, we must explain its meaning in sober prose. Mr. Hill appears to be an elderly gentleman, who sets off on his travels

for some reason which we cannot gather from a very wordy introduction. Let our readers try if they can understand the following: we give it with its own "stops," which Mr. Hill seems to think invented only to stop the sense—if sense there be:

"The object of these introductory remarks, it will be perceived, is, to prefer a claim to that degree of consideration, which may be in several instances required, and to excuse that want of completeness, amounting to the appearance of omission, which is incident to the tenor of the matter contained in these volumes. And it is believed, without claiming the full consideration, sometimes due to travellers of that class, from one amongst whom it will quickly be apparent these pages emanated, that what has been substituted for a better motive, for so changeful a journey, though it have no other advantage, will assist in maintaining some slight degree of union, throughout the varied subjects which the second and proper title of this book would seem to indicate it should contain, until the sequel may more clearly develop the proper aim, of some apparently unconnected remarks and enquiries."

Now, perhaps, our readers may *guess* at the writer's meaning; but we will defy them to gather it from the words. We ourselves have a theory that language should convey a direct and positive sense to the reader or the listener: we have not time to unriddle the thoughts of people who cannot explain themselves intelligibly. To those who think differently, Mr. Hill's books will afford good practice to enable them to solve riddles at the approaching Christmas.

We have been obliged thus to dwell upon our author's style, because all his "impressions and observations" are detailed in similar involved and bother-headed language, and they constitute rather more than half the work. Let us now try and collect what were his opportunities of receiving those "impressions" which he has so lucidly conveyed. If his mission and plan of travel proves to have been such as to afford him extraordinary insight into the "characters" of the people he visited, we will read his prosy connundrums over again, and try, once more, to understand them.

Mr. Hill, then, is an elderly gentleman who, for the reasons above *explained*, leaves Paris in the interior of the Strasburgh *Diligence*, and is there inclined to fall in love with a "perfect specimen of human beauty" in the shape of a French peasant girl, a fellow-passenger in the coach. She, however, soon arrives at her journey's end; and our traveller is obliged to continue his tour with no other acquaintances than he picks up in public carriages; and with these he occasionally quarrels by the impertinence and rudeness with which he abuses their country and its institutions. More than once he tells us that he behaved in such an overbearing, intrusive manner that he ought to have been kicked out of the houses he invaded on the pretence of seeking for lodgings. However, he proceeded onwards; he does find lodgings in inferior quarters; and, at the different *trattoria's* or eating-houses, he picks up such stray associates as do not object to the society of a foreigner with the manners which he attributes to himself. He seems not to have a single letter of introduction, nor to visit a single

house in which he is not thus introduced as a "lion," to be gazed at and laughed at.

Being, however, bent upon drawing sublime comparisons between "The Tiara and the Turban," he thinks it advisable to learn the language of the country in which the Tiara holds sway : and his lodging-house keeper introduces him to a teacher of Italian, whose habits and manners, he says, "will precisely suit him."

The professor so selected, seems to understand the tastes of his pupil, and conveys him to a house of ill-fame, where he meets more "perfect specimens of human beauty:" and their conduct to the old gentleman is very minutely detailed. He does not express any dissatisfaction with his professor for having introduced him into such worshipful society : but goes on to Naples, where he lodges in a house accessible only to donkeys ; one of whom has the sense to pitch him over its head into a basket of cabbages. Here, it appears, that this delineator of the character of the Italians has profited so little by his schooling at Rome that, at an evening party at a house in the suburb, he is introduced to a school-girl because she can speak French to him. She is as "lovely" as all the other females he comes in contact with : he dances with her for the amusement of the company, and begins to feel "the gaiety and elasticity, and perhaps the passion of his early days." However, he thinks himself a proficient in the Italian language, notwithstanding this condescension to French : and so he visits a monastery and induces the abbot to hand him an Italian translation of the Bible, which he, forthwith, begins to read aloud for the edification of the monks. They gather round him in mute astonishment at his presumption and his pronunciation.

After giving a few pages of guide-book accounts of some of the objects he visits in Italy, and interlarding them with the reflections common to the bigoted and misinformed class of his English contemporaries, (but which are scouted by all educated travellers of the present day,) Mr. Hill passes over to Sicily in a steamer : in one night, he "gets acquainted" with Palermo ; and then goes on to Messina. Here his old propensities are soon discovered : and another chance acquaintance introduces him to other "beautiful girls and decidedly handsome women," who get tipsy together and behave "like Bacchanalians." The description of the scene is not fit to be repeated : and we can only marvel that the author's sister should have allowed such a work to be dedicated to her.

How strange it is, by the way, that every filthy sentiment expressed in society or in books, is sure to proceed from elderly gentlemen ! Englishmen of the present age are, at all events, decent in their language ; and never does a coarse jest now obtrude itself in society unless it be prompted by some lingerer of the old school, who thinks to glorify himself by assuming the character of a faded debauchée. Let us congratulate our English contemporaries upon their improved taste. And let us, also, assure Mr. Hill that he has only himself to blame for the scenes in which he was made to play a part in Italy. He knows too much of the world not to be aware that evil exists everywhere

for those who seek it and for those to whom it is supposed to be acceptable. We have passed more years in Italy than he spent months, and, we should say, with at least two score fewer years upon our shoulders than ought to have sobered him : and yet, we assure him, that no Italian ever offered to introduce us to such societies as he seems to have stumbled into under the guidance of every chance acquaintance.

Our author's acquaintance with the "Turban" is limited to a trip to Constantinople ; where he lingers long in the female slave-market ; and comes to the conclusion that slavery and polygamy are very commendable institutions. It is unnecessary to say that he admires Mahometanism as much as he despises Christianity—such as it is taught by the great body of its professors. Most travellers of his stamp adopt similar conclusions. We have not alluded to his coarse and ignorant observations on the religion and religious discipline of the Italians. We have preferred to enable our readers to become acquainted with the author himself, that they might know what weight should be attached to his opinions. Had he been a person whose judgment was entitled to the least respect, we would not have withheld our commendations or respectful criticism from his work on account of his hostility to our religion. But the grossness, the illiberality, the ignorance displayed in the intelligible half of these volumes, and the prosy unintelligible dulness of the other half, secures to it that general condemnation from all reviewers which must make its misstatements, its opinions and its insinuations matters of total indifference to the public. It has neither wit, knowledge, talent, nor novelty to recommend it to any class of readers.

Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith. Parts VII, VIII, IX, X. — Dolman.

These numbers of this excellent reprint have appeared since we last noticed the series. To those who know the work, it is unnecessary that we should recall the pages of interest which they contain : to those who do not know it, we can only recommend that they should secure to themselves an early acquaintance with this strange record of beautiful facts and forgotten sentiments and eloquence. The last book, on the care of the dead and the proper sentiments of mourners, we consider particularly interesting. We are almost sorry to see that the republication has advanced as far as the Fifth Book. The pleasure of perusing so much that has gone before, is no longer to come.

Festus, a Poem. By Philip James Bailey, Barrister at Law. Second Edition. London : Pickering. 1845. pp. 410.

Such is the title-page of this extraordinary book. We seek to know more about it, and we find a dedication, in the form of a sonnet, from which we gather that the author began the work before he was twenty, and that he was three years about it :

"Bear with it. Nature means Necessity."

This does not sound promising ; and we are under the “necessity” of looking further to discover the “nature” of the poem. The next page, accordingly, presents us a long “Proem,” we presume, to the second edition—

“Revising not reversing what hath been.”

In this proem, we learn—

“What are the aims,
The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.
'Tis the bard's aim to show the mind-made world
Without, within ; how the soul stands with God,
And the unseen realities about us.
It is a view of life spiritual
And earthly. Let all look upon it, then,
In the same light it was drawn and coloured in
In faith, in that the writer too hath faith,
Albeit an effect and not a cause.
Faith is a higher faculty than reason,
Though of the brightest power of revelation ;
As the snow-headed mountain rises o'er
The lightning and applies itself to heaven.
We know in daytime there are stars about us,
Just as at night, and name them what and where
By light of science ; so by faith we know,
Although we may not see them till our night,
That spirits are about us, and believe
That to a spirit's eye, all Heaven may be
As full of angels as a beam of light
Of motes. As spiritual, it shews all
Classes of life, perhaps above our kind,
Known to tradition, reason, or God's Word,
Whose bright foundations are the heights of heaven.
As earthly, it embodies most the life
Of youth, its powers, its aims, its deeds, its failings :
And as a sketch of world-life, it begins
And ends, and rightly, in heaven and with God ;
While heaven is also in the midst thereof.”

This is a fair sample of the versification. The manner in which the plan is carried out, is less intelligible than the description of it. But we are told that—

“A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing ; or like the air,
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,
Sweeping miles broad o'er the far western woods,
With mighty glimpses of the central light—
Or may be nothing—bodiless—spiritless.”

With a feeling of respect for the author's talents and with a suspicion that he has himself no small opinion of them, we proceed to the Poem itself.

“SCENE. *Heaven.* Personages, GOD. SERAPHIN. CHERUBIM. LUCIFER. THE HOLY GHOST. SAINTS. GUARDIAN ANGEL. ANGEL OF EARTH. SON OF GOD. THRONES. DOMINATIONS. POWERS. PRINCEDOMS. VIRTUES. ARCHANGELS.” He is, indeed, a poet who can make all these personages speak in character ! We do not like the attempt. The council of Trent forbids all representations of God

the Father. To introduce Him as a speaker in a drama, appears to us no less impious than to image Him in paintings with the familiar audacity of those religious artists of the early Italian schools, whose impiety the council reprobated. We admit that Mr. Bailey puts dignified language in the mouth of these holy characters—except indeed when he makes God talk like a watch maker, saying

“ Destruction and salvation are the hands
Upon the face of time ;”

he puts dignified language into the mouths of all these heavenly personages, so much so that no sublimer phrases remain for the Divinity Himself: but the scene is grating to our feelings, and we must therefore, reprobate it.

In this first scene, is some of the finest writing in the poem. The speech of Lucifer is very grand. Lucifer, however, begs to be allowed to draw Festus, a young student, from God; he obtains permission to tempt him, but is told at the same time, that he will not succeed; and he departs while the ANGEL OF EARTH prophesies (what we must take the liberty of disbelieving)

“ Woe, woe at last in Heaven !”

The rest of the poem may be imagined: and though there is much fine writing in it, evincing the indubitable genius of the author, it necessarily falls short of the high promise he has held out. How should it do otherwise? Festus is led by Lucifer into a variety of scenes, upon, above and below the world; and yields, with tolerable facility, to a variety of temptations. He seems to be equally in love with two or three women at a time; and at last wins Lucifer's own mistress from him; whereupon the Prince of Darkness laments himself like any other lover betrayed by his friend. In this portion of the work, are some scenes supremely ridiculous; as, in the songs where Festus likens his Helen to every variety of wine that cumbers a modern dinner table—“champagne,” “moselle,” “maderia,” “claret,” and “sparkling sherry.” Port alone is omitted; though it would have rhymed with “sport” as well as “sherry” with “merry.” We would extract the passage, but that, like many others, it is rather too glowing for our sober pages: and that we wish to do more justice to the author than he had done to himself.

The poem concludes in the forgiveness of Festus, in consideration of some merit which we have not clearly discovered in him, and in accordance with Mr. Bailey's theory that all living things are to be saved. Thus Lucifer himself, during one of his visits to heaven, is told, by God, that he may remain there. Festus is introduced to all those who were the “loves of his heart on earth:” and all his happiness.

But another sonnet stays us ere we close the volume. In it the author bids farewell to the world: tells it that “He spake inspired;” that “the decree he took was high:” that

“ God was with him; and bade old Time to the youth
Unclench his heart and teach the book of ages.”

Such is the work which, written by a man of mature study, would

denote great powers of thought ; written by one not yet three-and-twenty years of age, it evinces genius of the very highest promise. But to be read, the author must bring down his muse to human realities, or, at least, to less all-surpassing flights. The world has not time to study fourteen thousand lines of blank verse on subjects calculated to keep the mind always sublimated above earth and even above revelation. Popular fame is not to be won by fourteen thousand lines on such subjects—even should none of them halt. The present age cannot afford to resign Mr. Bailey to the mysticism of a German student. Common sense is the basis of all true poetry. Let him remember that one of England's greatest bards has said of another poet who sang of heaven and hell—

“ I think that Dante's more sublime ecstasies
Meant to personify the mathematics.”

Letters on Early Education and its Influence in the Prevention of Crime. By T. Foster, Hon. Foreign Secretary of the Animals' Friend Society. London: Sherwood and Bowyer.

THIS is a pamphlet from the pen of a well-known and approved writer. We do not go along with its every sentiment ; but the work is well worthy of the attention of all who are charged with the education of youth. The following extract is so pleasing, that, although rather long, we must make room for it :—

“Pleasing external influences have a marvellous effect on youth. I sat many years ago in the vicinity of a great cathedral, and viewed its powerful assemblage of salutary emblems: the cock of watchfulness, which acted as the vane, emblem of Christian vigilance, always turned towards the breath of heaven, to which the tapering spire seemed to point, under the wide canopy of the sky, in a beautiful evening in spring : lower down in the steeple, the melodious sound of the bells, like the voices of the early preachers of the Church, called the faithful to vespers, some high, some low, some shrill, some deep and mellow, but all in harmony, while the carillons marked every passing five minutes, like the drops of sand falling in a musical hour-glass. The mellow light of the setting sun played on the coloured panes and rich tracery of the windows, and seemed to say,—behold, the church ought only to reflect the light of the celestial refulgence ! I entered the door of the vast Gothic building, which a capricious critic in Grecian architecture had called a gloomy monkish pile. I saw therein the images of the saints and fathers, with lamps and candles burning before them, to remind the people that these were the lights of the Church in the early ages, whose sacred history was portrayed in the fine pictures on the walls. The Holy Virgin, above all, was beautifully represented by the pencil of the artist ; she was trampling on the serpent of sinful indulgence ; her face bespoke a placid consciousness of triumph over the misery and death which the sensuality of Eve had brought into the world : her Hyacinthine locks were peacefully disposed and fell back in elegant ringlets over her neck and shoulders. Wearing

the elegant drapery of the East, and in a special attitude of humility, with the diamond crescent on her forehead, one might have fancied her to be just catching the first accents of Gabriel, had she not borne the infant Jesus in her arms. A troop of young virgins, who had just made their first communion, were kneeling before her, with their rosary beads in their hands, and were all attired in the snowy garments of chastity. The whole scene had a wonderfully fine effect, which was soon heightened as the full-voiced choir and the pealing organ struck up the solemn chaunt of the evening office, ending with the *Gloria Patri*, and with that remarkable allusion to the eternity of the Godhead expressed by the phrase, *sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum*. The priest was at the lighted altar with the great paschal taper rising above the smaller candles, as metaphorically expressive of the passover and of man's resurrection. He bore, on the cassula upon his back, the figure of the cross, responding to the crucifix over the shrine, and expressive of the troubles, cares, and crosses which are necessary as we pass through this vale of tears. The monumental brasses on the pavement, the Gothic arches and carved roofs, and indeed everything around, wearing a most religious and solemn aspect, produced a deep impression on my mind; I looked up at the windows, and saw the history of ages which made the times of Troy, of Athens, and of Rome appear like the hours of yesterday. Classic recollections soon fell prostrate before ancient memorials: and when I viewed Isaac and Rebecca in a pane of glass. * * * I came out reflecting that, ere long, London and Amsterdam might share the fate of Memphis and of Tadmor, and be reduced to a heap of ruins. There was no apparent stability in earthly things nor certainty in human forecast. The church had been to me an assemblage of historical imagery; and I ended by this reflection, that if there were such a thing as immutable and eternal truth in heaven, that which was so supereminently stable, beautiful, and instructive, may well be pronounced its oracle on earth; nor have I been able since that time to dispossess myself of a secret predilection for pompous religious ceremonies."

Gaëtano, a Dramatic Poem, in three acts, and other Poems. By Gilbert Mayfield, pp. 229. Saunders and Ottley, 1845.

A Dramatic Poem has more requirements than that half a dozen persons should converse together in exalted language. It requires some individuality of character, if not variety of expression: it requires also, a progressive action, advancing, with more or less respect for probabilities, with more or less cause, towards a given effect. We regret to say that the poem before us does not fulfil these conditions. We have, indeed, an overdrawn, ambitious youth—a sort of mad Shelley, only as voluptuous as poor Shelley was ascetic;—a female, no better than she should be; and a chaste and pious young lady; but all tread the stage on the same stilts, all speaking with the same inflections of voice, with the same absence of reality. Then the hero, on

the point of killing himself, falls in love with a lady whom he has never seen before; sickens, we know not why; and dies, we know not wherefore. The Drama is, evidently, not the walk in which Mr. Mayfield is destined to distinguish himself.

And yet Gaëtano contains much poetic thought, written in smooth versification and in a gentlemanly tone—a somewhat rare quality. We give a sample :

“ GAETANO.

“ Are we then sinners of another world ?
Is earth a hell wherein we pay with pains
The debt of evil which we reckoned up
In other states ?
The thunder's bolt, the sea's e'er hungry mouth,
The troop of dark diseases which around,
Like vampire's clinging, suck our life away ;
The wounds with which light hearts and broken vows
Do smite our bosoms ; the false smiles of friends ;
The tiger's maw ; the famine ; and the pest ;
The venom that lies lurking in the fields,
Donned the bright berry's form to tempt our lips ;
The Passions (like the lions that, of old,
The tyrants closed with slaves to watch their strife),
That laugh at our poor struggles, and around
Cast their gaunt arms and crush us on their breasts ;
The shipwreck and the war ; the feeble ties
Of blood and love, so often snapped in twain—
Are these the punishments for varied crimes,
Which a just Judge has sentenced us to bear ?

SALVATOR.

Were it not justice?—and hast thou not sinned?—
Couldst thou give forth denial?—or couldst blame
The verdict for its o'er severity?
Think on these things ! and then, when life is pured,
Then take a step towards that far end thou seek'st !
Then, then unbind one circle of the scroll
That wraps within its folds man's future state :
Perfect the present ; and thou'rt sure to find
A perfect present is the stoutest arch
On which to build a future :—does the rose
Blow ere its bud be full ? or does the worm
Leap, wriggling, from the soil, and burst a moth ?”

In his future attempts, we advise Mr. Mayfield to rein in his fancy more within the bounds of decency. In writing *Gaëtano*, he had Byron's *Sardanapalus* in his mind; but it exceeds *Sardanapalus* in voluptuousness as much as it falls short of that poem in every other respect.

A young writer, which we take the author to be, will receive these hints in good part. He has in him much promise, if he will only be natural. The world is not so gloomy a den as he represents it: life is not a state of such misery as he professes to find it. As he wishes to be popular, let him remember that a gloomy companion is not the most sought after in this world. These are the faults of a young writer. We assure him that the majority of mankind are more inclined to laugh than to weep; and that if he will draw upon nature, he will discover how piety, and cheerfulness, and common-sense can combine with the highest poetic aspirations.

Half of the volume on our desk is formed by "Miscellaneous Poems," introduced by the motto,—*Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*. A young writer should never publish what he believes to be bad. Let him put forth nothing but his best performances: he may leave it to critics to sort and characterise even those. We scarcely know a volume in which the greater part of the "Miscellaneous" or "Fugitive" pieces are not the veriest trash imaginable. It seems as though bards thought it necessary that their volumes should carry weight, like balloons, to prevent them from soaring too high. They need not fear. They may, in general, trust to the Mr. Green who steers them. The miscellaneous pieces in this work are of the usual composite order: the *bona* would be interesting were they not so doleful; the *mediocria* are *mala*; and those which, we presume, the poet himself condemns as *mala*, are abominable.

We hope to meet Mr. Mayfield again. If he is not *the* "real poet who," he deems, "to be now desirable," he has that in him which, if he will select his subjects better, and attend more to the dictates of common-sense, will make him a very pleasant writer.

Job: a Lyrical Drama; and other Poems. By Henry W. Haynes. Second edition. London: Mitchell, 1845.

Another heavenly dramatist! With "men," "spirits," "angels," "Satan," "voices of the Lord," and "shadows," enrolled amongst its *dramatis personæ*. We give an extract:

"JOB (*throws himself on the earth.*)

"Thus, oh Lord!

My gray hairs seek the dust whence I was made:
Naked came I forth from the womb: ere long
Naked the *earth* to her maternal arms
Shall clasp me!

Lord! thou gavest, and again
Thou hast resumed thy gifts; and be thy name,
In giving and in taking hence, pronounced
Blessed and holy! Shall a worm complain?"

We think we have read something of the same sort, even more poetically expressed than in Mr. Haynes' *travestie*.

Our poet is fashionably unhappy. He knows a youth

"Who watched the stars at midnight's noon, [What o'clock was that?]
When with their bright and silent spheres
His kindred spirit could commune
And tear the veil from by-gone years.

"He mus'd by ocean's wondrous flood,
Like his own thoughts—deep, dread, and vast;
Found joy while rag'd the tempest rude,
And pleasure when its wrath was past.

"Why sought he solitude's abode,
Where 'Nature's charms' her hands unfold?
'Twas that no kindred bosom glow'd—
'Twas that the hearts of men were cold."

We fear that we must plead guilty to the charge.

CATHOLIC MONTHLY CORRESPONDENCE AND INTELLIGENCE.

IN our last number we strove to comply with a wish that had been generally expressed, that we should devote a certain portion of our Magazine to record intelligence connected immediately with religion. The plan was somewhat hastily adopted and carried out: and while inserting the opinions and the letters of correspondents, we omitted to disclaim those opinions as our own. Opening our pages to all Catholic writers, it was evident that many sentiments would be expressed to us, from the responsibility of which we ought to have exonerated the Magazine. The opinions of correspondents are chargeable upon themselves alone: and the conductors of the Magazine beg it to be distinctly understood, that so little do they coincide with many of those expressed, that a wish to act fairly to all parties alone induced the publication of them. This department of our Magazine may frequently exhibit conflicting opinions on passing events: as we shall be as willing to open our pages to those who impugn the opinions of former correspondents as we were to those correspondents themselves.

Let it not be supposed that we would identify ourselves with every opinion expressed in our pages.

The hurried adoption of a new plan alone prevented us, in our last number, from introducing it with this statement: and led us to admit one or two paragraphs which, had we had further time for consideration, we should probably have declined to insert.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE. BRIDGWATER. To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*.—

“SIR,—The announcement, in your last Magazine, headed ‘Catholic Church, Bridgwater,’ shows you to be such an admirer of economical church-building that I expect to secure your gratitude by showing you that even your own plan may be improved upon. You recommend that the style of the temporary building to be erected at Bridgwater, should be copied from a Railroad Terminus. What think you of the following advertisement which I copy from a morning paper?—

“‘CHURCH for SALE, complete, with Nave, Side Aisles, Chancel, Recesses, Communion, Robing Rooms, Tower, with Belfrey, Two Side Lobbies, Jettings of Pulpit, and seats for 800 Persons; price 300 Guineas. Has been in use twelve months, during the rebuilding of Kentish Town Church (see a specimen belonging to Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart., Belsize-lane, Hampstead.) Churches built, complete, for Town or Country, and let on hire for any period. See specimens for Town, ‘All Saints’ Church,’ St. John’s Wood, (Rev. E. Thompson); and ‘St. Mark’s Church,’ Maida Vale (Rev. A. B. Haslewood).’

“Such a traffic in churches does not, I own, agree with the feelings of our Catholic forefathers, or with the views so excellently expressed by the Protestant Rev. Mr. Paget, in his pretty tale entitled ‘Saint Antolyn:’ but I have no doubt they will meet the approbation of one who considers the Railroad Terminus at Bath, better calculated than the Basilica of St. John Lateran for the uses of Catholic worship.

“Expecting to receive your thanks, I am, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“A SUBSCRIBER.”

Our Correspondent must excuse us that we decline identifying ourselves with the party from whom we received the intelligence at which he takes offence. All we can say is that it came to us from a quarter in whose trustworthiness we had the fullest reliance; and that the opinions appended to it, were those expressed by our informant. With the propriety of those opinions we, as conductors of the Magazine, have nothing to do. Moreover, our "Subscriber," while calling us to task, misrepresents the paragraph we published: it did not "recommend" that the new church at Bridgwater should be built in the style he deprecates. We only quoted what we were told were facts, and the opinions on which we had reason to believe they were based.

Nor did our paragraph state that the Railroad Terminus at Bath would make a better church than St. John Lateran: it said that it would, better than any other building, suit those "who should wish to give the greatest possible accommodation at the least possible expense." Whether it were desirable that such principles should guide those who build Catholic Churches in this country, is a matter with which we, as conductors of this Magazine, have nothing to do. It is evidently the opinion of our correspondent; but it is not necessarily ours. And before we conclude, we may observe that even our informant of last month was scarcely consistent, according to his own principles, when he selected the Railroad Terminus at Bath as a model. He might find others which would give much more "accommodation" at still less "expense:"—others which are all cast iron, wire and boards. The Terminus at Bath is a handsome stone building with pillars, which, if we recollect right, are meant to be Doric. If "Subscriber" will send us his own opinions, they shall be inserted as willingly as were those of our informant last month: only let him write in a less captious tone.—*Ed. Dolman's Magazine.*

IRISH MARRIAGES—PRIESTS' FEES.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—

"SIR,—It appears that the anti-Catholic press of London is still indefatigable in its slanderous attacks on the venerable and high-minded priesthood of Ireland. A paragraph is now running through the low Irish Orange newspapers, copied from the *Times*, denouncing the Irish Catholic priests as tyrants and extortioners, and inveighing against the exorbitancy of their 'fees,' particularly with regard to marriages, baptisms, 'offerings' at funerals, and 'blessing of cattle.' Base and ignorant calumniators! I know the Irish Catholic clergy as well, perhaps, as any man of my rank and years in this kingdom, and consequently am able to bear testimony to the utter falsehood of those charges. It is alleged that in parts of Ireland the 'fee' for marriages is sometimes as high as 20*l.* True: but why is it not added that those cases are indeed 'few and far between,' and *never* occurring but when the contracting parties are wealthy and respectable, and *willing* as they are *able* to make their parish priests 'the better of them,' as we say, at their weddings? Not a word is said about the innumerable marriages of persons in the poorer grades of life, for which the officiating priest never claims or receives one farthing. Not a syllable about the many cases in which peasant-marriages, proving unusually unfortunate, the marriage-fee is generously returned to the poor struggling wretches. Oh no; these bright instances of the charity and generosity of the Irish priests are left in the shade, and they are shewn forth as heart-hardened, merciless, and avaricious tyrants. Shame! shame upon such base and villainous conduct; and

shame upon the British people, who allow themselves to be duped by the foul misrepresentations of those mercenary and hypocritical slanderers!

"When an Irish peasant contemplates getting married, he gives notice to the priest of his parish: the "banns" are duly published from the altar, and on the appointed day the parties attend at the residence of the clergyman, where the ceremony is performed. If the bridegroom can afford it, he pays the priest £1 (seldom more is given, and more is *never* asked) as his fee; but if he states his disability to pay, or if he appears unusually distressed, the priest officiates cheerfully without the least demand in the shape of remuneration. When a marriage occurs in wealthier classes, the priest, and sometimes his co-adjutors, are invited to the house of the bride's family. They seldom refuse to attend—more with a view to indulge the good-natured pride of their parishioners, and to maintain that feeling of affection and cordiality which ever subsists between the people of Ireland and their clergy, than through any self-interested or pecuniary motive. The ceremony is there performed; the bridegroom pays whatever he chooses, and on the distribution of the "bride's-cake," the friends of both parties give some trifling silver coin—the whole amounting to a sum averaging from 3*l.* to 5*l.*—in a few cases, when the parties are "very well off," perhaps to 10*l.* Then there is a group of beggars at every Irish wedding—perhaps there are thirty. To each of them the priest gives a sixpence or a shilling, and to the piper or fiddler, he gives half a crown or five shillings. In the morning, when he gets from bed, he finds his door blockaded by all the beggars and 'poor widows' and 'fatherless children' in his parish. They have heard of 'the wedding,' they know the priest has had a 'wind-fall,' and the opportunity is too good to be suffered to escape. They come *en masse* to make their claims; and, before the siege is raised, the pocket of the clergyman is nearly as empty as ever.

"Here is a faithful statement from one who has no motive which might induce him either to 'extenuate' or 'set down aught in malice.' It is very true that the marriage-fee sometimes *does* amount to 20*l.* and even more; but these cases occur only when the marriage takes place in the very highest class of the Irish Catholic gentry, and the proceeds are generally disposed of in the manner I have stated.

"With respect to that charge which represents the Irish priest as encouraging early and improvident marriages for their own selfish gain, I will merely observe that I have been regularly in attendance at public worship during the last twenty years, and I fearlessly assert, that there is no subject connected with the social condition of the peasantry, to which the attention of their priests is more assiduously directed than to their marriages, and that I never knew an instance of *such* unions being introduced, that the priest did not publicly denounce and reprobate that reckless practice, and caution his parishioners against the results invariably arising from improvident and ill-assorted marriages.

"I had intended to notice the other equally ill-grounded charges against our beloved clergy; but, as this letter has already run to a greater length than I anticipated, I must defer my observations on those matters to the next publication of your invaluable Magazine. "I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"Sept. 17, 1845."

"J. K."

BULL FIGHTS IN SPAIN. To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*.

"SIR,—In your Magazine for September, you describe the Bull Fights enacted in Spain before the court; and you, very bravely, sing

"'And was not that a pretty sight to set before a queen.'

I think it would have been as fair and just if you had followed up the doings of our own Queen as far as the Deer Slaughter in Germany:—

"'And was not *that* a pretty sight to set before a queen.'

"That she should have witnessed the killing of the deer in cold blood by

Prince Albert and his friends, appears to me much more shocking than that the Queen of Spain should have countenanced the national sport of her people—in which, at all events, some high passions were excited, some danger incurred, and some manliness displayed. But it is the fashion to cry down poor Spain, and to belaud our own immaculate land. The Spanish people delight in Bull Fights: do not the English people delight in cock fighting and boxing matches? and did they not delight in bull baiting until it was forbidden by Parliament? You may tell me that these were and are the tastes of English blackguards only: what, then, are the tastes of your gentry? Did not the owner of every house the Queen visited in Scotland, get up a grand *battue* for the entertainment of her and Prince Albert? Does not every nobleman and gentleman preserve his game in order to treat his friends to similar *battues*? In what do they differ from the slaughter of the deer in Germany? In what would they differ from a shooting match in a poultry yard? And yet to secure such “sport,” Englishmen maintain their game laws with all their known demoralizing effects.

“None such consequences result from the Spanish Bull Fights; where rich and poor, where people of all ranks and classes meet together in the same amusement. This at least, promotes a fellow feeling and sympathy, which the sports of Englishmen have successfully banished from the breasts of the lower classes.

“Do not think that I approve of the bull fights or of the deer shooting. If the Queen of England was obliged to go to it, I wish she had *made believe* to faint, if she could not do so in reality, in order to satisfy the pharasaical criticisms of her inconsistent subjects. But you, Sir, at all events, should not be hard upon poor Spain. Think what she has gone through, and how difficult it is for a nation to recover from trials such as she has endured. The book on Spain, by X.Y.Z., which you recommended, ought to have given you a better feeling toward Spain and Spaniards. I have the honour to be your obedient servant

“A FRIEND TO SPAIN.”

We are glad the book reviewed in this Magazine should have pleased our correspondent. At the same time, we must beg to refer him to what we have before often said, and more particularly elsewhere in this number, to show that we neither adopt the sentiments of every book that may be favourably noticed in our pages, nor of every writer who may send us articles. In justification of the writer who animadverted last month on the Bull Fights, we may, however, remind our correspondent that the Deer Slaughter had not been enacted at the time his article was printed. We thank the “Friend to Spain” for coming forward thus manfully and stating his objections. Truth may be elicited by a conflict of opinions. It has always been our wish to give all an equal chance of being heard.—Ed. of *Dolman's Magazine*.

CRYING THE NECK.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—

“SIR,—Can any of the antiquarian readers of your excellent Magazine explain the origin and meaning of the following custom:—

“On every farm in the north of Devonshire, the labourers, at the end of harvest, assemble on the top of the highest ground on the estate; and the one of them who is known to have the ‘longest wind’ lifts up into the air a sheaf of wheat three times, and the last time the action is accompanied by these words,

‘A NECK! WE HANE!! GOD SAIN!!!’

The last word is prolonged into a shriek until the leader of the chorus is black in the face.

“In the Danish work lately translated, entitled *Only a Fiddler, and O. T.*, I see mention made of a water-spirit entitled the Neck, to propitiate whose power,

which is strongest in the shadows cast by rocks on the waters, one of the characters in the story lifts his hat from his head. "The Neck," we are there told, "is a potent goblin who lives in the mountain torrents, and who sits in the moonlight on the waterfalls with his long white beard, and plays so enchantingly, one is tempted to precipitate oneself down to him. But boys jeer him and cry, 'Thou canst not be saved,' and then the river-god weeps clear tears and vanishes in the stream."

Can there be any connection between the Neck of Denmark and that of Devonshire? I may add, that the meaning of the words they cry is unknown to the people who, from traditional custom, make use of them. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
K. D.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL "INSTITUTE" has held its annual meeting at Winchester. It was attended by an unusual number of members and visitors of first-rate archæological knowledge and of the highest rank. The Right Rev. Dr. Milner used to say that an antiquary was, necessarily, a Catholic: at the conclusion of the grand dinner in St. John's Rooms, the President of the association, the Marquis of Northampton, proposed as a toast, "the immortal memory of one of the greatest artists and greatest statesmen that ever existed, and the benefits of whose enlarged views on education they were now reaping—The Memory of William of Wykeham." Drank in silence.—*Correspondent.*

LIVERPOOL.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH, EDMUND-STREET.—On Tuesday last, (2nd Sept.) the solemnities connected with the opening of this spacious and splendid edifice, and which are to be continued for the space of eight days, commenced. No fewer than five Bishops and seventy Priests were present. The Bishops were the Right Rev. Dr. Brown and the Right Rev. Dr. Sharples, of this district, the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V.A. of Wales, the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, V.A. of Yorkshire, and the Right Rev. Dr. Morris, of London. During the impressive dedication service, the Bishops in their splendid canonical robes, attended by their chaplains, and followed by the priests, walked in procession up and down the aisles. The singing of the choristers was exquisite, and added much to the solemnity of the ceremony. In consequence of the Right Rev. J. Gillis, of Edinburgh, having met with an accident, the sermon was preached

by the Rev. Dr. Morris, from the words "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The receipts during the day amounted to upwards of 300*l.* High mass was performed again on Wednesday forenoon; the sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V.A. of Wales: in the evening the Rev. Mr. Kiernan preached. The collections amounted to 75*l.* Yesterday, the forenoon sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, V.A. of Yorkshire, and that in the evening by the Rev. Dr. Gentili. In the forenoon, Bartholomew Bretherton, Esq., gave a donation of 100*l.*, and the collections amounted to about 175*l.* Shortly after three o'clock, on Tuesday, about eighty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, at the Royal Hotel, prepared by Mr. Eastwood. The Hon. Charles Langdale occupied the chair, and was supported by Richard Sheil, Esq., Sir Arnold Knight, and W. Reynolds, Esq., as vice-chairmen. On the right and left of the chairman were the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V.A. of the Lancashire District: Right Rev. Dr. Briggs, V.A. of the Yorkshire District; Right Rev. Dr. Morris, Bishop of Troy; Right Rev. Dr. Brown, V.A. of Wales; Right Rev. Dr. Sharples, Coadjutor V.A. of the Lancashire District; the Very Rev. Dr. Barber, President of the Benedictine Order; the Very Rev. Henry Brewer, Provincial of the Benedictines; Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Jn. Rosson, Esq., &c. On the withdrawal of the cloth, the chairman proposed *seriatim* the following toasts with brief but appropriate remarks:—His Holi-

ness the Pope, Her Majesty the Queen, the Catholic Prelacy and Priesthood of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The Right Rev. Dr. Brown returned thanks for the last toast, and at the conclusion of his remarks proposed the health of the chairman. The Chairman replied, and afterwards proposed the healths of the vice-chairmen, who severally returned thanks. The health of the Rev. Thomas Fisher, followed, and after that the health of Welby Pugin, Esq., the architect of St. Mary's, all of which were received with suitable marks of respect, and were responded to with the usual honours. The company broke up at six o'clock.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

COVENTRY.—A new church was opened at Coventry on the 10th of September by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, coadjutor bishop of the district. An eloquent discourse was delivered by the Right Rev. Dr. Sharples. A very large number of the dignified clergy attended on the occasion.

CONVERSIONS.—Ruscombe Poole, Esq., of Bridgwater, with his wife and sisters and three servants, have, as we anticipated in our last number, followed the example set them by Mr. Capes, and have returned to the one fold of the One Shepherd. Mrs. Austice, one of Mr. R. Poole's sisters, who has had this happiness, is the widow of the late Professor Austice, of King's College, London, and has been long esteemed as a writer of great ability.—*Correspondent*.

It is currently rumoured at Malta, that a gallant officer of that distinguished corps, the 42d Highlanders, is about seeking retirement and seclusion in the cloister, under the unassuming garb of a Theresian or barefooted Carmelite.—*Malta Times*.

BRINDLE.—At the sessions on the 5th September, T. Eastwood, Esq., of Brindle Lodge, was fined 20*l.* for interrupting the Right Rev. Dr. Brown during the time he was officiating in Brindle Catholic Chapel. The defendant was convicted, under the provisions of a specific Act of Parliament, which imposes a fine of 20*l.* upon any person disturbing a Roman Catholic congregation whilst at their religious

duties.—On Sunday last a solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's, and two sermons preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Morris, after which collections were made in aid of the funds of the chapel, amounting to the sum of 40*l.*—*Preston Chronicle*.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—The Queen has been pleased to nominate and appoint his Grace the Duke of Leinster, the Right Hon. the Earl of Kenmare, the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosse, K. P., the Right Hon. David Richard Pigot, and the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Francis Fremantle, Bart., to be visitors of Maynooth College.—A meeting of the board took place on Saturday last, on business connected with the extension and repairs of the building, for which plans and estimates had been prepared by the architect, Mr. Pugin. The following members of the board were in attendance:—Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Lord Ffrench, Right Rev. Dr. MacGettigan, Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, and Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella. The concursus for the vacant professorships, which commenced on Tuesday, closed on Friday last, and the successful candidates were declared on Saturday. For the fourth theology professorship, created under the enlarged grant, there was no contest, and the Rev. Thomas Furlong, who had been successively professor of humanity and rhetoric and belles lettres, was elected. For the two other vacant professorships there were seven candidates. The struggle was very severe, and the answering was admirable. The Rev. Mr. Behan, of the diocese of Meath, who had only just completed the ordinary course of the college, was elected to the chair of logic, and the Rev. Mr. Gargan, of the diocese of Meath, professor of philosophy in the Irish College, Paris, was elected to the chair of humanity. A number of distinguished literary men, unconnected with the college, were present during the concursus.

THE RENT: THE REPEAL BAROMETER:—For the week ending—

25th August . . .	207	13	7
1st September . . .	221	3	3
8th September . . .	173	2	11
15th September . . .	238	18	9

REFORMATION IN GERMANY.—There are altogether, scattered through Germany, about one hundred of these anomalous bodies, to which Mr. Laing, with strange impudence (imposed on, we suppose, by the impudence of others) gives the unintelligible epithet of German Catholic Church. The Protestantism of the Church of England can have no possible sympathy with them, while to the higher and Catholic elements of our established faith their whole tendency is of course opposed. In short, their base and ruling ground seems summed up in the short word—license; and this, we have no doubt, was the secret of their origin. Never was there a *soi-disant* religious movement more utterly disentitled to regard; never a race of schismatics whose motives and opinions were less worthy of respect for even mistaken sincerity. We think this explanation necessary, lest mistakes be disseminated as to the light in which English Christians should view these companies of knaves and dupes. As a specimen of the notions of doctrine promulgated by the leaders of this mob, we will adduce one example—a laughable one enough, were not the subject so momentous, and the impiety or infatuation exhibited so horrifying. One of the new “churches,” after reciting its provisions and articles of faith, declares that they are “only to be considered *pro tempore*,” and concludes with the cool announcement that “all these provisions are not settled for all time coming, but may be altered by the congregation according to the conviction of the times!”—*Morning Post*.

RONGE.—The following account of Ronge is drawn from his published “Justification” of himself:—“M. Ronge is the son of a Silesian peasant. In his childhood he attended at the village school of Bishopswald, and during his leisure hours ‘the charge of his father’s small flock of sheep was confided to his care.’ In this occupation his first years of active life, from six to twelve, appear to have been spent; and in 1827, being then in his thirteenth year, he was entered at the Gymnasium of Neisse, in the province

of Silesia. Here he remained until 1836, when he entered the University of Breslau, being then in the twenty-third year of his age. We learn nothing from the ‘Justification’ concerning this period, from adolescence to manhood, but Ronge tells us that ‘he entered the University with extreme joy—that he felt and knew that he was free.’ His joy no doubt arose from the circumstance that in the University there was no restraint imposed, and no discipline observed save the discipline of the drill-sergeant, for, while Ronge remained at this University, he informs us that ‘he completed his term of military duty in the *sharpshooters*.’ It was a bad school in which to learn the discipline of the passions. Having entered the University, it became necessary that he should choose a profession. Unhappily for the world, he chose theology. One would believe, from the accusation levelled by this reformer against the priests, that he must have adopted this course from motives the most pure, disinterested, and self-denying; how great therefore must be our surprise to find him avow that he did so in order to obtain a livelihood. We would not be held to say that we think such a motive might not have its weight with a conscientious man; and Ronge’s father, who was in very humble circumstances, had ten other children. But when we consider the facility he possessed of adopting a more congenial course, and of rejecting a state whose ‘dreaded formalism oppressed him’ (page 36), we would expect that a personage so excessively conscientious should not acknowledge such an influence to be the sole ‘ostensible motive’—to use his own language—‘which induced him to decide upon entering the Catholic priesthood.’ The reverend gentleman does not appear to have been distinguished in his University career. He could not ‘relish languages’ nor ‘admire Horace,’ ‘or other Roman authors;’ but ‘history and German literature had great charms for him.’ However, having ‘cultivated his mind,’ ‘though perhaps,’ as he himself says in a note, ‘on a plan rather at variance with that laid down by Rome,’ he quitted the University

and entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Breslau in December 1839. Upon entering the seminary, this 'Luther of the 19th century' informs us that 'he endured the most mournful and grievous conflicts.' 'All confidence in his spiritual teachers was banished.' 'He was filled with horror and disgust when he saw how scandalously the priests abused religion.' The 'fearful veil of hypocrisy' was rent, and 'he saw the holiest ordinances insultingly misused to crush the dignity of human nature.' 'The brand of slavery was stamped upon his brow' (pp. 35, 36.) Surely the reader will conclude Ronge never could have submitted in silence to those wrongs he paints so broadly, or give the sanction of his silence to that hypocrisy which then was to him concealed no longer. He was still but a layman—he had taken no vows; of course he burst the bonds which galled him, denounced the hypocrisy which disgusted him, and abandoned the seminary which, for him, could only be 'a little hell' (note page 40). Such would have been the course of an honest and a conscientious man, but such was not the course of M. Ronge. He proceeded in his studies; he took upon him vows which he tells us make men selfish and cold-hearted. He vowed himself voluntarily to celibacy, which he tells us he believed 'smothers and corrupts the heart.' And before the conclusion of 1840 he became a priest of a church which, even then, he regarded as apostate. How truly may such a man assure us that he felt dishonoured at 'the reverence of the poor.' That feeling was the homage of cold disbelief to enthusiastic faith. How truly may he say he felt not more exalted because of his holy office, 'for by the habitual practice of hypocrisy he was to act the part of deceiver to his fellow-men' (p. 43.) This is the language of John Ronge the reformer, the denouncer of the 'tyranny of the Italian Bishop called the Pope,' the stigmatiser of 'the hypocrisy of the priests!' Alas, how true it is, that they who most loudly accuse their brethren of abominations are often themselves the conscious depositories of all the iniquities

they denounce! Entering upon the mission, Ronge, as might have been anticipated, made use of the facilities afforded by his position for the perversion of the flock committed to his charge. 'As much as in me lay,' he says, 'I strove in the school and in the pulpit manfully to oppose and countervene the superstition, the formalism, and all the consequences of priestly oppression and hierarchical dissembling!' Such is the avowed morality of M. Ronge! Of course he did not long delay an attempt to enlist the passions of the multitude against the church to which he had vowed fidelity. It is generally supposed that his first act of disobedience was his tirade against the Bishop of Treves for offering to the contemplation of the pilgrims 'the seamless garment' against which Luther in his day had levelled the force of his denunciations. Such is not the fact. Ronge's first act of disobedience was the publication of a letter, in which the most Holy Father was charged with corruption, because he had 'delayed' to appoint 'an octogenarian' (p. 48) as Bishop of Breslau—a pious clergyman, but without energy or determination. With such an ordinary it would have been convenient that Ronge should have to deal. For this gross breach of subordination Ronge was suspended and deprived of his cure. Soon afterwards the pilgrimage to Treves was proclaimed and undertaken, and Ronge published his diatribe against it. He was not content in these noted publications to oppose the pilgrimage by reason and ridicule, but he appealed to the Germans 'not to incense the manes of their fathers who had destroyed the capitol' by suffering 'the domination of St. Angelo,' and concluded by calling on them 'not to stain the laurels of Luther and of Huss.' Of course, it was impossible that such a man should be continued in connection with the Catholic Church. He was called upon to retract his letter, and he refused, and then (1844) he was pronounced contumacious and excommunicate. His proceedings since this period have been watched with anxious interest by the opponents of the Catholic Church, and

various opinions have been formed as to their tendency and effect. Into those views we need not enter now, but we think that from his own 'Justification' we have stated enough to show that Johannes Ronge can never be a credit to any church; that, as a hypocrite, he assumed the awful obligations of the priesthood; that he is still, in all probability, no better: and that no man urged by such motives can have the approval of the God of truth and charity."—*Freeman*.

ROME.—The *Journal des Debats* states that on the occasion of the celebration of the *fêtes* of St. Louis in the French church at Rome, the Pope and a considerable number of cardinals attended. M. Rossi, the French plenipotentiary, opened the door of the carriage at the church door, and thanked his Holiness for the honour he had deigned to confer on the French church. The Pope, in a voice so loud that he could be heard by the crowd assembled around him, replied that he had great pleasure in performing the pious duty, and that he should be happy that that expression of his sentiments were known to the King of the French. After prayers, his Holiness retired to an adjoining apartment, where the ceremony of kissing his foot was gone through by all the natives of France that presented themselves. We merely observe that this account describes the ceremonial annually performed on the same festival.

POLAND.—At the town of Bar, in the province of Podolia, the Canon Lomnicki was curé until the other day, when, having attempted to repair his church in a very slight degree, to prevent its falling on the heads of the worshippers, the Russian government seized and transferred him to Kamienic, where he is prevented even from saying mass.

The Abbé Ozarowski has been condemned to death on the simple, uninvestigated accusation of "writing to Rome." This ecclesiastic was for ten years head of the seminary at Luck, and the emperor, "willing to show him *due respect*," has changed his sentence of death to hard labour for life in the pestiferous mines of Naiczysk,

which appears to amount to an increase of the original sentence. The Church loses an excellent ecclesiastic, one of the most zealous defenders of the Faith, and Poland one of her best pastors: but Christianity gains another martyr.—*Univers*.

MUNSTER.—The *Journal de Bruxelles* has a letter from Munster, dated September 6, which contains a very interesting account of a *fête* in honour of the jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary and jubilee of Mgr. Gasparde Maximilian Droste de Vischering, as Bishop of Munster. The *fête* was to last eight days. The Archbishop of Cologne, the bishop's brother, was not present, owing to severe illness, but his coadjutor, Mgr. Griessell; Arnoldi, Bishop of Trèves; Müller, his Suffragan; Drappe, Bishop of Paderborn; Van Bommel, Bishop of Liège; Baron de Wiskerslooth, Bishop of Curium; Zedlag, Bishop of Culm; Wandt, Bishop of Hildesheim; Lüpke, Suffragan Bishop of Osnabrück; and Melchas, Suffragan Bishop of Munster; M. Brickman, Provost of Berlin; Herald Official of Vechta; M. Beckendorf, Privy Councillor of Berlin (a recent convert), and the civil and military authorities of Munster, were present. The venerable bishop was carried by his clergy on a chair to the cathedral, where a solemn mass was sung and a *Te Deum* intoned. The bishop gave his benediction to the assembled people, who made amends by their Catholic feeling for the coldness of the Prussian government, which had refused the requested permission to allow the guns of the garrison to be fired. Those of the city did as well. The town was generally illuminated in the evening, the houses of the "Friends of Light" alone, remaining in darkness.

FRANCE.—THE JEWS—Two young Israelites were admitted to baptism last Sunday in the chapel of the Neophytes. Fifty newly-converted Christians were among the Faithful present. The president of the Israelite Consistory of Paris, and the late president, M. Worms de Romilly, have given up their offices, and their children are being educated as Catholics. On Sunday, at the arch-

confraternity, 116 Jews were recommended to the prayers of the Faithful, ten or twelve of whom, including two old men about 70, are preparing to be baptized.—*Univers* of Tuesday last.

The petition to the Chambers in favour of liberty of teaching, bore, last year, 20,000, this year 80,000 signatures.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN FRANCE.—For some days past a most interesting ceremony has been going on in the chapel of Notre Dame Consolatrice, No. 83, Rue de la Rouquette. The young working apprentices of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, who have not as yet had the happiness of making their first communion, received the bread of life at the hands of the parish priest of St. Margaret's, to whom the work of patronage is attributable for the greater part of the good it achieves. Many members of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, the parents of the children, the more grown apprentices, &c., were present at the ceremony. The brothers of the Christian schools, who are always present where they can do good, were likewise in attendance, assisted at mass and vespers, and brought with them a vast number of the pupils under their pious care, who sung songs of thanksgiving and praise, whilst communion was being received by the young apprentices. Sunday last these apprentices were confirmed by the Lord Archbishop of Chalcedon. The chapel of Notre Dame Consolatrice ought to be dear to all the Faithful, not so much on account of its architectural beauty as of the name it bears and the consolation it affords to those who visit its sanctified precincts. Attached to the chapel is a school, opened for the instruction of the children of working people by the sisters of the Christian Schools, who have adopted the rules of the worthy brethren of the venerable De la Salle. We should observe, that, at the last charity sermon preached in its favour, the venerable Lord Archbishop of Paris expressed himself in the warmest terms with regard to it.—*Univers*.

The Jesuits (says the *Gazette of Picardie*) have sold their house at St.

Acheul to the religious of the "Good Shepherd."

SILVIO PELLICO.—The author of "*I miei Prigioni*," has published a letter in the *Univers* against some expressions employed by the Abbé Gieberti in his *Primato Morale e Civile degli Italiani*. The following are extracts from the correspondence:—

"As I esteem the Jesuits, the other religious bodies, and in general the whole priesthood, some have brought against me an accusation, now very common, that I am what they call a tool of Jesuitism, an instrument of this so-called artful sect. I am only a man of study and reflection, who has read and examined, and who has not the weakness to become the slave of violent opinions; who laughs at anonymous letters, and similar acts of meanness, by which some persons have had the simplicity to wish to teach me how to think. I think and act according to my conscience, and I pledge myself to no engagement but that of determining not to hate any one, and to be Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman.—**SILVIO PELLICO.**"

To this, the Abbé has replied in the *Observateur* of Brussels.

"At a time when so many persons abandon Catholicism, because they confound it with modern Jesuitism, I felt that I ought to point out the enormous difference which exist between the eternal Church and a temporary institution, which praiseworthy at its commencement, is now degenerate."

PHILADELPHIA.—We hear it stated that such is the increase of Catholics, on account of the persecutions recently waged against them here, that two Bishops are scarcely sufficient to attend the wants of the diocese.—*Spirit of the Times*.

PRUSSIA.—It has already been stated in the newspapers that public meetings of the "Protestant Friends" had been prohibited by the police, in consequence of orders from higher authority. In many places, for instance Königsberg and Berlin, notice has just been given by the consistories of all the evangelical clergy of the country, that on the authority of a supreme cabinet

order of the 5th of August, issued on the 10th by the department of the Interior, the meetings of the so-called "Protestant Friends" are absolutely prohibited, where, from the number of members, the difference of rank, or by the place of their assemblies, they have the character of popular assemblies. The formation of closed societies, under whatever name they may appear, is also forbidden.

DUSSELDORF.—Bishop Arnoldi, of Trêves, on his way to Munster, passed through Dusseldorf, where Dr. Binterim, curé of Bilk, and one of the Confessors of Faith in the affair of Cologne, received him. The clergy and authorities of Dusseldorf met the prelate as he left the steamer, and a brilliant *cortège* accompanied his carriage, amid loud shouts of joy from the multitude, to Bilk. At nine o'clock the Dusseldorfers gave the Bishop a serenade by torchlight, 1,500 persons bearing flambeaux, three bands of music, and more than 8,000 persons attended. Bilk was crowded. The notables of the town formed a deputation, waited on the Bishop in the humble curial house, and begged his episcopal benediction for the people. Mgr. Arnoldi descended into the garden, and a most religious silence prevailed. The prelate, raising his voice, begged all to kneel; then with his arms raised to heaven, he invoked the blessing of God upon their fervent Christianity. No doubt his prayer will be heard, and these good people will be preserved from apostacy and heresy. On the banks of the Rhine everywhere the spirit of Catholicity revives with the increase of dissent. The churches are better filled, the sacraments more frequented, and the processions more brilliant than ever.—*Correspondent of the Univers.*

ROME.—The learned Barnabite Father Ungarelli, teacher of Hebrew to Rossellini, and his pupil in hieroglyphic science, died at Rome on the 22d ult., after protracted apoplexy. His loss is to be deplored, especially on account of the projected and already far advanced edition of the "Museo Gregoriano Egizio," which will now be delayed probably for some time. As order brother of the Cardinal Secretary Lam-

bruschini, he enjoyed peculiar advantages, of which he availed himself for the study and cultivation of Egyptian antiquities.

MR. CHARLES WELD has positively denied that he was ever commissioned by the General of the Jesuits to write the letters which have been imputed to him; or that he ever did write any such letters on the subject of M. Rossi's negotiation at Rome.

CONFIRMATION.—On the 7th September, the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths administered confirmation to about thirty of the congregation at Gravesend.

BRISTOL.—That splendid hall, the Catholic Church of Bristol, has been recently re-opened for divine service by the Right Rev. Dr. Morris. The sermon was preached by Dr. Miley of Dublin, in his usual style of fervid eloquence.—*Correspondent.*

BRIDPORT.—The first stone of a new Catholic Church has been laid in this town by the Hon. Mrs. Weld.

PRESTON.—SECOND CATHOLIC CHARITABLE SOCIETY.—On Sunday evening last, the forty-seventh half-yearly meeting of the Second Catholic Charitable Society, was held in Fox-street School. The Rev. Mr. Harris in the chair. The report was read, which showed that the amount expended during the last half-year, in relieving 610 cases of distress, was 32*l.* 18*s.* After the usual business, a collection was made amounting to upwards of 5*l.* A vote of thanks was given to the reverend gentleman for his kindness as chairman. After which the meeting separated.—*Preston Guardian.*

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICITY.—The *Statesman* gives the following list, which it designates as "corrected," of the recent converts to Catholicity, consequent upon the movement of the "Anglican Church:"—1. Rev. Waldo Sibthorp, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College (returned). 2. Rev. Bernard Smith, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College. 3. Scott Murray, Esq., B.A., Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church, and M. P. for Buckinghamshire. 4. J. Douglas, Esq., B.A., Gentleman Commoner of Christ Church. 5. Rev. Goodenough Penny, M.A., Student of Christ Church, and University Mathe-

matical Scholar; Second Class in *Literæ Humaniores*. 6. Rev. Daniel Parsons, M.A., Oriel College. 7. Rev. Brook Bridges, M.A., Oriel College and Littlemore. 8. George Talbot, M.A., Baliol College. 9. Rev. W. Moore Capes, M.A., Baliol College. 10. George Tickell, Esq., M.A., Scholar of Baliol College, and Stowell Law, Fellow of University—First Class in *Literæ Humaniores*. 11. W. Lockhart, Esq., Exeter College, and Littlemore. 12. J. King, Esq., Exeter College, and Littlemore. 13. Rev. Charles Seager, M.A., Worcester College, Assistant Hebrew Lecturer to Dr. Pusey. 14. Rev. T. Meyrick, M.A., Scholar of Corpus Christi College—First Class in *Literæ Humaniores*. 15. Peter Renoff, Esq., Scholar of Pembroke College. 16. J. Grant, Esq., Commoner of St. John's College. The above are all of Oxford. To these must be added the Rev. J. Montgomery, of Trinity College, Dublin; then of Professor Sewel's College of St. Columba, Stackallen; then of Littlemore; and now of Oscott. There are also the following:—1. Rev. Campbell Smith, Cambridge. Mrs. Campbell Smith was admitted to her first communion on the 6th Sept. 2. Rev. Jones Burton, Cambridge. 3. W. Leigh, Esq. 4. — Badden, Esq. 5. Rev. J. Wackerbath.

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., at All Saints Catholic Chapel, Barton-upon-Frode, by the Right Rev. Dr. Riddell, Thomas Riddell, Esq., of Felton-park and Swinburne Castle, Northumberland, to Laura Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas de Trafford, Bart., of Trafford-park and Croston-hall, in the county of Lancaster.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., at the Roman Catholic Chapel, Southampton, by the Rev. J. Guérin, Dean of St. Severs, Normandy, Monsieur Jules Victor de Hainault de Canteloup, of Lingèvres, near Bayeux, to Elizabeth Adèle, eldest daughter of Monsieur le Comte Le Doulcet de Meré.

DEATHS.

Pray for the soul of Anthony Vitta, a native of Italy, but for upwards of

twenty years a resident in Birmingham, who died on the 21st of this month, and was buried in the Crypt of St. Chad's Cathedral.

16th September, suddenly in the Confessional of the Chapel at Lunisburgh, Mayo, the Rev. H. Malone, C.C. On the 23d August, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, the Hon. Sir Richard Ottley, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in Ceylon, aged 62. Sir R. Ottley had the happiness of becoming a Catholic about ten years ago.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Anthony Anderton, Esq., of Rodney-buildings, New Kent-road, who departed this life on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady, 1845, aged 80 years.

At Edinburgh, on the 9th Sept., Susan Grace, only child of William Turnbull, Esq., Advocate, aged 4 years and six months.

Of your charity pray for the soul of William Steel, of Haggerston, late of Smeafield, Northumberland, who died on Saturday, the 30th of August, aged 67.

On the 23rd ult., at Radstock, in a fit, like others with which she was often afflicted, Sophia, only child of Mr. Enoch Barwell, aged 25. Her innocence of life and fervent piety leave us little reason to doubt but that she is gone to the embraces of that God who looketh down with complacency and delight on the humble, who loveth the simple and virtuous. Catholic friends, pray for the repose of her soul.

WILL OF DOWAGER LADY MARY ARUNDELL.—The will of this lady, late of Loughborough, has been proved. The personal estate was sworn under £25,000. She directs her executors to invest £1,000, and to apply the interest to the education of one student in Prior-park College, Bath, to be named by the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Western district of England. She also directs that £3,000 should be invested, the interest to be paid to her servants, John Doughty and his wife, and continued to the survivor. The residue of her property she bequeaths to the Rev. Mr. Furlong, formerly of Prior-park College.—*Berks. Chronicle*.

The following letter arrived too late for insertion in the proper place :—

Newark, Sept. 27, 1845.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*,—

SIR,—From numerous letters received on the subject of the new edition of the *Faith of Catholics*, on which I have been engaged during well-nigh four years, I find that an impression prevails, that the difficulty of the undertaking had caused me to abandon it. This, however, is not the case; and I take this medium of informing the writers of these letters of inquiry, that the task is at length completed; that the manuscript is now, in fact, ready for the press.

It will not be difficult to account for the length of time during which the completion of the work has been delayed, when it is known, that, on a careful review of the previous edition, it was found absolutely necessary not merely to re-translate almost all the extracts, especially those from the Greek writers, but to omit nearly one-fifth of the extracts as doubtful or inapplicable. Under these circumstances, the editor resolved to read all the works of the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers of the first five centuries; and, without reference to any text-book or index, or to any previously published work whatever, to give the result of his own reading. In every instance, accordingly, each work has been read once; whilst most of the writers of that age have been read a second and even a third time, to secure as perfect accuracy as possible, and to give a just representation of their opinions, in a literal, and generally a verbatim translation.

The result of this labour will, the editor calculates, fill two large octavo volumes. I am your obedient Servant,

J. WATERWORTH.

DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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VOL. II.

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, ESQ.

THE story I am about to tell is an extraordinary story; but it is true. It is within nature. It is explicable; and it will be explained. In the fair and memorable country of Provence, stands many a castellated ruin. On hearths where, in olden time, the troubadour raised the strain of chivalry,—telling tales of knightly encounter, of courteous lists, of garlands gained; tales of Holy Land and of deeds done around *il Gran Sepolero*;—on hearths where, while he spoke, the dark glance of the southern damsel would grow dim with tears of delight, and where her brother would laugh like the neigh of the war-horse,—on those hearths, as the reader may know, now nestles the starling: on those hearths now fall the dews and shine the stars, just as if the former occupants were not, in their day, great and magnificent, and mighty,—of fair fortunes, and of fairer fame. Where the baron's armed heel once rang upon the pavement, now falls the paw of the wolf, soft as a snowdrift, and terrible as the stroke of death.

Well, in that country, there is an old ruin which, though hardly habitable, is yet inhabited. It stands at the top of an abrupt eminence in the Lower Alps, (*Basses Alpes*); and when I last saw it, a turret, overhanging the abyss, gave tokens of life; for a blaze of coloured effulgence streamed through the dark December air from a window of stained glass, just under the antique roof. Into the room within that window, would we transport the reader.

At a sort of reading-desk, sat a young man. It was Casimir de Latour, the last and only descendant of one of the Knightly Houses:—Father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts,—all the nearer members of his kith and generation were departed, and he was alone in the world. Accustomed long to a family circle,—he now felt overwhelmed by his desolation. There were some relics of by-gone magnificence scattered through the apart-

ment;—remnants of vases, urns, busts,—all eloquent of a former glory. Gazing sadly at the stern beauty which beamed before him in the marble image of one of his fathers,—he mused over various family traditions, till at length he exclaimed aloud, “*I am death in life, my friend, and you are immortality in death.*”

On the floor beside his chair, and reaching as high as his shoulder, stood a huge bell, which had hung in some tower, whether of church or castle. He touched this bell, with a sort of little drum-stick, and a deep mellow chime rang sweetly through the little room, penetrated the casement, and shook its religious music over the abyss. The door opened; and in walked an old woman, who seemed the very pattern of antique and whimsical respectability. It was Casimir’s house-keeper;—the house-keeper of Casimir’s father; the daughter of the house-keeper of Casimir’s grandfather;—the descendant of the servants of Casimir’s ancestors.

“Anna,” said our hero, “bring me my hat and cloak. I am going to make an evening visit to General de Roligny and his daughter. To-morrow I start for Paris, and I must first say my farewell.”

“I hope I may yet see you married to Mademoiselle de Roligny,” returned the house-keeper, when she had offered him the hat and cloak; “the Lower Alps contain not her match in beauty.”

“Nor France in accomplishments,” interrupted Casimir: “nor the whole world in amiability.”

“I like to hear you speak so,” said old Anna, “and I only wish you would not go to Paris without first seeing what Mademoiselle thinks of you.”

“Look ye, Anna,” cried he, as he wrapped himself in the mantle, “the general’s daughter is an heiress—I am a poor man. That she would refuse me I am not certain;—while, of course, I do not know that she would accept me. But, be that as it may, it shall never be said that the representative of the de Latours made his fortune by his wife. I am not at all so degenerate. For myself, I do not care to be rich, but I love this girl; and as I will take no wealth from her, without giving her as much in return,—so I must rouse myself out of my dreams. The Provençal blood was thorough-bred of old. I have a mind to vindicate its excellence now-a-days. I will be a knight,—not indeed of the spur and the saddle; but of the tongue and of the pen,—of patience and of energy,—of cool, calm, and resolute perseverance. In the twelfth century, I would, under similar circumstances, have gone to Jerusalem, and have prayed on the tomb, to which I would indubitably have forced my road; but I will go to Paris in this the nineteenth century, and become writer, millionaire, orator, politician, and deputy.”

“And what will become of me, while you are doing all that?”

Have you ordered my tombstone and its epitaph? Bad ambition, and mere pride, downright pride, all pride, and nothing but pure pride. It cannot come to good."

We have introduced this conversation merely in order to give an idea of the character of this young man. We will now precede Casimir, and hurry to the chateau of de Roligny in the valley.

The library of this castle was a large and beautiful room. An immense lamp of dimmed and frosted glass was suspended in chains of massive silver from a ceiling, on which art had exhausted its ideal charms. A delicious warmth as well as a mellow light fell from this lamp, as from a sun, and suffused every object in the room,—a radiance and a heat suited to the clime.

There, reading to her father, and her hand locked in that of a sister some five years younger than herself, sat the renowned beauty of the Lower Alps,—Marianne de Roligny.

"Enough, now, Marianne,—shut your book and let us chat," said the General. And they were chatting when the door opened and the servant announced De Latour. He looked pale.

"I have come," said he, without sitting down, "I have come to take leave. We shall no doubt see each other in Paris. My stay in town, will, I think, be very long, for I do not mean to leave it until I have made my fortune."

There was a silence. The General, who, though he admired and liked de Latour, was half afraid that his, the General's daughter, had an over regard for a person not possessed of a fortune equal to what she had a right to expect,—looked exceedingly awkward at this abrupt and bold introduction of a topic so home. But Casimir was about to double his astonishment. The fearless and ardent character of our young Provençal delighted in all clear explanations and express avowals.

"I think," continued he, "that there could be no better opportunity for distinctly saying that I sincerely and very deeply love your daughter Marianne de Roligny; but I never will offer my hand to any woman who has not a much smaller fortune than I have. My only resource therefore, before risking a refusal, is to make my fortune larger than Marianne's. Adieu."

And with one of those off-hand bows which include everybody in the room, and in which the French have so inimitable and easy a grace, Casimir walked to the door and disappeared.

Casimir had introductions. He threw himself simultaneously into the two worlds which in France are all-powerful,—the worlds of letters and of society.

A literary man of any talent in France is pretty much what a wealthy and successful barrister, just returned for some county, is in England; not only the observed of all observers, but a being courted and feared; a man at once of mark and of weight.

Now Casimir had taste, genius, and energy. He wrote with great and remarkable ability. A little matter, or a difficult and important subject, was alike an object of care, of pains, of labour,—and again of care, of pains, and of labour, to his vehement and ambitious temper. A letter to a lady, or an essay for the public, was equally a new endeavour after reputation ; not feverishly or blindly made, but elaborated in such a way as that, if it failed in fixing the attention of others, it at least improved the taste and the energy, the genius and the reason of his own mind. Certainly much time elapsed before Casimir's name became familiar to the world. But then it stood the test of hostility. No man had more enemies than Casimir. His temper took delight in conflicts in which he gained repeated victories, and in which he never was betrayed into the least vulgarity. He said "*Ha ! ha ! among the trumpets.*" No hand was bolder than Casimir's ; but none more graceful either. His sword had diamonds upon the hilt, and was damascened along the blade,—but the blow which it dealt was shrewdly aimed, and fell heavily. He could not have won the Holy Sepulchre, in the twelfth century, with more reputation than attended him in making his fortune in the nineteenth.

Now, it so chanced that Casimir had espoused views in politics diametrically opposed to the General's most heartfelt convictions ; and de Roligny, who was somewhat headstrong, swore that Casimir should never marry Marianne. So that now when young de Latour had become, even in the most worldly point of view, an eligible alliance for the General's daughter, a new obstacle had arisen to the union. The result of this was that de Latour, finding himself thwarted in his dearest and also his most sanguine hopes, plunged headlong into dissipation ; and as all eyes had been previously fixed upon him,—the rising and brilliant star,—this meteoric deviation remained unobserved by no one. Casimir became the very scandal of Paris.

One Sunday morning he breakfasted by appointment with some of his wildest companions. But an unusual gloom seemed to oppress his spirits. With nerves shaken by his irregularities, he was now in one of those moments in which his better genius whispered softly yet audibly the admonitions, the reproaches, the reminders of by-gone days, the aspirations after a nobler destiny, after a worthier vocation. When breakfast was over, there was, as usual, the little glass of liqueur. Then, gradually, for his companions were resolved to rouse Casimir out of his reveries, there were cigars and wine. Matters went on till they reached a downright carousal. The day wore forward, and the clocks of the churches had pealed forth many an unheeded admonition. No note of time was taken, even from its loss. At

length, Casimir arose, and, ringing the bell, asked the servant what the hour was.

"Nearly seven, sir," replied the latter.

"Ciel, ciel!" exclaimed de Latour, "this is indeed a life to lead! I will lead it no longer!" and he staggered towards the door.

"Where are you going to?" said one of the fair fellowship, seizing de Latour by the shoulder, "if you presume to leave us in so unceremonious and uncomplimentary a manner, I shall consider it a personal affront."

"Your hand off, sir, and consider what you please," cried Casimir, shaking himself free from the grasp of the other. Then adjusting his cloak with slow and foppish precision, said he: "I will now go wherever chance may wish, or rather wherever Providence may decree; *for I don't belong to chance.*"

"What! are you turning believer?" cried a voice.

"I ever was a believer," said Casimir quietly; and, added he, smiling, "I feel as if some supernatural influence were at work over me, at this moment; as if, (however absurd it may appear to you), I were now summoned to partake immediately in an important event." So saying he left the room; and respect for his abilities, as well as for the position which he had achieved for himself, prevented this grandiloquent declaration from being cruelly derided.—A person of reputation may sometimes say what an obscure man would be laughed at for merely insinuating.

When Casimir found his way into the street, the shades of evening were beginning to descend.—Hustled by some and hustling not a few, reeling from right to left, and from left to right, Casimir at length entered a street well known to travellers on account of the great number of *Bureaux de diligences* which centre there: it is the street of *Notre Dame des Victoires*.

At this moment, a crowd of grave-looking people were pouring in the same direction. They caught Casimir as in a stream, hurrying him to the door of the renowned church of *Notre Dame des Victoires*. Borne along by the tide, he entered with the rest. Soon the church was filled, and the buz, the hum, the murmur had died away. The blaze of the illuminated altar, tempered by the dense and fragrant breath of the incense, the stately beauty of the building, the silent eloquence of the holy paintings, and the rapturous strains of the solemn music, filled the soul with sublime delight.

Casimir leaned against a pillar and strove to enter into the spirit of the scene. But his nerves had been completely shaken. The light dazzled him. The warmth of the atmosphere and the measured swell of the music overpowered all his faculties, excepting only that sentinel of the rest, the imagination, which

watches when the others sleep. In vain he struggled to keep his eyes open. At length sinking into a seat, he leaned his head against the pillar, and fell into a profound slumber.

When he awoke, he was surprised to see that the congregation had departed; that the altar had been denuded; and that the church, (excepting the faint illumination emitted by the perennial lamp which burned before the central tabernacle), was entirely in the dark.

“The lights were fled,
The garlands dead,
And all but he departed.”

He concluded that as he had fallen asleep in the shadow of the pillar, the beadles had not perceived him when they were closing the doors. The latter were double-locked. He shouted, but his voice was sent back; it was sent back with such reverberated echoes, that he felt he could not make himself heard through those dense walls, especially as the noise in the street outside would drown and render unnoticeable his loudest cries. The night, therefore, must be passed in the church. As he came to this necessary conclusion, an indefinable solemnity crept over his mind. He recollected what he had said about going wherever Providence should decree: and thought it rather singular that he should have not only gone into a church,—but precisely into that particular church, concerning which he, in common with all Paris, had, of late heard so many prodigies narrated. It had been quite unconsciously, too, that he had entered.

Making the most of his disagreeable position, he placed several chairs together, and stretching himself upon them, tried to sleep. He was just sinking into slumber, when the sound as of a lock rattling, roused him. Leaning on his elbow, he gazed around. A little door, which, when he had tried it, was locked, now opened slowly from the sacristy. Through this door a priest walked, vested in the Catholic manner, and arrayed for the mass; vested, moreover, in black, as if for the service of the dead. When he had entered, the door closed behind him.

Casimir, as the priest passed with a measured tread beneath the light of the perennial lamp, was horror-struck by his countenance and by his hands. His face was like the face of the dead; and his fingers were dark, and long, and crooked like the talons of some monstrous bird.

The priest having ascended the steps before the great tabernacle and arranged the altar, slowly returned to the outer rim of the sanctuary, where mass is begun. Then turning round, as if there was a congregation in the sacred building—said the priest:

“Is there any one in this church who will have the goodness to serve my mass?”

Casimir cowered back out of view and remained silent. After a pause of anxious scrutiny, the priest spoke again. The words were changed:

"Is there," said he the second time, "any one in this church who will have the charity to serve my mass?"

His voice was now the voice of a man in great fear and uneasiness. Another long pause ensued, after which he again demanded:

"Is there any one in this church, who will have the mercy and the humanity to serve my mass?"

The beseeching tones of terror in which he spoke, on this third time, were heartrending; and his mouth gasped with a parched and dying air,—as a fish when held away from the water; no other simile would be so accurate as this.—At length blank despair seemed to settle, like a fall of snow, upon the priest's face. He returned to the altar, and was about to remove the chalice, when compassion seized the heart of Casimir.

"I will!" cried he.

The death-like face relaxed, and something heavenly seemed blended now with the ghastliness and horror that reigned in its lineaments. The priest said mass, and then, turning round with the chalice in his hand, stopped in front of Casimir, before passing to the sacristy.

"Young man," said the apparition, "you have done me a great service, and I will render you the like. If you die unprepared, the fault is yours, and yours the woe. For on this day twelve months, and at this hour," (here with solemn chime the clock of Notre Dame began to toll the midnight hour), "you will breathe your last."

So saying, the mysterious stranger approached the sacristy door, which opened before him, and closed with a loud jarring sound when he had passed through.

When the morning light came and the doors of the church were opened, Casimir said: "I have twelve months good and certain: it is not as if I had fifty years doubtful. If I am sure to die in a year,—why I am at least just as sure not to die sooner. *Vogue la galère! Vive la bagatelle!* To marry, would, in my case, be to prepare a bitter parting. To lead a mortified life for twelve months,—ha! ha! how ridiculous! No, no. The last six months to God, and the first six to myself."

Such was Casimir's soliloquy,—who forgot that as a man lives, so shall he die. When the six months had expired, he said;—"Three months yet for pleasure, and then three months for eternity!"

The three months fled like a dream; but Casimir was now as one demented. "Have I not heard," cried he, "of hoary

sinners who have made their peace with heaven in a few minutes ; and shall I, a young man, devote three months to repentance ? Six weeks will be more than enough." A fleecy cloud never swept over the face of a summer day with more noiseless rapidity than that with which the next six weeks of dark dissipation crossed the life of Casimir. He paused again ; it was a Sunday afternoon. " Well," said he, " in three weeks time I will retire to Provence ; and then the last of the de Latours will be gathered to his fathers." When the three weeks had expired, he said, " I will now go." He went ; and, strange to say, for about a fortnight, he wrote poetry and read Plato, under the spell of some mysterious infatuation. Then, exactly on the second last Sunday he was ever to spend, he fell seriously ill. When the doctor, who was immediately sent for, beheld him, the learned man told his patient to prepare for death. " You will not live the week," said he, mildly.

" There you are wrong, doctor," exclaimed de Latour : " I will bet you ten thousand to one that I live till this day week."

An idea now occurred to Casimir, as the last days of his calendar were stealing past, each giving a blow to that shattered frame, and realizing with fatal precision the words of the phantom ; he thought to himself, thought he :

" It is just possible that, if I do not die at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, I may live these fifty years. That horrid vision may have been but the creation of my own heated fancy ; my nerves were so shaken. Still, this illness, just at the indicated time, coupled with the doctor's sentence,—humph ! Ah, well ! Anna, bring me my Plato."

Anna, to whom he had told all the adventure in the church, and who was full of grief and terror, had often besought her young master to let her send for a clergyman. She now brought him the Bible ; and sallied forth at once in search of the holy man, as well as to tell the Rolignys that if they wished to take leave of Casimir de Latour, they had no time to lose. Saturday had come, and gone. Sunday had dawned,—a serene and lovely day of the Provençal autumn ! From the casement of the turret, de Latour beheld how beautiful was his native landscape. Ten thousand changing hues were upon the woods ; as if the face of the dying year, like that of the dying man, betokened the approach of its end. The day waned ; the light smiled itself away ; the sky grew pale, as if with sickness ; and Casimir de Latour summoned all his remaining strength, to request that a clock might be placed opposite the foot of his bed. It was placed as he desired, a lamp on either side the dial, to help the failing eyes of death. There it glared at him from amid the curtains,—that pale, inanimate face, so eloquent of his departing

moments. The clergyman, who had preached in vain to the dying man, was repeating aloud, and on his knees, the prayers of the agonizing. Poor Anna knelt beside him; and, with her, (gazing passionately on the face of the sick,) was Marianne de Roligny. The general stood behind her. And now the clock struck eleven. The priest again exhorted Casimir to repentance. No answer. Every one in the room started as the half-hour chimed. Then, the quarter before twelve sounded; and still the eyes of the dying man remained sternly fixed upon the impartial face of the clock, as if he would scare it into respecting his fleeting life. When the little click, which denoted that only five minutes remained to his career on earth, was heard, a peal of thunder could not have echoed so loudly in the room. At length came the whirring sound which precedes the hour; and Casimir clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth.

And now listen; for, as the inexorable dial marks the hour the clock is striking, it is all over. With a horrible convulsion, Casimir de Latour **AWOKE**. The organ was pealing its last notes; nine o'clock was chiming from the tower of Notre Dame; the congregation were slowly defiling from the church; and, straight before the astonished gaze of de Latour, the beautiful Marianne de Roligny and her father the general were standing. Casimir returned home, and married Marianne. So that the very dead coming back to life could not have had the force of one dream in reclaiming this young genius from his dissipation.

BEAUTY.—A SONNET.

HAIL, Beauty! thou most high mysterious power,
 Whence comest thou with thy transcendent bloom,
 And why so quick to fade or grace the tomb?
 Thy glorious light pales in the drooping flower,
 Or dwells with woman, dazzling for an hour,
 Only to make her feel, in silent grief,
 Her fate is like the blossom's—like the leaf
 Of frailest plant that twines around her bower.
 Mere mortals cast a shadow as they pass—
 From angels, surely comes thy halo bright!
 The lake must be at rest and smooth as glass,
 Ere it show forth the sunset's rosy light:—
 So Beauty should reflect the skies above,
 And mirror back a heaven of peace and love.

C. de B.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND LORD BROUGHAM.

BY LEICESTER S. F. BUCKINGHAM.

THE majority of mankind are rarely in the habit of thinking for themselves. Ever ready to avoid the toilsome labour of examining all the intricate bearings of any disputed question, they bow unhesitatingly to the dicta of some distinguished leader, and follow unresistingly in his track, assigning, however, to humility and an amiable deference to superior judgment, that which might be more fairly imputed to their own indolence and inaction.

This peculiarity makes it especially necessary that the friends of truth should be ever on the alert, to save, if possible, from perversion, the minds of men, when some writer of distinguished fame deviates from the narrow path of historical accuracy, and seeks to infuse into the minds of his followers, opinions the most opposite to historic truth.

In his recently published "Lives of Men of Letters in the time of George III," Lord Brougham has thus expressed himself, with regard to the character of Mary Stuart:—

"He (Hume) had of course far too much sense and too penetrating a sagacity to doubt the guilt of Queen Mary during the Scottish portion of her life, admitted, as the greater part of the charges against her were, by her own conduct in the open profligacy of her connection with her husband's murderer; and the prejudice which this unavoidable conviction raised in his mind extended itself to the more doubtful question of her accession to the Babington conspiracy." (p. 216.)

And again—

"These silly persons (the advocates of Mary) would not be appeased, unless, in the face of all her own conduct and her own words, she was acquitted of the outrage on common decency of wedding her husband's murderer, and screening his accomplices from punishment." (p. 272.)

From these remarks it may fairly be inferred, that the views which Lord Brougham desires to impress upon his readers are: Firstly—that Mary was an accomplice in the assassination of her husband: secondly—that her marriage with Bothwell was brought about by herself and accomplished with her own free consent: and, thirdly—that her accession to the Babington conspiracy is so far probable, as to be only "more doubtful" than her complicity in her husband's murder, when that is regarded as certain.

The influence which the opinions thus expressed are likely to exercise, and the weight which naturally attaches to the views of

the distinguished writer on any question of a judicial nature, appear to furnish ample grounds for reviewing the principal charges against the Scottish Queen, and examining, with as much brevity as the intricacy of the subject will admit, the testimony which has been adduced in their support. And as the multifarious nature of the evidence renders it impossible to condense the discussion of it within the limits of a single paper, it is proposed to devote the present article to an examination of the asserted complicity of Mary in the murder of Darnley—and to proceed in a succeeding number to the discussion of the simpler and less intricate question of the Babington conspiracy. Such being the plan proposed, we may proceed, without further preliminary, in our investigation:—

I. THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.

The evidence which has been adduced against Mary with regard to the murder of Darnley, may be conveniently arranged under three divisions, embracing—I. Her own conduct. II. The confessions of those who were actually engaged in the transaction, or whose asserted confessions declare them to have been so: and, III. Certain letters which Mary is asserted to have written to the Earl of Bothwell, who was undoubtedly the principal in the perpetration of the deed. To each of these divisions of evidence we may give a brief consideration.

I. THE CONDUCT OF MARY.

I. In order to prepare the minds of men for the reception of their monstrous accusations, the enemies of Mary have been ever ready to assert that her feelings towards her husband were those of bitter animosity, and that she looked upon him with the most violent and deadly hatred. Certainly, nothing could be more likely than that such a feeling should have been engendered in a mind which was not strongly influenced by religious feelings, since all contemporary writers concur in branding the conduct of Darnley towards his queen, with epithets the most condemnatory and severe. But Mary was not in name only, but in heart, a Christian, and the evil behaviour of her husband seems to have given birth in her only to sentiments of compassion and regret. The lords of the council, in a letter to the queen-mother of France, stated, that “although Riceio’s murder was perpetrated with the king’s knowledge, yet would the queen never accuse him thereof, but did always excuse him, and was willing to appear as if she believed it not.” (*Keith*, 349, 350). And as the Earl of Murray was at that time at the head of the council, his concurrence in this description of Mary’s affectionate consideration for her husband, will at least counterbalance the charge

of hatred which he afterwards found it convenient to adduce. Darnley himself bore his testimony to the same point, since, when about to leave Scotland, he freely declared, that the conduct of the queen had not given him the smallest ground for unhappiness or complaint, and the lords of the council present averred "that for her majesty, so far was she from ministering to him cause of discontent, that on the contrary he had all the reason in the world to thank God for giving him so wise and virtuous a person as she had shown herself in all her actions." (*Keith*, 348, 349).

II. Again, we are told, as an evidence of her ill feeling towards him, that, at some unmentioned period, she caused her own name to be placed before his in all documents of a public nature. As no particular instances have ever been produced in support of this vague assertion, it might be allowed to pass unnoticed; but Mr. Goodall, one of the most learned of Scottish historical antiquaries, has not only declared that no documents are in existence, in any public repository, in which Mary's name precedes that of Darnley; but he has also mentioned a precept, directed to the provost of Edinburgh at the end of March 1566 (the month on the 9th day of which Riccio was murdered in Mary's presence by Darnley and his associates), in which, the clerk having written in the heading "Regina" only, Mary altered it to "Rex et Regina" with her own hand. (*Goodall*, i. 236.)

III. A journey which was made by Mary from Jedburgh to the Hermitage, has been adduced as an invincible proof of that criminal passion for Bothwell, the existence of which her defamers have delighted to assert. Yet the facts of this excursion certainly present no circumstances of a suspicious nature. The Earl of Morton, having been banished to England for his open share in the murder of Riccio, still busied himself in encouraging incursions on the Scottish border; and these having increased in frequency and importance, the Earl of Bothwell, as lord-lieutenant of the English Marches (to which office he had been appointed by the queen-dowager, as a reward for his valuable services to her cause), was sent to quell them; and the queen herself proceeded to Jedburgh to hold justice courts for the trial of the insurgents. On the 8th of October 1566, Bothwell was wounded in one of these affrays, and the rebels, growing bold from their success, declared that they would yield only to the queen herself. (*Cott. MSS. Calig. B. x. f. 380.*) Under these circumstances, her duty was plain; nor was she wanting in its performance. On the 16th of October, she proceeded with a large train to the Hermitage, a distance of eighteen Scottish miles; but the insurgents fled at her approach, and, finding that her presence was no longer needed, she returned on the same

day to Jedburgh. And on the next day she forwarded "a mass of papers" to Bothwell.

In the simple facts of this journey, there is certainly nothing from which can be gathered aught to the discredit of the queen. To assert, as Robertson has done, that violent and ungovernable love can alone have dictated her conduct, is surely most unjustifiable and absurd. Had such been the motives which actuated her, she would not have allowed eight days to elapse after he had received his wound before she hurried to him; she would not have carried with her a large retinue; nor would she have returned upon the instant, without remaining a single hour by his side. While, on the other hand, that she should fly at once to the field where she was assured that her presence was needed; that she should return instantly, when she found that necessity was removed; and that on the next day she should forward to her lieutenant such fresh instructions as the altered state of things required, are circumstances very natural, very consistent, and certainly by no means discreditable to her fame.

IV. Again, we are told that she hurried on the trial of Bothwell in such a manner as to defeat the ends of justice. And this charge is the more worthy of notice, because it may serve as a specimen of the historical accuracy which has been observed by the accusers of Mary. After the murder of Darnley, which took place on the morning of the 10th of February 1567, the meeting of the parliament had been appointed to take place on the 13th of April, and it was arranged that the trial of Bothwell should be then proceeded with. But, on the 26th of February, the Earl of Lennox, the father of Darnley, wrote to Mary, imploring her to fix some earlier date, alleging that the one chosen was far too remote. (*Lennox apud Anderson*, ii. 110.) The 13th of April was thus declared by the Earl of Lennox to be too distant a day for the investigation; and surely it is somewhat unreasonable to accuse Mary of hurrying on the trial, when the 12th of April was the day on which it actually took place.

V. It is asserted, too, that an error was intentionally introduced into the indictment against Bothwell, in order to secure his acquittal; since the murder was therein stated to have been committed on the night of the 9th, instead of at two o'clock on the morning of the 10th of February. But all the confessions which purport to have been made by the murderers, speak of the time in the same manner. Powrie says, "ye sam day the king wes slane at night" (*And.* ii. 165) and he calls the morning of the 10th "the morn eftir the kingis slauchter." (*And.* ii. 172.) Dalgleish talks of "ye Sunday the king was slayne at nycht" (*And.* ii. 173); and even Buchanan, the literary organ of the foes of Mary, in the Scotch editions of his *Detection*, which pre-

ceded that of St. Andrew's in 1572, and in the French version (*Jebb.* i. 349), states that the murder was committed on the night of the 9th of February. And as for the influence of the error on the judgment, we know that Captain Blacader was tried for having participated in the murder on the 9th of February, and was executed upon the charge. (*Goodall*, i. 357.)

VI. In addition to this, it has been averred that Mary threw impediments in the way of the proper investigation of the circumstances of the murder; and it will be observed that this is one of the charges upon which Lord Brougham grounds his opinion of her guilt. A very little consideration will serve to show that the odium of stopping the investigation has been cast upon the wrong party.

Immediately after the murder, the council instituted an inquiry, with the avowed object of obtaining some clue to the perpetrators of the deed. Some of the king's servants, who were in the house at the time of the explosion, had been protected from it by an intervening stone wall; and one of them, Thomas Nelson, was called and examined, and, in the course of his examination, a circumstance of a very singular character took place. When asked concerning the custody of the various keys on the night of the murder, he stated that Bonkle, the king's cellarer, had the keys of the cellar, and the queen's servants the keys of her chamber; but no sooner had he communicated these facts, than the Laird of Tullibardine suddenly interposed, and caused an immediate cessation of the investigation. (*And.* iv. ii. 168.)

Yet why was this done?—Dr. Robertson insinuates that it was because it was perceived that some circumstances were likely to transpire, from following up the examination of this witness, which would be injurious to the reputation of Mary—and Lord Brougham seemed to entertain a similar view—but there is no ground for such a supposition. The lords of the council, in a proclamation immediately after, and Buchanan, the organ of Murray's party, in his *Detection*, both assert that the explosion was caused by a mine; so that no fact connected with the keys of the queen's room could have any particular bearing upon the matter; and above all, the Laird of Tullibardine was one of the party of Mary's foes, and the brother of that James Murray who posted the defamatory placard concerning the queen and Bothwell, accusing them of the murder, and against whom a proclamation had been issued on that account; so that we have little reason to suspect him of any very tender concern for the character of Mary. Why then should he desire to stop the investigation?

Although the key of the queen's room had nothing to do with the explosion, the key of the cellar had, since it was in the cellar

that the mine was dug, and in it the train must have been fired. Now it is certain that Bonkle, in whose custody the key was testified to have been, was not in the house when the explosion took place; and the continuation of the investigation, by proving this to have been the case, would have drawn attention to another fact of no slight importance, which was disclosed by the same Nelson, when he was subsequently examined at the conferences at Westminster. He then deposed that when the house was first occupied by the king, all the keys were delivered to his servants by the owner, Robert Balfour, with the exception of one, *the key of a door which commanded an entrance into the cellar.* (*Anderson*, iv. ii. 165.)

The result which a continuation of Nelson's examination would have produced, now becomes evident at a single glance. It was obvious that in order to fire the train the murderers must have obtained access to the cellar; and if it had been proved, as it could have been, that Bonkle had the key of the cellar door in his possession at the time, this fact would have drawn attention to the circumstances of the detention of other keys by Robert Balfour, and he would have been thus implicated in the schemes of the assassins. And as his brother, Sir James Balfour, was then high in favour with the party of which Murray was the head, and Tullibardine a prominent member, the reason of the sudden suspension of the investigation becomes obvious enough to those who are willing to look with unprejudiced eyes upon the simple facts.

At any rate it is clear that the suspension of the investigation was the act of one of Mary's foes, and whatever may have been the motives which dictated it, she is obviously free from blame, and the censure of Lord Brougham must fall harmlessly to the ground.

7. The most important, however, of all the accusations grounded upon Mary's conduct, and the one upon which Lord Brougham evidently lays the greatest stress, is that which arises from her marriage with Bothwell; and this point consequently demands a careful investigation.

In the first place it must be observed that, in order to cast additional odium upon Mary, very gross misrepresentations have been promulgated by popular writers with regard to the early history of the Earl of Bothwell. It has been the custom with these violent partizans to represent that Bothwell was called forth from obscurity solely by the favour of Mary, and that the honours which he possessed were heaped upon him, without being merited by his own achievements or deserts; yet nothing can be more incorrect than the impression thus conveyed. During the regency of the Queen Dowager, Bothwell alone, of all the

Protestant lords, remained faithful to her cause, for which fidelity he was appointed Lieutenant General of her forces, and elevated to the important post of Lord Lieutenant of the English Marches, an office of great trust in that time, when the border contests were so frequent and so severe. This, be it remembered, was done by the Queen Dowager, before Mary arrived in Scotland, so that she found him in a position which fully entitled him to great influence in the councils of his sovereign.

It has been already mentioned that on the 12th of April 1567, Bothwell was tried for the murder of Darnley, and acquitted by the verdict of his peers. Taken by itself, this decision would have been of little value,—but the parliament, which met on the succeeding day, caused the whole proceedings of the court to be carefully reviewed, and recorded their approval of the verdict; and a few days afterwards several of the heads of the Scottish nobility appended their signatures to a bond, in which they declared the innocence of Bothwell, pledged themselves to defend his fame, and, averring that he was the fittest man in all Scotland to become the husband of Mary, promised to use every means to induce her to become his wife. (*Cott. Calig. c. i. f. 1.*) The assertion which has been made that this bond was signed by the nobles in consequence of the exhibition of a warrant from Mary, requesting them to do so, is sufficiently refuted by the fact that at the Conference at Westminster, when Mary, through her commissioners, urged this bond as a full excuse for her marriage, the asserted warrant was never produced, though it would of course have entirely subverted her defence; and its non-existence is also clearly demonstrated by a genuine document in which Mary promised never to impute it as a crime to any of the signers that they had affixed their names to the bond,—a pledge which they would never have asked, and she would never have given, had these signatures been appended at her own request.

One thing is at least clear from the language of this bond, that the signers of it did not entertain the opinion which the foes of Mary have since delighted to promulgate, that she entertained a violent passion for Bothwell, since they deemed it probable that their aid might be required to persuade her to consent to the alliance. Nor was it at all likely that Mary, of whose character firm attachment to the Catholic Church formed so prominent a feature, would consent without reluctance to a marriage with a heretic, however great might have been his services in her cause. But the most important feature of this bond, in an historical point of view, is the evidence which it presents of the utterly base and worthless character of the men who, at a later period, came forward as the accusers of Mary, and on whose authority the calumnies against her have been

received and credited by the world, since within the space of two short months after appending their names to this document, Murray, Morton, and four others of the signers, subscribed an act of secret council, in which they denounced Bothwell as the undoubted murderer of Darnley, and declared that Mary, by her marriage with him, (which they had themselves recommended), had clearly proved herself an accomplice in the deed. (*Goodall*, ii. 64.)

Having this bond in his possession, Bothwell at first preferred his suit without its aid, but, having received an astonished rejection, he placed himself at the head of a thousand horsemen, and, capturing the queen on her way from Stirling, carried her a prisoner to Dunbar Castle. There he again sought her compliance; but being again rejected, he showed her the bond, which at once revealed to her the helplessness of her position, by convincing her that the heads of the nobility were allied with him; and, feeling still insecure of his prey, to use Mary's own expressive words, "as by a bravado in the beginning he had won the first point, so ceased he never, until, by persuasions and importunate suit, *accompanied not the less with force*, he has finally driven us to end the work begun." (*Anderson*, i. 99). And this striking and most important fact, which entirely overthrows the supposition of a long-continued course of criminality, and thus of course demonstrates the forgery of those letters which we shall have hereafter to examine, does not rest upon a single testimony. Bothwell had previously boasted "that he would marry the queen, who would or who would not, yea, *whether she would or no*." (*Melvil*, 80). The rebels, in their memorial to Throckmorton, declared that she had been compelled "by fear, *force*, and as by many conjectures may be well suspected, *other extraordinary and more unlawful means*, to become bedfellow to another wife's husband." (*Keith*, 410, *Stevenson*, 223.) And Sir James Melvil leaves no room for doubt, by assuring us that "the queen could not but marry him, seeing that *he had ravished her, and lain with her against her will*." (*Melvil*, 80).

And ample testimony remains to show the aversion of Mary to the marriage, and the care which Bothwell deemed it necessary to exercise in order to secure his prey. During the whole period of her imprisonment at Dunbar she was continually surrounded by armed men, and no one allowed to see her except in Bothwell's presence. (*Anderson*, i. 136). On her journey to Edinburgh she was still closely guarded, nor was this vigilance relaxed until she had pardoned Bothwell for the seizure, and bestowed upon him her hand.

With regard to this pardon, it is sufficient to assert that the clause in it, which Hume and Laing have mentioned, pardoning

Bothwell for the seizure "and all other crimes" which was intended to include the king's murder, does not exist in the actual document—nor can it be easily imagined what need there was for such a pardon when Bothwell had been already acquitted on this very charge, and the verdict formally ratified by the parliament of the realm. And another falsehood, equally glaring, and acquiring importance from having proceeded from the pen of a writer of some eminence, demands a passing comment. Sir James Mackintosh, in his *History of England*, says, in relation to this point—"The proceeding for a divorce on account of adultery, formally at the instance of Lady Bothwell, was, with singular immodesty, commenced almost on *the day which the queen specified as that on which she alleged she had been violated by Bothwell.* (*Mack. Hist. Engl.* iii. 91). A statement so confident as this, carries the reader with it—and a name so eminent as that of the writer seems a security for its truth: what then will be thought of the honesty of the historian, when the facts are stated, that not only did Mary never allude to the violation at all, except in the passage which we have already quoted, which mentions no day at all, but the process for divorce was commenced by the signing of a procuratory by Lady Bothwell before the 5th of April, and therefore at least *nineteen days* before the queen was captured by Bothwell. (*Anderson*, ii. 274). Yet it is from the teaching of such guides that mankind have learnt to defame the character of Mary Stuart.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the circumstances which took place before the marriage, and these, it must be admitted, carry with them the fullest tokens of compulsion and constraint; and the behaviour of Mary after that event fully accords with such a supposition, while on the other hand it is perfectly inexplicable on the theory that the marriage was the result of her own free will. On the very day on which it took place, she averred to De Croc, the French ambassador, who noticed her miserable appearance, that "she could not rejoice, for she did nothing but wish for death." (*Labanoff*, ii. 30. *note*). And he tells us that such was her misery, that the general opinion was that if God did not aid her she would become desperate—while both Melvil and De Croc record attempts at self-destruction resulting from the violence of her despair. And at Carbery Hill she added the crowning stone to the evidence of her own feelings towards Bothwell, by placing herself at once in the hands of the rebels, and begging that he might be subjected to a new trial, when, had she desired to screen him, and to continue with him, the verdict of acquittal and its ratification by parliament would have afforded an ample justification for her conduct.

Surely the simple recital of these circumstances is amply

sufficient to overthrow at once the charge of "open profligacy" which Lord Brougham has levelled against Mary with regard to this melancholy portion of her life. The victim of a superior force, she consented to the marriage only when the most cruel of injuries had left her no room for choice—but she still consistently displayed her aversion towards the man who had so deeply wronged her, and she lost not a moment in escaping from his hands, the moment it was in her power to do so. The evidence which has been adduced admits but of one conclusion, the entire exculpation of Mary from any criminality in her marriage with Bothwell, and the consequent removal of one of the gravest imputations on her fame.

VIII. The last charge which has been founded upon the conduct of Mary relates to the proceedings at the conferences which took place in England in 1568, and is thus expressed by Lord Brougham in his "Characters of British Statesmen."

"She submitted the case to a solemn investigation when she found that the effects of her infamy were fatal to her party, clouding over all her prospects of success or even of deliverance; and as soon as the worst part of the charges against her were brought forward and the most decisive evidence of her guilt adduced, the letters under her own hand, she did not meet the charge, or even attempt to prove the writings forgeries, but sought shelter behind general protestations, and endeavoured to change the inquiry into a negociation, although distinctly warned that such a conduct of her case was flying from the trial to which she had submitted, and must prove quite demonstrative of her guilt."

In this brief statement there are four gross and obvious perversions of historic truth.

FIRSTLY. Mary never did submit her case, with regard to the murder, to a solemn investigation by Elizabeth's council. In a letter which she addressed to Elizabeth, soon after her arrival in England, she begged that she might be allowed to come to her presence to seek her assistance against her rebellious subjects, adding most distinctly "not to answer them as an equal, but to accuse them before you," (*Labanoff*, ii. 97); and in the same letter, after complaining of her detention in prison, she says: "Here I neither can nor will answer to their false accusations; yet out of friendship and good feeling I am ready and willing to justify myself before you, but not in the form of a trial with my subjects." (*Labanoff*, ii. 99). And her intention is thus clear, to accuse her rebels publicly before Elizabeth and demand her aid against them, but at the same time privately to submit to her the proofs of her innocence of the crime which had been laid to her charge. And another testimony from the

hand of a competent witness, sets this point in a still clearer light, for in a MS. in the British Museum, corrected and interlined by Cecil, the following remarkable words occur: "And as to use any form or process therein, whereby her subjects should be reputed accusers of her, the Queen's Majesty, was so far from that intention, as she meant rather to have such of them as the Queen of Scots should name called into this realm, to be charged with such crimes as the said queen should please to object against them, and if any form of judgment should be used it should be against them." (*Cott. Calig. c. i. f. 126*). And even if this ample evidence did not exist, the proceedings at the conferences would be an ample proof of the purpose for which they were designed—since the fact that they were opened by the production by Mary's commissioners of her charges against the rebels, is in itself a sufficient evidence of the end for which they were held.

SECONDLY. Mary did not refuse to reply to the charge which was made against her. It is true that when the accusation was first brought forward, her commissioners declared that as they had received their powers from her only for the purpose of accusing her rebels, they could not, without authority, proceed in a matter so totally different in its nature; and they moreover offered a strong remonstrance against the manifest injustice of proceeding in the investigation of a charge of so serious a nature, while the party accused was prevented from being personally present, a course than which nothing could be more opposed to every principle of justice, and which, though persevered in by Elizabeth, was condemned by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel, Sussex, and Leicester, and Lord Clinton, (*Camden*, i. 117) all members of her council, and by the doctors of common and civil law, to whom Mary's demand for permission to be present was referred, and who pronounced it most reasonable, and declared that it ought in justice to be granted. (*Fenelon*, i. 51. 54). But Elizabeth, having heard the statement of Mary's commissioners, ordered them, on the 13th of December, to return to their mistress, in order to ask from her authority to answer the accusations against her. (*Anderson*, iv. ii. 181.) And on the 19th of December, Mary wrote, and delivered to them at Bolton, where she was then imprisoned, an answer, boldly denying the charge, and accusing Murray and his accomplices of having themselves perpetrated the crime. (*Cott. Titus*, c. 12). And her commissioners, in making the unsuccessful but surely just demand that she should be allowed to see the evidence against her, declared that so soon as this was permitted "she would answer to the calumnious accusations of her subjects." (*Goodall*, ii. 297).

THIRDLY. Mary did make every attempt to be permitted to prove the forgery of the letters. She directed her commissioners to demand that they might be allowed to inspect the originals, in order that their falsehood might be clearly demonstrated (*Goodall*, ii. 297); and when she found that it was in vain to seek for an inspection of the originals, she offered to vindicate herself, if copies of these documents were placed in her hands. (*Goodall*, ii. 298). But she was told that she could not have copies unless she gave a written promise to answer fully to them, without exception of any kind; which would have been, in effect, to pledge herself to prove the forgery of the originals from an inspection of the copies, since all would have hinged upon that point,—an offer which was in itself absurd, and which it would have been the height of madness to accept.

FOURTHLY. Mary did not, after the letters had been produced, and the charge brought against her, authorize any attempt to convert the investigation into a negociation,—but she strongly resisted the effort which Elizabeth made to do so. The English queen herself suggested to the Bishop of Ross, after Mary's vehement denial of the charge had been presented to her, "That it was best that some appointment should be made betwixt the queen of Scotland, her good sister, and her subjects." (*Goodall*, ii. 300). But Mary refused to listen to the suggestion, and renewed her former demand to be permitted to inspect and refute the evidence against her.

II. THE CONFESSIONS OF OTHERS.

Of these there is but one that in any degree inculpates Mary, and that is a document which purports to be the confession of Nicholas Hubert, or French Paris, as he is generally called, in which the queen is accused of a direct participation in the crime. With regard to this paper, the following points are well worthy of consideration.

1. When the Earl of Murray was accused by Mary of having himself perpetrated the crime which he laid to her charge, he suddenly discovered that his presence was indispensable in Scotland, and he obtained from Elizabeth permission to depart. On reaching Scotland, chance threw into his hands this very man Paris, who, if his confession is genuine, could at once have proved Murray's innocence, by fixing the guilt on Mary. But instead of taking him to London, and using his evidence in his own vindication, he cast him into prison, and some time afterwards put him to death without a public trial; and it was not until some time after his death that the confession which bears his name was produced. All these circumstances give rise to strong and just suspicion.

2. Paris, at his death, denied his own guilt, (*Crawford*, 127), as well as that of the queen. (*And.* i. ii, 19, 76). He would not have done this if he had previously confessed the complicity of both.

3. The confession itself bears no marks of judicial authority. The enumeration of the judges before whom it was taken, and the attestation of the justice clerk, which are appended to all the other confessions of the murderers, are totally wanting in this.

4. Among other fulsome panygerics on the Earl of Murray, he is spoken of as "beloved by all Frenchmen,"—while he was at the head of the party which desired to extirpate the French from Scotland.

5. The details which Paris is made to give of his intercourse with the queen are so gross, as to exceed all bounds of rational credulity. He is made to tell us that he went in and out of her bed-chamber in the middle of the night, she being in bed, and breakfasted in her sleeping apartment, before she was up; and that on one occasion she rose and dressed herself before him, he being, be it remembered, a menial in her service.

6. Among other circumstances, Paris, (or the forger writing in his name), declares that on the 26th of January, he delivered a letter from the queen to Bothwell in Edinburgh, and received a verbal answer, and the date is given with a decision which shows that no doubt of its accuracy was entertained. But we learn from Murray himself, in another place, that Bothwell left Edinburgh, for Liddesdale, on the 24th of January, and did not return till the 28th. (*Anderson*, II. 272). So that the statement in the confession is obviously false.

7. Another evident misstatement is yet more obvious, since it is averred that the powder with which the house was blown up, was placed on the floor of the queen's apartment—a statement which is contradicted by all contemporaneous relations, by the narrative of Buchanan, and by the indictment of the Earl of Morton, who was afterwards executed for his share in the murder; all of which concur in declaring that the explosion was caused by a mine beneath the building.

Such are a few of the reasons which appear to exclude this confession from the range of credible testimony—and when it is remembered that Dr. Robertson, while maintaining the authority of this document, has been compelled to admit that portions of it are manifestly false, its utterly valueless character as evidence will be readily perceived.

III. THE LETTERS TO BOTHWELL.

The intricacy which the Marian controversy presents in all its subdivisions, is even doubled as we approach the consideration

of these important documents, and the difficulties in the way of presenting, within reasonable limits, an accurate abstract of the arguments against them, assume an almost insuperable character. Since, however, so large a share of odium has been heaped upon Mary on account of these celebrated papers, and as the case against her has derived so much strength from the supposition of their authenticity, it is especially necessary that they should receive a careful and minute examination. And for this purpose, the evidence with regard to them may be conveniently classed under two heads, external and internal, and we may proceed to an investigation, first, of the circumstances of their history, and secondly, of the character of their contents.

First, then, with regard to the history of the letters :—

In the statement which was subsequently put forward by Buchanan, it was asserted that these letters had been left in the castle of Edinburgh, enclosed in a silver casket, by the Earl of Bothwell—that he sent his servant, Dalglish, to Sir James Balfour, who was then governor of the castle, to obtain them from him—that Balfour, knowing what the casket contained, delivered it to him, but at the same time sent information of the circumstance to Morton, and that, on the 20th of June 1567, Morton captured them in the custody of Dalglish, when he was on his way back to Bothwell.

It will at once be perceived that this story possesses many features of extreme improbability. That Bothwell should have sent a single individual, through a country filled with the troops of his enemies, to obtain, from one of his foes, documents which imminently affected his personal safety, and thus openly recognize the ownership of papers which, having no superscriptions, could never have been otherwise identified as his, is in itself very difficult to believe : but that Balfour, instead of at once detaining the papers, should have allowed Dalglish to depart with them, and trusted to the chance of Morton's capturing him on the way, certainly passes the bounds of credibility.

And it is quite evident that the letters did not come into the hands of the rebels, on the day which they have assigned for their capture. On the 21st of June a council was held, at which Morton was present—and the minutes of this meeting still remain—but although they had been in rebellion for some months without the shadow of a visible pretext, (since the pretence that it was on account of the marriage of Mary with Bothwell, he being guilty of the murder, was rendered null by the existence of their own bond, defending him and recommending the marriage,) yet throughout that record we do not find the slightest mention of the letters, or the vaguest hint of their existence. A few days afterwards, Dalglish was brought before them, and

the record of his examination still remains—but it contains not a single word in reference to the letters, which were afterwards said to have been captured in his possession; nor was it ever asserted that such had been the case until after his death, when the falsehood was beyond his power of refutation, while on the other hand his statement on the scaffold, that the queen was innocent of all participation in the murder, (*Camden*, i. 97), is scarcely compatible with the supposition that he had been sent, as the secret and confidential agent of Bothwell, to convey away the evidences of Mary's guilt. And it is clear that, on the 26th of June, these papers were not in the hands of the rebels, since on that day they issued a proclamation accusing Bothwell of having carried Mary away against her will, while one of the chief objects of the letters was to prove that that capture had been contrived and consented to by herself.

It was not until the 4th of December 1567, that these letters made their first public appearance in an act of Murray's secret council, nearly six months after the date of their asserted capture; and we are there told, with commendable gravity, that everything that had been done by the rebels since the 10th of February, arose from the fact, that by the letters (which they afterwards said they had captured on the 20th of June), the queen was proved to have been an accomplice in the murder of her husband. (*Goodall*, ii. 64.) And in this document they are described as "divers her privy letters, written and subscribed with her own hand." (*Goodall*, ii. 64.) And, on the 15th of December, they were again mentioned, in an act of the parliament, as "divers her privy letters, written wholly with her own hand." (*Goodall*, ii. 67.) In the short space of eleven days the signatures had disappeared, and without signatures they subsequently remained.

A change like this presents very strong evidence of forgery, more especially in a case like the present, where, as Dr. Johnson has well observed, "the first account asserts more than the second, though the second contains all the truth." In order to overcome the vehement suspicion which is thus aroused, Mr. Laing has had recourse to one of the most clumsy and forced explanations that it is possible to conceive, averring that the difference arose from a mere error of the clerk, who wrote "written *and* subscribed," instead of "written *or* subscribed;" and he grounds this supposition on the fact, that, among the papers afterwards shown, there was a contract of marriage asserted to have been signed by Mary, but written by the Earl of Huntley, the Lord Chancellor of Scotland. There is certainly a little novelty in making the Lord Chancellor engross a contract of marriage in the regular course of business; but such was the assertion of the rebels.

With regard to the explanation of Mr. Laing, it would be sufficient to remark, that, if such ingenious conjectures were allowed to be put forward as genuine criticism, we should soon find it impossible to arrive at anything like historic truth; since a few blunders of clerks, and a few errors of the pen, would be sufficient to shape any record to the fancy of the ingenious partisan. But, apart from this, there are two objections to Mr. Laing's emendation, which must inevitably prove fatal.

I. There is no reason to suppose that the contract was among the papers alluded to in the acts of the council and the parliament; for, although a contract might be called a "letter" in Scottish phraseology, a contract of marriage between a queen and one of her subjects, penned by the chancellor, could never be denominated a "privy letter."

II. But, even were the conjecture admitted, it would be of little service, since, while justifying the act of council, it involves the act of parliament in falsehood; for, if the contract written by Huntley was among the papers, then they were not all "written wholly" by Mary herself.

At the conferences which were held at York, they were shewn privately by Murray to the commissioners of Elizabeth, although, instead of only "privy letters," two contracts of marriage were among the papers thus exhibited; and, when they were produced in London, the same careful secrecy was observed. When Mary, through her commissioners, required to be allowed to see them, in order that their forgery might be proved, she was graciously offered copies of them, if she would promise, in effect, to prove from those copies the forgery of the originals; and when this ridiculous demand was refused, as one the compliance with which was obviously impossible, neither her commissioners nor herself were suffered to inspect either originals or copies. And the comparison of the handwriting was characterized by the same features of fraud as had marked each step of the history of the letters; not one of the commissioners of Mary was suffered to be present; the noblemen composing the council were bound by an oath of secrecy not to divulge the proceedings (*Anderson*, iv. ii. 171; *Camden*, i. 117); and the comparison was made with letters, produced, not by Mary or her friends, but by Elizabeth, her arch enemy, the friend and ally of her rebellious subjects, and the author of the chief miseries and sorrows of her life. Yet, even from Elizabeth's council, no testimony to their authenticity could be obtained. The noblemen present simply thanked the queen for her condescension in having imparted to them the state of this cause, but they did not say that they were convinced of the authenticity of the letters; while, on the other hand, we have the fullest proof

of the effect of the evidence on their minds, by the fact, that, of those before whom it had been displayed, the Earls of Sussex, Leicester, Arundel, Derby, Pembroke, Bedford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Shrewsbury, all joined in recommending a marriage between the Duke of Norfolk, himself a commissioner, and Mary; while Norfolk, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Arundel, and Pembroke, joined in rebellions in her favour. Arundel died in the Tower, after eleven years' imprisonment, for plotting in her behalf; and Norfolk and Northumberland suffered on the scaffold, for having raised their hands in her defence. Surely such conduct on the part of those who had heard the evidence against her, is the best proof of its utter worthlessness, and the strongest testimony to the truth of the assertion of Leslie, that the noblemen who were appointed to hear the cause "have found the said queen innocent and guiltless of the death of her husband; and have further also increased and renewed the good estimation and great hope they always had of her, now perfectly knowing her innocence." (*Leslie*, 80, *apud Anderson*, i.)

Such testimony as this, is indeed of vast importance to the cause of Mary. It refutes the assertions which have been made by many historians, with regard to the impression produced upon the minds of the counsellors of Elizabeth, by the exhibition of the evidence against the Scottish Queen; and it adds the crowning stone to the proof of their forgery, by demonstrating the views which were entertained regarding them by those who had had them visibly before them.

Having thus reviewed the history of these letters, and pointed out a few of the prominent features of the fraud which they present, we may now cast a brief glance at their contents.

The first point presented for our consideration under this head, is the language in which they were written, since this is in itself a strong evidence of their forgery. It should be remarked, firstly, that Mary never wrote in the island dialect, English or Scotch, until 1568; as may be readily perceived, not only from the express declaration of her first English letter (*Labanoff*, ii. 173), but from its orthography, which is an ample proof of the truth of her assertion. And secondly, that there now remain three versions of these letters to Bothwell,—French, Latin, and Scotch,—of which it was stated that the French was the original, and the Latin and Scotch were translations from it, in the order in which they are named. From a consideration of these circumstances, it will be obvious that if this statement can be proved to be false, and it can be demonstrated that of the three versions the Scotch is the original, the forgery of the whole will be at once established, since the letters are asserted

to have been written in 1566-7 ; and Mr. Goodall, a most learned and laborious writer, has fully effected this important object. By pointing out proverbial expressions in the Scottish version, which have no equivalent in any other language, and are most clumsily rendered in the French and Latin, so much so as to cause frequently the entire destruction of the sense, he has placed beyond the reach of dispute the originality of the Scottish version, and thus proved that the letters could not have been the production of Queen Mary.

But other proofs are not wanting, from the contents of the letters, to demonstrate their forgery. The style of Mary is now well known to the public, from the splendid collection of her letters published by Prince Labanoff,—incomparably the most valuable contribution that has been made to the original sources of history for many years, and one which has already done much visible good in removing the prejudices which still existed against the character of Mary ; and throughout the whole of that voluminous collection there will not be found a single letter which does not portray in every line the purity and refinement of her soul ; while the forged letters to Bothwell are eminently coarse and indelicate in style, and bear not the slightest resemblance to the genuine compositions of Mary. Nor had they any of the marks of genuine documents. There were no signatures to denote by whom they were written—no superscriptions to show to whom they were addressed—no dates (with one exception) to convey the place or date at which they were penned—and no seals, to protect their contents from the prying curiosity of the bearer ;—and yet, strange to say, in spite of the absence of all these sources of information, not only did the Earl of Murray inform the world that they were written by Mary, and addressed to the Earl of Bothwell, but he even furnished the commissioners of Elizabeth with a journal, in which he stated with precision the time and place of the writing of each letter. Surely so superhuman a knowledge on points upon which the letters themselves afforded no information, may fairly lead us to suspect that his connexion with them was somewhat more intimate than he was willing to confess.

Again, it is a remarkable circumstance that throughout the whole of these letters no one is mentioned as in any way an accomplice in the crime. If the documents had been genuine, it could have been hardly possible that some mention should not have been made of Morton and Maitland, who were undoubtedly accomplices ; but this omission, which is inexplicable if they were really written by Mary, is very easily explained if they were forgeries, by the fact that both Morton and Maitland were prominent members of the faction which accused Mary. And the

continual contradictions which they contain,—the same letter often containing statements in direct opposition to each other,—are additional proofs of the most irrefragable nature. In one letter, for instance, Mary is made to say of Darnley, first, that “he desires nobody to see him,”—then, a few lines afterwards, that “he salutes everybody, yea, even to the least,” and at last, returning to the original story that his illness is so severe that “he may not come forth out of the house this long time.” These contradictions could never occur in a genuine letter—and the instances of this nature are not few in number.

But Dr. Robertson has urged that the tone of the letters is a strong argument of their authenticity. He asserts, very justly, that a forger is often apt to prove too much, but rarely falls into the error of proving too little,—and he argues that as the object for which these letters were produced was to prove the complicity of Mary in the murder of Darnley, so, the fact that this was conveyed only by hints and insinuations, is a proof that they were not forged. But the whole argument is founded on a mistake. The letters were produced by the rebels, to use the words of the commissioners of Elizabeth, to prove “inordinate love between her and Bothwell, and her loathing and abhorring of her husband.” (*Anderson*, iv. ii. 62) ; and the titles which the rebels affixed to the letters amply prove that this was the purpose which they were intended to answer. And these feelings are conveyed in no ambiguous hints, but in language of the grossest and most sensual character ; so that if the wildest excess of proof of the point aimed at is to be considered as a proof of forgery, such will certainly apply in the case before us. And it may be added that one great characteristic of the letters, the careful detail of all Darnley’s arguments and reproaches, and the equally careful suppression of all Mary’s replies, is most unnatural and improbable in the letters of an adulteress to her paramour.

But perhaps some of the strongest and most irrefragable proofs of the forgery of the letters are to be found in the historical falsehoods which they contain. It is true that these refer to trifling points ; but however slight may be their importance, they could not have occurred in genuine letters, while they might very easily slip from the pen of a forger writing at a period subsequent to the date at which the communications were to be supposed to have been penned. Dr. Robertson has indeed urged that a forger, by entering into many minute details, increases the chances of his detection ; and he argues from this circumstance that these letters, containing many such details, cannot be forged ; but such an argument could not have been used had the contents of the letters been submitted to a careful

examination, since such an investigation would have shown that the danger pointed out had proved fatal, and that the forger had fallen a victim to his own ambition, in seeking to introduce these complicated and minute details. A few instances of this species of evidence may serve as a specimen of the rest.

1. The king is said to have inquired why she came to see him at Glasgow. But we have the unimpeachable and uncontradicted testimony of Leslie that she went in compliance with his own request. (*Leslie*, 11, *apud Anderson*, i.)

2. Mary is made to say that she taxed Darnley with his intention to leave Scotland, and that he denied that he had ever had such a design. But he had told Lennox of his plan in July or August 1566,—had spoken of it to De Croc in September of the same year, (*Keith*, 346-7), and in the presence of Mary and the Lords of the Council had openly avowed that such was his intention—even going so far as to bid Mary farewell.

3. Mary is made to assert that she proposed to Darnley that he should go from Glasgow to Craigmillar, and that he agreed to do so. But we have the testimony of one of his personal attendants that he positively refused. (*Anderson*, iv. ii. 65).

4. In a letter which Murray's Journal asserts to have been written between the 21st and 24th of April, Mary is made to request Bothwell "to speak many fair words to Lethington."—But Lethington was then in attendance on Mary at Stirling, (*Keith* 383, *Melvil*, 80), while Bothwell was at Edinburgh.

5. One of the letters only has a date, and that one purports to have been written on the morning of the 25th of January. Bothwell started from Edinburgh for Liddesdale on the evening of the 24th, (*Anderson* II. 272); and yet on the morning of the 25th, Mary is made to reproach him because he had not reached Liddesdale, transacted his business there, and returned to Glasgow, a journey altogether of about a hundred and forty miles,—all over bad roads, and in a bad season of the year—all within somewhat more than twelve hours. And to add to the absurdity, Bothwell is asserted in the letter to have promised this impossibility. It is needless to remark that in a genuine letter such a glaringly ridiculous passage never could occur; while a forger, having an inaccurate recollection of dates, might easily fall into the error.

And when we add to all these proofs of fraud, the fact that in some of the letters we have mention made of events which occurred in the interval between the date when the letters were asserted to have been written and the period of their production, we shall be surely justified in saying that the case against them is complete, and that few who are willing to admit the evidence of indubitable facts can hesitate to concur in the

opinion of Dr. Johnson, who pronounced it as his opinion "that the forgery of the letters is now made so probable, that it is probable that they will never more be cited as testimonies." (*Gentlemen's Mag.* Oct. 1760).

But in a case like this, where direct evidence is wanting, we may be permitted in some degree to argue from the circumstances of the deed, and the motives which could have actuated the parties accused of its perpetration. Had Mary been the murderer, her object could have been but single, to effect the destruction of her husband's life,—and if she had desired this she had ample opportunities of effecting her schemes, during the dangerous illness from which he suffered, and in which he was attended by her own physician. But if Murray had perpetrated the deed, his object would have been threefold,—to secure the death of Darnley—to make it obvious to the world that he had been murdered—and to throw suspicion on those who had him under their immediate care. And these objects were fully effected by the manner in which the crime was committed; since Darnley was strangled, his body carried into the garden, and the house blown up with gunpowder,—thus defeating entirely the secrecy which it would have been Mary's object to attain, and at the same time fully accomplishing all which Murray could have desired.

Keeping this peculiar feature of the circumstances of the murder in view, and remembering that on Darnley's first arrival in Scotland, Murray had been concerned in a plot for his assassination (*Melvil*, 56);—that Morton and Maitland, who were undoubtedly concerned in the murder, were at the time prominent members of Murray's party;—that on the night of the deed, Murray, riding in Fife, predicted to an attendant the death of Darnley before the morning (*Leslie*, 75, *apud Anderson*, i);—that immediately after the murder had been committed, the public voice throughout Britain attributed it to Murray and his confederates (*Camden*, i, 88);—that those who were executed for their participation in the crime, declared on the scaffold that Murray had been the chief contriver of the deed (*Camden*, i. 97, *Leslie*, 76, *apud Anderson*, i. *Anderson*, IV, ii. 129. *Goodall*, ii. 213);—and that when accused publicly of the crime, he shrunk at once from the investigation; we shall not have much room for doubt as to the real contriver of the death of Darnley. But however this may be, the case of Mary will still remain the same. The impartial examination of the evidence by which the charges against her have been supported, has served to exhibit in the most striking manner, its utter worthlessness and insufficiency. The imputations upon her conduct have been shown to be founded either on the deliberate falsification of history, or on

the most glaring distortion of real occurrences, to suit the purposes of violent partizans ;—the confession of Paris has been proved to be utterly unworthy of credit, as well by its own history and contents, as by the unwilling admission of one of the great leaders of the enemies of the Scottish queen ;—and lastly, the celebrated letters to Bothwell have been submitted to a candid examination, and the marks of fraud have been exhibited in the most prominent circumstances of their history, and the principal features of their contents ;—and the result of the whole examination must be the conviction, in every impartial mind, of the entire innocence of Mary, and of the utterly baseless character of those fearful accusations, which, originating with men lost to every principle of honor and integrity, were repudiated when first promulged, by those noblemen before whom the evidence in their support had been produced, and who, by risking, and in some instances sacrificing their lives in her defence, sufficiently demonstrated their conviction of the innocence of the unhappy victim of these malignant persecutions.

We shall proceed, in a succeeding number, to the consideration of the less intricate but important question of the Babington conspiracy.

To be continued.

THE FARMER'S JOY.—A SONNET FOR THE TIMES.

HURRA ! hurra ! the price of corn rules high !
 And higher still 'twill rise from day to day !
 The base potato crop has fail'd ; and they
 Who look'd to it, must now have corn—or die !
 In Ireland, too,—that sink of misery—
 Where "'taters" long have been the only stay
 Of life, the wretched peasant starves—the prey
 Of famine : for the lowliest food of man
 Has fail'd him. Speed the plough ! Fill up the can !
 And toast the wide-spread, heaven-sent pestilence,
 That comes to avenge our cause ! Free-trader, hence !
 Avaunt ! we cry. Were corn-laws now to end,
 The wide world might send food at our expense !
 Nor Famine then would be the Farmer's Friend.

J. RICHARD BESTE.

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 261.)

BOOK II. CHAPTER V.

ON escaping from her imprisonment in the Saracenic palace of the Favara, the Countess Clemence had, as we have seen, sought refuge in her uncle's castle of Mistretto. It was at no great distance from Palermo: and a brisk ride three hours through the clear moonlight, had brought her within its friendly portal. How the sturdy warrior rejoiced, as he proudly clasped his noble-minded niece to his ample chest! And how proud felt she herself, the panting fugitive, to think that she had recovered her freedom by her own dauntless resolution and by her trust in protecting Providence, in opposition to all the wiles of a despotic and unprincipled minister! Her cheeks glowed no less with the exercise she had undergone in the bright midnight air, than with the consciousness of triumph. Her eyes shot flashes of unwonted fire; and danced amid the tears of pleasure that, at times, suffused their brilliancy. She was a very child in the freshness of her feelings: and the infantine amiability of her character blended strangely with the determined and masculine judgment which reflection, and the dangers and vicissitudes of the period, had imparted. A child in feelings, a man in resolution, an aspiring and tender-hearted woman in the more noble sympathies of her sex, she stood joyfully before the blazing fire in the great hall of Mistretto, and the old rafters reechoed the merry laughter with which she recounted to her uncle the history of her masquerade, and described the dread of the guards who had stalked trembling from her enchanted lance.

"Here, however," she said, leading Richard Mardan forward by the hand, "here, uncle Tommaso, is the champion whom I especially recommend to you. Had it not been for his assistance, Clemence of Catanzaro might, ere long, have wandered, a real ghost, through the galleries of that hateful prison."

The old knight folded the Irishman to his breast; and then giving him a friendly slap on the back that made his teeth shake in his heed, bade him go and help himself from the flasks of wine and the cold pasty that still encumbered the chesnut table—the remains of the last night's supper.

Nor need we doubt that the Countess, when conducted with

becoming state to her sleeping apartment, did good justice to the substantial fare and the smoking possets of spiced wine that were brought to her. Some of our readers have imagined that we had turned our attention to other personages of our story, because she, our heroine, was disabled by the effects of her midnight bath and lengthened ride in her dripping attire. The highborn dames of the days of which we write, knew not such feminine weaknesses as are deemed attractive in our own monotonous times. Their constitutions were hardened to the exercises they had to endure: and no soldier ever laughed more lightly over perils past than did the Countess while she enjoyed an ample supper beside a blazing hearth, and lightly chatted with her uncle.

And now the excitement, caused by her sudden arrival, was at an end. The castle of Mistretto had sunk back into the silence of the early dawn. The measured tramp of the sentry within the battlements was the only sound that came upon the listener's ear. The embers burned low on the hearth of our heroine's chamber; and only lighted up, with occasional and fitful flames, the bright gilding of the embossed and stamped leathers that lined the rough walls of the room. Wearily she betook herself to her pillow and gave full access to the crowding thoughts which the events of the last eight-and-forty hours sent teeming over her feverish head and throbbing heart. From her uncle, she had heard of the defection of Matteo of Taverna from the cause of the admiral: had heard that he had joined the rebellious barons, and that, in return for his adhesion, they had pledged themselves to promote his union with herself. She thought over the long and ambiguous attentions he had paid her: she thought over his temporary desertion: but blissfully she thought over his bearing at his last hurried visit to Benizeker: and she rejoiced that it was by the instrumentality of his own squire, that she had now recovered her freedom. Cheering and soothing and agitating fancies and hopes of youth, how pleasant to feel ye flutter around our couch, and to drop calmly to sleep while your rosy pinions weigh gently upon our eyelids, and imprint, even beneath their folds, varied and dancing hues of bright and happy augury!

On the following day, the sun rode high and triumphantly through an unclouded noonday sky, and Clemence of Catanzaro had not yet left her sleeping apartment. Her brave uncle had stilled the varied noises that usually pervaded every small inhabited Norman fortress, in order that no sound might break her needed rest. She had arisen, at length, and was marvelling at the unwonted stillness of his always boisterous household, when suddenly a loud challenge resounded from the portal of the castle,

and the clatter of a horse's hoofs was soon after heard in the paved court-yard within. A few moments elapsed—moments of agitation to the Countess, who already began to complain secretly and to charge Taverna with loitering on his way to seek her favor. The heavy riding-boots of her uncle rang upon the stone stairs that wound up to her room. He approached nearer and nearer.

“All' erta! all' erta!” he cried. “Up, up, fair niece and hear the joyful news. Matteo is awake at last. By Saint Vic he has shown that he has good Norman blood in his veins. Up! up! Clemence. By my faith, he deserves to win the favour of a more sprightly dame.”

“What is it, uncle?” asked our heroine half opening her door and, with a look of some displeasure, striving to check the old soldier's further allusions to matters which seemed, to her, too sacred to be thus lightly blazoned forth. “What is the matter?” she repeated.

“Matter, child? nothing is the matter. Long live Matteo of Taverna, say I! He has slain Majone with his own hand.”

“Santa Maria! what news!” ejaculated the Countess joyfully and quite unmoved by any of those modern feminine sympathies which some of our critics, more deeply read than we are in the habits and feelings of the times, will, perhaps, tell us to be the inalienable accompaniments of womanhood. “Santa Maria, what news! could it only be true!”

“But it is true, I tell thee,” reiterated her uncle. “All Palermo vouches for the deed, and tries to testify its gratitude to its deliverer. Finish thine attire, Clemence; and say a double rosary to thank Heaven for having made thy knight wake up into a hero.”

“I will,” she cheerfully replied, closing the door. “I will; and for his safety also:” she added, sighing thoughtfully.

The prayers were said. The attire was finished with more than usual care, and with all the appliances which could be collected from the wardrobes of the female attendants in the bachelor's castle: and after hearing all the particulars of the transaction which had been gleaned from the first messenger, she mounted to the battlements in the hope, if we must own it, in the hope that he whose fame every lip proclaimed, would soon be seen spurring towards her temporary retreat. We need not say that she looked out for him in vain: for, in a few hours, Richard Mardan (who had sought his lord with the early dawn), returned to acquaint her that he had hastened to put his castle of Cacabo in a state of defence, and that a day, at least, must elapse before he could throw himself at her feet.

And in arming and provisioning his own castle, that day was also spent by the valiant knight Tommaso; for he naturally anticipated that his niece would be pursued, and that her ene-

mies would entertain no good will towards himself for having received her. On the next day, they heard of the wonderful reconciliation between the king and the conspirators. Tommaso himself had been in the procession and had scarcely left the walls of Palermo, when the fearful earthquake which we have noted from Monte Pellegrino made the buildings around him topple to their foundations, and urged him and the other Barons to disperse as quickly as possible through the open country, and to speed to render such assistance as might be needed at their own several homes. That of Mistretto, lay not in the current of the shock; but the castle of Cacabo had suffered severely; and, for another day, Taverna's presence was required within its shattered walls. At length, the necessary orders were given, and at the head of a goodly body of followers he hastened towards the temporary abode of the Countess. Sieur Tommaso met him at the portal: and with boisterous and joyful greetings, led him into the great hall where he expected to find his niece. She was not there.

"Follow, sir knight, follow monseigneur," he cried. "Methinks she might have received you with the state due to your services; but she is a wilful child. Let us seek her out instead of losing time in sending messages backwards and forwards."

Lustily the old man called out the name of the Countess, and sought her from room to room through the little fortress, followed by Taverna, who, with a throbbing heart, endeavoured to check what he considered to be the unfeeling boisterousness of his guide. A sentinel, at length, put them upon her track; and after mounting a little winding staircase in the turret in which was the apartment assigned to her, they found her seated on the flat leads above, her embroidery in her hand.

"Oh monseigneur," she cried, and springing from her seat: "this is a joyful surprise! How long have you been at Mistretto?"

Taverna bowed bashfully over the hand she extended to him so frankly: while old Tommaso exclaimed: "Surprise, indeed! why, Clemence, thou *must* have seen him riding up, from this very spot."

"If I had looked for him, uncle, perhaps;" she replied archly.

"Looked for him! why thou shouldest have been all eyes for thy deliverer."

"Indeed, seigneur of Taverna," she said, "I owe my freedom to your gallant squire. Had not his exertions been made in the cause of a lady, he would well merit to receive his spurs from your hands."

"By no other service could he so well deserve them," exclaimed Taverna. "By no other could he so recommend himself to me."

"Ho there! Riccardo Mardan!" cried old Tommaso at the

top of his powerful voice, leaning over the battlement of the turret and signing to the Irishman in the court below, "Ho, Riccardo ; come up and receive the reward of thy gallantry. By my faith," he continued, turning to our hero, "every soldier in Christendom will envy the lad that he should have been honoured by the slayer of Majone. Your name and fame will surpass that of the great Count."

"I did but a deed of justice in defence of ourselves ; and, if the beautiful Clemence will permit me to say so, far more in her defence. But for the news of her imprisonment which Riccardo sent to me in Italy, I know not that I should have so soon broken through the trammels wound around me."

"What a pretty speech !" cried the Countess gaily. "Only somewhat difficult to be believed by those who remember—who"—

"Here, Riccardo," said her uncle, interrupting her as the Irishman came on the platform : "here ; kneel down and receive the honours of knighthood from the noble baron. My sword will do for him, for lack of a better, monseigneur ; and Clemence will spare him that scarf, since he did his devoir in her service."

"For what is it, monseigneur, that it is proposed so to honour me ?" asked Mardan with respect, but with self-possession."

"For a deed that showed as gallant a heart as any feat in arms could evince ; for saving the noble Countess from the Favara," replied his lord.

"For swimming like a duck or a water-dog !" ejaculated Richard. "Thanks, monseigneur ; but Irishmen must win knighthood by other feats than such as that."

"Ungracious boy !" cried old Tommaso, "dost thou question the ability of Norman knights to judge of feats of arms ?"

"I question nothing, signore," replied Richard : "But, under your favour, I will not expose myself to be jeered by them as the 'Merman' or the 'Water-knight ;' or to be distinguished by any other equally descriptive title."

"There are few who would not envy thee the opportunity of having acquired the distinction ;" expostulated the baron while he looked at Clemence.

"And for nothing on earth, would I exchange the remembrance of the conduct of the noble Countess ;" the Irishman gallantly replied. "But that sentiment is for myself. If I win rank, it shall be at the sword's point—for deeds in arms which a Norman will honour. None less will satisfy an Irishman."

"He is right, uncle," interposed the Countess : "and you may safely let him have his own way. I prophecy that he will soon do deeds that even his own ambition will admit to be deserving."

"Enough, Riccardo," said his patron: "go on as thou hast begun, and all will be well."

With a grateful obeissance to all three, the Irishman left the platform.

"And now, beautiful Countess," continued Taverna, speaking so as not to be overheard by the elder knight; "I feel that I can put in no plea to your favour, such as that which I envy this poor wanderer for having achieved. Let me, then, only pray, in the first place, for your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness, monseigneur?" replied Clemence with a tremulousness of voice which she vainly attempted to conceal, "you and I are too old friends for either to have sinned against the other."

"Not so, dear madama," replied the baron more gently, "you *would* never know me, you *would* never know the feelings that had grown up so long within me; and thus you drove me to belie myself: to doubt myself as you yourself *would* always doubt me."

"And did I not judge you truly?" asked the Countess, rallying her spirit. "How long is it since I told you, at Benizeker, that you would carry your vows to the first Sicilian lady you met? and lo, within two hours, or two days at furthest, you were betrothed to the daughter of the Lord Admiral! Oh, fie upon you, to have killed your own father-in-law!"

"I cannot bear this, lady; your sport agonizes me!" cried Taverna, turning away.

"Help, uncle, for the love of heaven," exclaimed Clemence, "Matteo is going to precipitate himself over the battlement. Do not, I pray you!" she said, laughing.

"What is all this about?" said the old knight stepping up and taking an arm of each. "You thought I was a stupid old fellow for not following the Irish boy down stairs, and leaving you to yourselves. Did you not? But I knew I should be wanted; I knew I should be wanted. This niece of mine, monsignore, has a spirit that you will never be able to manage until I show you how. Be quiet, madama," he continued, as she playfully struggled to release her hand from his grasp: "And you, too, signor barone, you had better spare your professions; and listen, both of ye, to me. The fact of the matter is that neither of you knew his own mind, or, if you did, would own it. Thy flightiness sent the noble knight to be caught by the wiles of Majone; and he, in despair, ran into the trap."

"What *are* you talking about, uncle Tommaso?" exclaimed the countess. "Majone is dead; and I pray you not to bring back his hateful memory."

"But I will bring it back," continued the old knight. "I will remind thee that if Majone is dead, it is the Baron of Taverna

who has delivered the world from the monster. He has thus made every reparation that man could make: and if thou hadst cause to complain of him for seeking Majone's child, he has given sure proof that thou canst now have no cause to be jealous of her influence."

"Me complain! me jealous!" cried the countess. "Indeed, uncle, you are dreaming, this morning. The earthquake must have strangely shaken your nerves! Unhand me, I will not stay a moment longer."

"Indeed, indeed, beautiful countess"—commenced Taverna, when the old knight again checked him.

"Spare your protestations, monsignore. You never found them do you any good with this flighty lady. I am going to manage matters my own way: I shall make ye understand one another quicker than ye would do so without me, for I shall make you, at all events, speak somewhat plainer than you have ever done as yet. Signora Contessa of Catanzaro, I have shown how this noble lord was inveigled by the late admiral, and how he burst the bonds that were to have bound him to Corazza, and atoned for that jealousy of which thou didst never feel a pang—oh no! The barons of Italy and Sicily have pledged themselves to him that they would compel the king to consent to his union with thee—"

"With me! Santa Maria, wherefore with me? Why am I to be bartered away in exchange for the life of an old traitor!" cried the countess in mock surprise.

"The bargain has been struck," continued the uncle. "Wilt thou agree to it or wilt thou not? If not, I will send word to our friends, who are prepared to enforce it, that their services are no longer needed; and, to king William, that thou art ready to return to thy prison in the Favara."

"Oh, not to the Favara, uncle. I should be so afraid of the ghost!" expostulated the countess in a piteous tone, while she put her two hands together and held them up smiling before his face.

"Monseigneur, she is yours," said the old man, patting her on her beautiful head. "I thought I should bring her round. Now is your time."

"Now and always be it my time, dear Clemence!" exclaimed the youth, dropping on one knee and seizing her hand which he pressed fervently to his lips: "now and always be it my time to thank you and to declare and prove the love and devotion I have never ceased to feel—"

"Except when Corazza was by," archly interposed the countess.

Signor Tommaso held up his finger menacingly. "I shall cut this matter short," he said, "before you two again mar all. Mon-

seigneur you see that you are accepted. When will it please you that I and your other friends should accompany you to the Alcazar to ask William's consent?"

"To-morrow, gallant sir, if you will so far grace me;" replied Taverna. "May it not be to-morrow, belle Clemence?"

"Oh I have no voice in the matter," replied the countess tossing up her head; "all the barons of Italy and Sicily have condescended to trouble themselves about me. I cannot oppose such wise judges of horsemanship and of hearts."

"Heaven's blessings upon thee!" Taverna cried with fervour, as he threw an arm around her and pressed her to his heart. Her head lay, for a few moments, against his shoulder, while he imprinted a kiss upon her marble forehead. She looked up into his noble face, and a tear of gladness dimmed her lustrous eyes. She gently unclasped her lover's arm; and then, pressing his hand affectionately, without speaking a word, she darted down the narrow stairs from the platform.

CHAPTER VI.

"By all the fiends in Etna, I swear that I will not be disturbed by such noises!" cried king William starting from his couch, as some heavy substance, after rolling along the corridors which reverberated with a hundred echoes, struck against the door of his apartment and burst it rudely open. "How now, young scoundrel," he continued as little Ruggiero and the two other children rushed into the room; "how darest thou to raise such a clatter?"

"We were only making an earthquake, papa," replied the eldest child timidly.

"Was it not exactly like the rumbling of the ground, papa?" asked the second boy.

"I care not what it was like, William," replied the king in a mollified tone of voice: then, addressing the elder boy, he continued more angrily, "but I warn thee that I will not allow my seat to be shaken under me by thy pranks."

"Do not so chide the poor child," interposed queen Margaret. "I wish you could forget the crazy Giovacchino's prophecy, and keep your anger for the rebels who deserve to feel its effects."

"True; and by the holy face of Lucca this matter must be enquired into," said the king, addressing the Elect of Syracuse. "If this money can be claimed from the Baron of Taverna, it must be secured. Bethink you that it would be enough to repair all the damage which the earthquake has done to La Rocca."

"True, your grace: but it were scarcely seemly to press for

it. The service that the baron has rendered, has endeared him to the people"—

"Who will reward him for it," interposed the Gaieto Pietro. "Take my word, that he did not murder the poor honest Lord Admiral for nothing."

"What could be his object?" asked the king.

"To curry that favour with the people which his reverence tells us he has already obtained;" answered the chamberlain. "Such favor has, ere now, led to thrones."

"What meanest thou, Pietro?" asked William.

"Only what I have often told your grace: that Majone was a true servant, and that this Bonello murdered him because he stood between him and the crown he covets."

"He did, indeed, stand in the way!" said the Elect. "Nay, my lord chamberlain, it has been proved that Majone had prepared a diadem to fit his own brows."

"And I can disprove the charge," reiterated the Gaieto. "If the king will permit, I will bring one before him even now who will refute the slander."

"Any thing you like," said the king yawning, and throwing himself again, at full length, on the couch. Here he half closed his eyes, and beating the devil's tattoo with his foot, languidly awaited what should happen.

The Gaieto cast a furtive but triumphant glance at queen Margaret, where she stood in the embrasure of a window; and clapping his hands, summoned to the door Adinulfo, the favorite chamberlain of the late admiral.

"Is the infidel artizan in waiting?" he asked, with the scorn which a renegade often shows to the followers of a faith which he falsely professes to have abandoned. He was answered in the affirmative: and, a few minutes afterwards, the Saracen, Azab, stood in the royal presence, cringing with every eastern demonstration of terror and reverence. King William looked on with half-opened eyes.

"Now, good fellow," said the Gaieto: "tell us what thou knowest about these royal jewels."

"May it please your grace, may I be permitted to speak and live?" asked the artizan appealingly.

"Be quick, man, for I am going to sleep," replied the king drowsily. Then having turned to look at the face of the witness, he said, "What a poor starved devil he is! Take him to the buttery, good Adinulfo, and fill him with wine and venison."

"Let him give his evidence first," said the Bishop-elect of Syracuse. "I know this man. Speak, sirrah."

"Your reverence will, then, the less distrust his testimony," said the chamberlain. "Now, good Azab, say: what knowest thou of the jewels?"

"May it please your grace, I made them," answered the Saracen.

"By whose orders?" asked the bishop.

"By the orders of my lord High Admiral."

The king rose on his elbow and gazed in the face of the Saracen. He was just falling back again, when the Gaieto asked:

"For what purpose did he bid thee make them?"

"That he might present them to my lord the king on his birth-day, next month."

William started to his feet.

"How, sirrah! Why didst thou not tell me this before?" exclaimed the elect of Syracuse. But his further speech was interrupted by the king, who strode up and down the room, muttering curses deep and loud, mingled with terms of endearment to the memory of his favourite. The bishop stood silent, considering in his own mind how he could meet the new conspiracy which he well saw was organized in the palace amongst the adherents of the late admiral. The chamberlain and Gaieto moved not nor spoke. They marked with exultation the anger of the king, and were willing to let it have its own way. Queen Margaret exchanged glances with the Saracens; and after a few seconds drew near her husband. She artfully left the elder boy, Ruggiero, where he was playing with little Costanza in the corner of the room; and drew forward the second, against whom she knew that his father entertained none of those feelings of jealousy which Giovacchino's prophecy had aroused in regard to the elder. She led him forward by the hand; and, taking the arm of her husband, cast herself upon his breast.

"Oh save thyself, William," she cried sobbing, or seeming to sob; "and save these poor helpless children from the designs of traitors. It is useless to mourn for the admiral: perhaps it is as well that he should have been removed," she artfully added, as she feared to reawaken his jealous feelings: "he was, in truth, unpopular with the barons. But do not permit these overgrown barons to charge his memory with guilt, in order that they may ruin thee and our children. For myself, I care not. A convent will always shelter a proscribed queen: but for the honour of the Norman name, and for the honour of the descendants of the Great Count, let not those who have so long been compelled to swear allegiance to thy race, overcome thee by the petty wiles of traitors."

"It is not very likely I should allow them," muttered the king as he gently shook off Queen Margaret. "Let them but raise a lance, and they shall soon feel my vengeance."

"You are right, monseigneur," said the Bishop of Syracuse interposing. "Here is evidently treachery somewhere. I my-

self have no doubt of the falsehood of this infidel worker in gold : had he been a true man, he would have told the purpose for which he was ordered to make these jewels at first. But I will have him watched : and meanwhile I also advise that the movements of the barons should be closely observed. I have no doubt of their present faith and of the treachery of Majone ; but we must be prepared for all and weigh all closely. I would, moreover, beg your grace to remember that the diadem prepared by Majone was ornamented with the beaks and sterns of ships,—more suited, methinks, to the Lord High Admiral than to the King of Sicily.”

This argument seemed to produce some effect upon the king ; and the Gaieto, who had well learned to read his stolid features, hastened to neutralize its effect.

“ And what sovereign is more entitled to claim dominion over the seas,” he said, “ than him whom Italy, Sicily and Africa obey ;—whose galleys have shot their arrows into the very gardens of the emperor as they sailed triumphantly before the harbour of Constantinople ? ”

In such arguments and repartees, the morning wore away. In such a spirit of gossip and recrimination, was the business of the state conducted. Wholly secluded from the gaze of his subjects, King William now never left the walls of his palace. Surrounded by his wife and children and a few favourites, he received from them whatever suspicions they chose to instil into his inactive nature. He thought himself a domestic man : he was but a slothful one—too idle to break through the thrall of habit ; or to open his mind to the different impressions which a more extended intercourse with his subjects would have imparted. Even within the walls of the palace, order and regularity existed not. The slaves and eunuchs, whom Majone and Queen Margaret had attached to their faction, only strove to keep off all those who might acquire any influence that should interfere with their sovereign sway. The high place now occupied in the Rocca by Adinulfo, the chamberlain of Majone, showed that the power of the late master-mind was still supreme within its walls.

The council of state, if we may so call it, was about to adjourn to the dinner table, when the children at the window cried out that a brilliant cavalcade of knights was riding towards the palace.

“ The handsome baron that killed the admiral is at the head of them,” cried Ruggiero. “ Oh how the people are cheering him ! Oh how I should love to be cheered like that ! ”

And he clapped his hands with delight, till, in a burst of jealous passion, the king struck him smartly on the ear. He

staggered away, weeping. The mob congregated around the cavalcade; and cheer after cheer uprose to the honour of the "Deliverer of the kingdom." Between two dense masses of people, the barons rode on to the portal of the Rocca.

"I will not see them!" cried the king surlily. "I want my dinner: I want my siesta. Tell them they should have come earlier."

"Will your grace appoint any other time for them?" asked Adinulfo.

"No: I will not. Let them send word what they want. I am not attired to see any one."

"Perhaps, monseigneur, it were dangerous to refuse," said the Gaieto: adding artfully, "The people are so devoted to the Baron of Taverna that any slight put upon him might incense them fearfully."

"I will not hold the sceptre during their good pleasure or that of their favourite," said the king doggedly. "Send them away, Pietro."

"Monseigneur, they will not be denied admittance," exclaimed the door-keeper, Adinulfo, re-entering hurriedly; and, almost immediately afterwards, Simon of Policastro appeared at the threshold, leading forward Matteo of Taverna and most of the barons who had accompanied him, three days before, to the audience where such fair promises of reconciliation had been made on all sides.

"Royal brother," he said frankly, "I, as High-Constable of the kingdom, answer for the faith of the Lord of Taverna and of our brother barons. The promise of eternal friendship, sworn three days ago, was too warm in their breasts for them to turn their horses' heads from the Rocca, at the bidding of an infidel slave, without seeing their beloved sovereign."

During this address, William had risen from his couch and had shuffled his feet into his slippers and drawn his long morning robe around him. He stood like one who was ashamed of his attire—and still more ashamed of having been caught in such an undress: for we have before remarked upon the closeness with which the kings of Sicily delighted in public to copy the courtly forms of the emperors of the east.

"I should have had notice of this visit, that I might receive you with fitting ceremonial," he muttered half audibly.

"No ceremonial is needed to accompany an act of favour," replied the Count of Policastro. "We come here in a body," he continued, "to crave your consent to the marriage of our good friend and deliverer, the Baron of Taverna, with your lordship's kinswoman, the Countess of Catanzaro."

"I thought he was betrothed to the daughter of the man he murdered," said the king.

"My lord!" cried Taverna angrily, while he laid his hand upon his sword.

"In fair fight, mark you," replied the king hastily. "I impugn not his valour. Besides, it was decreed that poor Majone was a traitor: I pray heaven there be none others!"

"The daughter of an upstart traitor is no fitting mate for one of the first Norman barons of Sicily," exclaimed the Conte of Lesina sternly.

"Consent to this marriage with your noble kinswoman, my lord," said Ruggiero of Sanseverino, "and bind us all firmly in amity."

"You forget, my lords, that she holds wide and important fiefs!" exclaimed the king inconsiderately.

"And the traitor, Majone, would have ruled that the Countess should be prevented from marrying, that these might revert to the crown," observed the Conte di Lesina angrily. "Are we to be still enthralled by his maxims?"

"Sieur of Taverna," persisted the king after some hesitation, and without replying to the last enquiry; "Sieur of Taverna, your own lands are deeply indebted to the royal treasury."

"My lands, your grace! How so?" asked our hero in surprise.

"I find," continued William, "that they were charged with a heavy annual quit rent. This has not been paid for many years."

"I know nothing of it, my lord. I hold my lands as I received them from my fathers," answered Taverna.

"Well, gentlemen; I would not be discourteous; but our clock has pealed out the hour of dinner," said the king. "I regret that I cannot bid you to stay and grace my board. I must pray you to let the subject of this conference rest."

He turned him and entered into conversation with the Gaieto.

"If your grace could keep them both without heirs, their baronies were worth a kingdom," whispered the latter.

"We will not, my lord, intrude upon your hospitality, although hospitality has been esteemed the virtue of Normans;" replied Ruggiero of Sanseverino to the king's last speech, which so jarred upon all their feelings and habits. "Thanks to the broad lands which our fathers carved out for us and for your grace, we need not press to La Rocca for a meal. But we crave to know whether our brother of Taverna has your grace's permission to wed the noble countess?"

"No, he has not," replied the king angrily, "I must be better assured," he continued, with anger increased by hearing the cries of "long life to the Baron of Taverna!" which the crowd in the square below just then upsent, "I must be better assured of his own designs, and must be repaid the debts owed

by himself, before I consent to increase his power and to continue his breed."

"My lords, I think we may withdraw," said our hero turning to his compeers with forced calmness.

"Soothe their anger, my lord: appease them;" urged the Elect of Syracuse in an undertone to the king.

"Let them do their worst, William," whispered the queen. "Better have open foes than concealed ones."

"May the saints have you in their keeping, gentlemen:" said the king haughtily. "I am going to dinner."

"The pig!" exclaimed the Count of Lesina. "Let us leave him to gorge!"

They all turned on their heels and followed the Baron of Taverna who, with the king's bastard brother of Policastro, was already leaving the apartment. A sharp and insulting laugh from queen Margaret was heard by them all as, with brows contracted and fierce passions boiling within them, they strode along the gallery.

"I fear me your grace has acted very imprudently," said the Bishop of Syracuse, as the nobles withdrew.

"To the foul fiend with them all!" said the king. "Money must be found to repair the damages of the earthquake. Let them rebel, if they like. Confiscation will follow. Come to dinner."

He strode out of the room; and seeing in the passage the great stone mortar, by rolling which against the door, the children had first disturbed him, he seized it with his two hands and cast it to the end of the gallery, whence it spun down the great stairs beyond with a noise and clatter that seemed to shake every wall in the palace.

"That does one good!" he cried. "It is all out now: and I shall dine and sleep in peace."

"Long live the Baron of Taverna." "Long life to our gallant deliverer!" cried the multitude on the Cassaro, as the cavalcade of barons again issued from the Alcazar. They thronged around and greeted the whole party with an enthusiastic devotion that seemed scarce less than it had been the day after he had done the deed they prized.

"Aye, friends," exclaimed the Baron Ruggiero of Sanseverino reining in his steed and addressing the people; "I say also long life to Matteo Bonello: but it depends upon you to see that his life be not shortened."

Repeated cheers for Taverna and groans for his enemies, whomsoever they might be, answered this appeal. The Norman waved his hand and regained his place in the cavalcade.

(To be continued.)

THE HORN-PIPE.

A SKETCH OF THE SCARIFF MOUNTAINS.

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

IN the summer of 1834, one of my early youthful companions invited me to spend a few days with him at the residence of his parents, far away amid the dark wild hills of Scariff, in the celebrated county of Clare in West Munster. His family were originally of my own country in Leinster, but had some years previously gone to reside on an estate of the Earl of C—— in this part of Ireland. They were Protestants, but had always lived on the most friendly terms with their Roman Catholic neighbours, and were, because of their kindly disposition and unassuming deportment, as well liked as if they were of our own way of thinking in religion and politics. It was therefore with regret that their old friends saw them depart from amongst us.

Thomas, the eldest scion of this worthy family, and I, were comrades from our childhood. We went to school together, fished in the little stream that ran through our village together, and in many a Sunday-evening's encounter with our contemporary gorsoons of the adjacent villages, we stood back to back, and in triumph or defeat, as the case might be, we cheered or cried together. To be sure, we had our private quarrels sometimes. Many a time he called me a papish rebel and would tell me to go to hell; and many a time I retorted,—reminding him of his aunt Anne Boleyn and his god-mother the chaste queen Bessy; and would bid him

“Go to church,
And see the devil pulling birch”

to flog King Harry and Oliver Cromwell and the rest of the “copper-belly family.”

But though we quarrelled and blackened each other's eyes in the morning, we made up in the evening, and it was justly remarked by our friends on both sides, that he would be a fool who would smash his head between us.

I had often promised to go and see my old comrade, but at this time his invitation was particularly acceptable. I was recovering from a long and severe illness, and had been recommended by my medical adviser to seek a change of air for a few days. Without hesitation, therefore, I prepared for my journey, and on a fine morning in the early days of July, I set forward from Mountrath, on the Dublin, Limerick and Ennis caravan, and on the evening of the following day arrived at my destination.

My reception was as might be expected. "The *cead-mille-failtha*" was given in that fashion peculiar to the warm-hearted inhabitants of the south; and before I was well-seated in the pretty little parlour of the mansion, I was encircled by as fine a group of strapping tawny-complexioned gorsoons and blooming, blushing, smiling thackeens as ever met my gaze before or since that lovely summer evening.

"And *avich-ma-chree*, how is every rope's length of you, and how big you grew since we seen you before, and how did you ever find us out, here, at the back of God's-speed, among the black, wild mountains of Scariff?" were the inquiries of the portly-looking dame who rejoiced in the title of Misthress Watson.

"By my own sowl, Tom," said the masther, "I am thinking your old friend will knock your two eyes into one, as he often did before you know, for coaxing him so far from home into these unlucky-looking mountains of the west."

"You want to frighten him, father, I suppose," said Ellen, the eldest daughter, a fine-looking mountain maid of eighteen. Our hills are not worse than others; and I never yet knew a lover of liberty, of beauty, or romance who did not love the mountains."

"And *mountaineers* too, may be, Ellen," added Mr. Watson. "Faith, if he does not, the fault will not rest at your door. Ha, ha, ha!" and the fine old fellow laughed at his joke, until, as himself declared, "his ribs were near cracking from his backbone."

Blushing scarlet deep, the maiden flew out of the apartment, but with a smile and a waggish look behind plainly indicative of her intention to return as soon as the storm of fun and laughter should have blown over."

"At all events, Mr. Watson," I stammered, "I must feel highly complimented by the young lady's remarks. She would appear to invest me with those—those—those attributes, so characteristic, in her own opinion, of the generous and the brave."

"See here, sir," said Margaret, a dark-eyed, intellectual girl of sixteen or seventeen; "see here, sir, what beautiful verses these are—"Sunset on the Lower Shannon"—which appeared in the "*Southern Reporter*" of last Tuesday."

"To Connaught or hell with all the rhymes and rhymers in Ireland!" roughly interrupted old Watson. "Not a word more about such stuff, or I will make a bone-fire of the same *Southern Reporter* this mortal moment. Poetry! faugh! The poetry I admire is in a good cup of tea, and then a flowing *meth*er of sparkling whisky punch. Hollo! Cathy, bad luck to you, will you be there all night?"

And Cathy, the maid of all work, made her appearance and her attempt at a curtsy contemporaneously, and set about laying out the tea-things, whilst Mrs. Watson, assisted by Margaret and Ellen, busied herself in effecting all the arrangements necessary to the display of her hospitality and the entertainments of the evening.

And certainly, in Munster parlance, if we had not an evening of it, *na-bocklish*. I never shall forget that evening or the pleasures it brought me in the happy mountain home of Jemmy Watson.

The next morning was Sunday, and as lovely a one as ever beamed on the misty hills of Clare. After breakfast, Masther Tom, my old playfellow, set about collecting all the gorsoons and male followers of the family for a netting excursion up some of the silver streams which came rippling down the mountains on their way to mingle their tiny bubbles in the lordly billows of the Shannon. As there was no house of Protestant worship within miles, my host and his family could seldom appear at public devotion; but on enquiry I found there was a Catholic chapel up the hills; so I preferred going to hear God's word in my own way, and intimated as much to the family. Tom, indeed, would rather I should wait till the next time, and join the fishing party; but I was too good a Catholic, as the mistress remarked, to lose mass for a dish of trout, although, perchance, God forgive me, I was as much influenced by curiosity as by devotion in my indomitable resolution to visit the mountain chapel on that morning.

"Frank, Frank—where is Frank?" shouted old Watson: and before his voice had ceased to echo through the house, Frank Mc. Nance, a low, dumpy, mean-looking peasant boy, came running into the parlour.

"Frank, my hearty," said Mr. Watson, "prepare yourself to go to mass this morning, with this gentleman; and as it is your first time, you must do the thing decent, so go and harness Sir Roger.—He will carry you both over the mountains like a late dinner to a bog."

"Faix and devil a nose of mine I'll put inside the chapel-door to-day," said Frank. "May be its what the holy wather would do, turn me into a bullock," and the ugly urchin uttered a hideous laugh at the fancied smartness of his repartee.

"It can't turn you into an ass, any how," rejoined Watson, "for devil a bigger one from this to the towers of Limerick than your four bones.—But off with you, and get ready the car."

And the car was got ready, and in a few minutes Sir Roger, a strapping black stallion, was snorting and stumbling beneath the burthen of myself and Frank and the ricketty old car, over

the rough and stony mountain road which conducted to the chapel.

"Do you never go to mass, my boy?" I asked of my companion, as we jogged along.

"Oh, not I, sir. Devil a stitch of a Catholic in this old coat of mine, nor in my twenty generations before me."

"Have you many Protestant families in these mountains?"

"Devil a many, sir, I may say nera ane at all, barrin ourselves and the Shepherds, and the two Bonhams, and Mr. Sharpe, the miner there, and his family,—not counting old Two-wheels Thornton, the sexton, clerk, bellman, and play-sham of the parish."

"Is the Catholic population numerous?"

"As thick as the grass, sir. The whole mountains are swarming with them. The wonder is that, like Saint Gobnate's cats, they do not eat one-another."

"How do you Protestants and they agree?"

"Devil a better, sir. On the best of terms; we let them alone and they let us alone. There never was 'You lie' between us since the great Clare election, long ago."

"Had you a squabble then?"

"We had and we hadn't. Mr. Sharpe thought to show his teeth, although he might easy know he couldn't bite, among the Clare mountaineers. He voted for Vesey Fitzgerald, and on the 12th of July after, he raised an orange flag on the old tower of Kil-carrig."

"Well."

"Oh, faix, 'twasn't *well* at all,—'twas very near being *ill*. The papishes assembled with drums and horns, scythes, pikes, and pitch-forks; they marched to the parsonage, tore the fine flaunting blazer of a flag into garters, and I am sure and certain would drive every one of us, root and branch, into the Shannon if they were not put a stop to."

"And who stopped them?—The police and magistrates, I suppose?"

"Nonsense.—Why all the policemen between the Liffey and the Shannon would not be able to stop them. Aye, a few peelers cow the Scariff boys! Na, by herrings, 'twas the two priests of the parish, Father John Molony, and his curate Father Tom Mc Swiney, that galloped down when the news reached them, and before they came within the bawl of an ass of the mob, they fled like chaff before the blast of Knock-lofty. They never dismounted from their horses, but riding from one Protestant house to another all night for fear of a fresh attack; and from that day to this, yes, aye, or no, never passed in anger between us."

"That is very pleasant. Who are the Catholic clergymen now in these mountains?"

"Father Molony is alive yet, but very feeble; but two curates, Father Ned O'Hiffernan and Father James O'Driscoll, do the duty of the parish."

"Do you ever meet them?"

"Meet them,—aye every day of my life, for that matter. They are scarcely ever an hour at home, but on tramp attending their calls through the mountains."

"The people are poor, too, I dare say."

"As poor as Job; yet they pay the priests like the sons of kings!"

"How do you know?"

"Faix, I hear them saying; it and besides, where else would all the money they give the poor come from, if not from their own flock?"

"I am glad to hear your priests, up these wild regions, are like our own,—kind and attentive to the miseries of their poor parishioners."

"In troth an' they are, to give the devil his due. They never have a sixpence without a sevenpenny call for it."

"Ha, ha! you are a wag, Frank. Do you ever meet Mr. Sharpe, the minister, on the hills?"

"Meet Mr. Sharpe, is id? Troth then it would be a cure for sore eyes to see the same gentlemen in Scariff, and he in forrin countries these three years."

"And who officiates in his parish?"

"Devil a mother's son at all, barrin on set days, Mr. Kingsmill, from Aughan-niska, comes to preach in Bob Bonham's barn; for the parish church, he says, is too cold, and too far up the mountains."

"You must be at a great loss in the absence of Mr. Sharpe. Was he a good man?"

"Yes, sir; when he kilt a sheep at Christmas, he always gave the head and pluck to the poor for a New-year's gift. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I echoed; and in this manner we chatted away until we arrived at the chapel, a distance of three long miles from Mr. Watson's.

It was—that chapel—a rude and miserable edifice. The walls were of mud, and the mountain heather, with which it was thatched, was black, rotten, and overgrown with grass, weeds, and green rushes. No shrub, no bush, no tree sheltered it from the blast of the bleak hills, and everything around this desolate-looking shieling impressed the stranger with feelings of pain and pity and commiseration.

Around the exterior of the tottering hut were small groups of the peasantry of the glens, some standing, and others lolling listlessly on the red and stunted grass, smoking their tobacco-pipes and talking in Gaelic over the politics of the day, or the local news of their own wild solitudes. But, on seeing the jaunting-car of Shemus Buidhe Watson, drawn by Shemus Buidhe's well-known coppulleen, Sir Roger, driven by Shemus Buidhe's charter-school, little Frank Mc Nance, and carrying a strange Sassanagh-looking shoneen that "nobody ever sen before," they all started from their several positions and thronged around the vehicle, their grim countenances exhibiting feelings akin to those which we might suppose entertained by the savages of Western America, when the fire-canoe of the pale-face first hissed and splurged in the great waters of the mighty Missouri.

"Arrah, Toney Bingham, what in the name of the 'Three Best' is bringing Jem Watson's car to the chapel this blessed Sunday morning? or who is that strange hop-of-my-thumb Frank has with him? or what must be in the wind at all at all, Tony Bingham?"

"Musha, iv myself can tell you, Redmond Corcoran. Who knows but he is a peeler in disguise; or, may be, a bit ov a gauger. Was that warrant agin Barney Slatterly med up yet; or what way is Lot Meehan going on with the running?"

"Tut, man: don't let such a notion near you. He is neither peeler nor exciseman. Shemus Watson would never do such a thing as set a neighbor for one ov that gang. Yellow Jemmy may be an Orange-man and a Sassanagh, but he is not an informer."

"'Tis hard to depend."

"No, Redmond, no. When a Protestant is good, there's no banging him. Most of them are tyrants and oppressors, sartinly; but when they have the right drop in them, you may depend ten thousand worlds on them. I have heard father O'Heffernan say so more than once."

"Hist! Father Ned is such a great peace-maker, he would fain persuade us all that Protestants have two souls; one, perhaps, for the devil, and another for to go to God. But, no matter: to-morrow I'll know all from father Molony, for I'm going over in the morning to give him a hand at the thrawneens."

"Very well; you'll find I am right. Jemmy Watson would not stag that away. Besides, the boy himself has not the cut of such a body. Troth, if we thought he was on such an errand, we would give his dandy frock a drink in the brinough, and make a foot-ball of his caroline to boot. Aye, bedad, and of his own carcass afterwards, if Tom Steel or the Pope of Rome was on the sod to save him."

Blessing my stars that I was no peeler or gauger, but merely one of the people, I dismounted from the jaunt, leaving Frank to look after the welfare of Sir Roger during the performance of Divine Service.

I approached the entrance of the chapel, and found a mild-looking young man, dressed decently in a suit of rather seedy-looking black clothes, standing at the rickety door-post, with a small, rough, wooden box in his hand, which he held out to every one passing in, asking a half-penny in honour of God and His Virgin Mother.

"It's not for ourselves, sir, we are craving your charity," said the young man, as he observed me searching my pockets for some half-pence. "'Tis for a poor wretch who is dying below in the bottom of Glendharg. We want to buy a coffin and winding-sheet for the poor thing, and some mould candles to shew light to her corpse whilst she is waking."

"What ails her?"

"The spotted fever, sir, God bless the hearers. She is lying these three weeks in that desolate cabin at the foot of yonder hill, without a mother's sowl to look afther her, barrin ourselves and the blessed Mother of God."

"She is not dead yet, is she?"

"Next door to it, sir. She is speechless all night, and father Ned, good luck to him, is now attending her: he is with her these two hours."

"Did he see her before she became speechless?"

"Did he see her, is it? There's not a day since she lay but he went to pray for her, and prepare her sowl for the awful moment. Och, musha, it's he that did, and never went with an empty hand, neither."

"Is she of these parts?"

"Not at all, sir. She was from the north country. She was a pedlar. She never told us her surname, although resorting us these twenty years; but, as she wore a red cloak and hood, we called her Moya Ruadh, or Red Mary, whilst the Sassanaghs over the hills used to laugh at her, and call her the scarlet lady, or, sometimes, the virgin Molly."

As noiselessly as possible, I dropped a shilling in the box. The young man held it up in his fingers before the gaping spectators; and, whilst a tear trembled in his fine dark eye, he exclaimed, in a tone of delight and thankfulness, "Neighbours, pray for the good of this gentleman, who gives us a shilling for poor red Mary."

"May angels make his bed," was the deep response of at least two hundred voices, of every tone and inflection. Whilst one lovely girl in the group, her brilliant blue eyes literally dancing with animation, exclaimed, in the melting notes of her native Gaelic,

"Aye, and may the same angels drop their brightest tears to cool your honour's sowl, when it goes to purgatory."

"Amen, Norah, agragal," was the fervent ejaculation of the vast group.

I was amused, and yet felt perplexed and indecisive as to how to reply, when a tall dark figure was seen slowly ascending the narrow boreen, which conducted from Glendharg to the elevated land on which the chapel stood.

"Here is father Ned," shouted some dozen or twenty tattered urchins, as they ran jostling one another up the little avenue, being surprised by the good young priest in a game at peg-top, in which they had engaged during his absence at the bed of the dying pedlar.

"Father Ned is a-top of us," exclaimed several of the elder folk, as they stumbled hurriedly to make their entrance into the chapel.

"I wonder, Mr. Molony, will he denounce the dance to-day," said a fine-looking young peasant to the collector, who I now for the first time discovered was a nephew of the parish priest, the Rev. John Molony.

"Not a bit of myself knows," was the reply. "But if he does, the parish of Knockraheen may as well at once lie down and die."

"How is that?" I inquired, as I lingered to have a peep at the spiritual teacher of this primitive and singular congregation.

"I'll tell you that, sir: from time out of mind, this parish has been famous for its dances, and our boys and girls always and ever brought the sway, both for step and figure, and carriage, too, from all that ever came against them; so that it was no use to contend with them at all, at all. But what do you say, last Sunday a shinnawn of a dancing-master that stopt at Bob Bonham's came down to the dance, and as he was a stranger, and a smart looking chap besides, one of the colleens came up and took him. Well, he danced certainly out on a face—the rale quality touch, wherever he got it; and, after the first heat, he was taken again and again, and every time he went down he gained thunders of applause, until at last he had the impudence to do what was not done these thirty years before—to challenge the whole parish of Knockraheen to dance against him for any bet, from a pint of poteen to a five-pound note."

"A stout fellow, by jingo."

"Yes, sir, but we do not intend to let the likes of him, of a charter brat that no one knows, cock-crow over the whole parish; and old Gusty Burke, the best dancer in Clare in his day, has consented to meet him this evening, although he was not on a floor since Lord ——— transported his eldest son for shooting a rabbit, ten years ago."

“ For shooting a rabbit ? ”

“ Aye, that was the cloak for doing it ; but there was another reason, and a better one too, if the truth was known.”

“ What was it ? ”

“ Because he kicked his lordship for daring to insult his sister Kitty one day, and she coming home from the chapel.”

“ Humph ! but do you think we’ll have the dancing match ? ”

“ Yes, if father O’Heffernan does not spake about it. If he does, we must only try another plan ; for, you know, God never shut one door, but He opened another.”

“ You’re out now, any how,” remarked the peasant who introduced the subject, “ you know the poor parisheen has no faction, and it never was the custom to meddle with a bird alone in Clare.”

I now perfectly understood the nature of the collector’s allusion to back-door resources in case of defeat in the legitimate way, and was about to offer remark in that matter, when Father Ned was heard cracking his whip to frighten in the gaffers, who still lounged lazily about the precincts of the chapel.

He was indeed a fine-looking young man, that Father Edward O’Heffernan ; tall, athletic, and commanding in his proportions, and apparently about twenty-eight years of age. His complexion was pale, his eyes dark and expressive, his hair black and glossy, slightly intermixed with grey—his countenance beaming with benevolence and good-humour—the very *beau idéal* of a young Munster Soggarth, and as handsome and dashing a specimen of an Irishman as you would wish to meet of a summer’s day. He was dressed in a short black frock, grey trousers, and black satin vest, across which passed a massive silver watch-guard. In his right hand he bore a gorgeously-mounted whip, which he ever and anon cracked, at the little boys who flew before him, half afraid and half-laughing at the spree, whilst in the intervals he might be distinctly heard whistling the *Rakes of Mallow*, in a sprightly and articulate key. As he came up, I touched my hat to him, and with one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw, he respectfully returned my salute.

“ How is poor Red Mary ? ” asked the collector.

“ In heaven, I hope,” was the young priest’s reply. “ She died like a lamb, and if she be not gone to God, may heaven look down upon you and I.”

“ This gentleman, your reverence, has contributed most generously in her behalf—indeed they all opened their hearts for poor Moya.—She will no more trouble them ; God rest her soul in glory.”

The priest uttered his thanks in eloquent and pathetic accents. The ice was broke ; we chatted, and in five minutes,

were friends. We talked of twenty things; the state of parties; the press; Munster scenery; Tipperary blood-shed; Tom Steel and the Terry Alts; literature, science, and the arts; and I found this Munster Soggarth, this "surpliced ruffian," this "demon priest," this "sacerdotal bog-trotter," learned, eloquent, meek, pious, and devoted; in acquirements and talents, far and away superior to any of the shoneen squirearchy with whom I had ever come in contact, and in feeling, benevolence and genuine philanthropy an ornament to humanity.

We parted, and when, in ten minutes afterwards, I saw him, arrayed in the vestments of the priesthood, ascend the rude steps of the crazy altar, and when he turned around and in deep and musical voice, besought the prayers of the congregation for the souls of the faithful departed, and in particular for the soul of Mary O'Leary, (such was the proper name of Moya Ruadh;) and when I looked on the smile of recognition which lit up the iron features of that simple-minded group, as they looked on the noble and well-beloved form of their darling priest, I fancied I could learn more of his character and of the native goodness of his disposition, than from the most lavish encomiums which could be heaped upon his reverend head by the most interested or enthusiastic of his numerous admirers. When the service was over, he delivered an extempore address, but as it was in the vernacular Gaelic of the district, I could only guess its import, from the earnest and impassioned manner of the preacher, and the glistening eyes and reverential attention paid to the discourse by the auditors. I was glad to find, however—and so were many others too—that the expected dancing-match was not even alluded to, and I determined at once to be a spectator of that original and harmless and truly Irish contest.

On our way homeward, we passed several groups of the mass people, and I had more leisure and more opportunity to remark them, than in the chapel. The male portion of them were in general tall, athletic, stalwart fellows, with great muscular limbs, brawny fists, and features strongly partaking of the majestic, the ferocious, the generous, and the mirthful. They were generally dressed in coarse blue frieze body-coat, corderoy breeches, and felt or straw-plait hats. There were very few ragged or dirty, and though they wore no neck-cloths, yet their shirts were all white and clean from the starch, and lying open and neglected, displayed their deep embrowned but finely moulded necks to the greatest advantage. No one carried club or cleugh; and as I gazed on their herculean figures and manly faces, I said to myself that were fifty thousand of such fellows to rise *en masse*, and to arm themselves even with pitchforks and scythes, and above all that dreadful Irish weapon, the pike, the proudest army of Europe might well dread to meet

them in the dangerous fastnesses of their native hills. The females were as numerous as the men, and more merry and talkative. Many mean-looking, squat, dumpy figures were there, but most of them were, indeed, fine girls. There was not a bonnet or, except on the matrons,—even a cap to be seen. On many of the younger thackeens, their fine raven hair fell in primitive luxuriance and primitive neglect to their waist; but the grown girls, the bachelors, mostly wore their hair in plaits and snood, or, more generally still, in that beautiful and classic style termed the Madonna. Although the red sun of that July noon blazed down as if determined on splitting the trees,—where trees there were,—most of those mountain maids were closely enveloped in heavy mantles of blue frieze, or shawls of scarlet worsted or tartan plaid. Many of them, too, were bare-foot, or as themselves might and would facetiously remark, in their “*wedding shoes*,” and as they tripped along, their merry glib-glab and musical accents fell peasingly on the ear of the father, the brother, and the lover. There was one thing, however, which vexed and annoyed me. As I passed each group, every man doffed his canbeen, and every female dropped her curtesy to the well-dressed Sassanagh-looking stranger. This is too common to the Irish peasant in every county, and I am always vexed and wounded when I see men and women, noble-looking beings, whose face and figure a Canova, or a Thorwaldsen, or a Hogan, might study to advantage, dragging off their hats, or bending their knees to every pert-looking puppy and well-dressed jack-anapes, without the least reference to the virtue, the worth, or the merits of those upstart, mushroom shoneens to whom they thus shamefully prostrate themselves. This is disgraceful. I blush to see my brave, generous, faithful countrymen so forgetful of what they ought to be, and of the respect which they owe to themselves and the land of their birth. I hope, however, a change is taking place, and that at no distant date the sons of the ocean gem, whilst rendering to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar, will give *no more than that*, but reserve their bows and curtesies, and their politeness for those whose learning and piety and patriotism merit such demonstrations of honour and attachment.*

“Welcome home, Jack,” good naturedly-said Mr. Watson, as Sir Roger halted at the hall-door. “Well, Frank, I’m glad you’re not coming home with a pair of bullocks horns on you. But devil a dread of that was to be apprehended at all, at all,—

“Send a goose to Dover,
And a goose she’ll come over,”—

* The practice here reprobated is common in all Catholic countries; and is generally considered a mark of Christian sympathy between rich and poor. Ed. D. M.

and send Frank Mc Nance to all the mass-houses in Munster, and pass him in all the holy water from Birr to Bantry, and curse of Cromwell on the ha'porth you'll make of him but an ass,—a stupid, cross-grained, leather-headed ass."

"Thankee, masther," said Frank.

"'Tis your own merit, Frank; if I had better, I'd give it to you and *failthar*,"—Here the conversation was interrupted by Masther Tom and the girls running out to shake hands with me and welcome me home, as if I was just returning from a buckle with the Terry Alts, or a rencontre with a scalping party of Huron Indians.

We had an early dinner, at four o'clock, and hardly was the meal ended, and a few bumpers of poteen punch disposed of, when shouts of rustic revelry smote our ears, and on running to the window to ascertain from whence the merry sounds proceeded, we perceived approaching the house, six or seven well-dressed young men, accompanied by a large party of peasantry, and preceded by three or four boys with clarionets and a drum, playing as they came, that very fine old Scottish tune—"The hills of Glenorchy."

"What the deuce does all this mean?" I enquired.

"By St. Lenan," vociferated Masther Tom, "Here's Dick Shepherd, and Alick, and the three Bonhams lugging off Jemmy Adams to the dancing-match. Hurroo! aye, and half the boys of the country at their heels."

By this, the wild group had arrived at the hall-door. The two Shepherds and three Bonhams, sons of the Protestant farmers of whom Frank Mc Nance had spoken on our way to mass in the morning, were the leaders of this party, who were chiefly the sons of cottiers, workmen, and followers of their respective families. Their number might be about fifty, mostly gaunt able-bodied fellows, and in nowise differing from the other inhabitants of the district of whom I have already spoken. They, many of them, at any rate, were armed with heavy iron-shod wattles and skull-crackers, and seemed well-disposed, come what might, to stand by the sons of their kind-hearted neighbours and employers, entirely indifferent to the consideration that those whose cause they espoused, were comparatively, I might say literally, strangers, and "aliens in blood, in religion, and country!" But 'tis thus ever with the Irish peasant. Treat him kindly; let him feel that you regard him as a brother, a neighbour, a friend, an equal; mock not his country, his religion, or his prejudices; hold out to him the hand of fellowship and good-will, and it is but once in an age that he will scorn your overtures, or fail gratefully, nay, enthusiastically, to reciprocate your kindness and return your concessions one hundred fold. This case was

illustrative of what I affirm. Jemmy Adams was, I might say, a perfect stranger to every one in the district. He had been amongst them but a few weeks, and came from God knows where. He was a professing Protestant too, and resided at the house of a Protestant since his appearance in the neighbourhood: but because those who protected and lodged him were *honest* Protestants; because they respected the feelings and the rights of their poorer Catholic neighbours; and because they had never sought to misinterpret their actions, or to blacken their good name, their protégé was befriended and they themselves loved and revered by all classes of their acquaintances, and not one of the warm-hearted peasantry amongst whom they resided, but would lose the last drop of their blood, if required, in defence of their persons, property, or character.

On the other hand, Jemmy's opponent, the celebrated Gusty or Augustin Burke, was one of the old stock, born and reared, and all that came afore him, upon the sod. He and his had always kept up an irreproachable character. There was scarcely a family or a name in the broad expanse of that mountain tract with which he was not one way or another connected. He never staggered when the honour of his native parish called him to the faction-fight or ball-alley; and now that he had in his old days stepped forth again as the champion of his village and his party, it was little wonder to any one acquainted with Irish peasant life or scenes, that the entire population should feel prejudiced in his favour, and that every glen and valley for miles around sent forth their rude dwellers to be spectators of the contest, and to back their old favorite against the redoubtable but upstart Orange dancing-master.

The party halted a moment: the leaders—with the dancing-master, were brought into the parlour and plentifully plied with punch. A large grey-beard filled with potteen was taken out by the masther, and as the celebrated Father Mathew had not then hoisted the banner of temperance, every one of the boys drank plentifully of their favorite beverage.

I was introduced to the new comers, and eke to the lion of the party—the redoubtable Jemmy Adams, the *maitre de danse*. He was a slight, slim figure, about twenty-five years, of very dark complexion, and lightly marked with small-pox. He was, as I said before, a stranger in the place, and had recently made himself scarce in his native county of Londonderry, from whence he had been compelled to decamp for some misconduct. The world was all before him, and he chose his place of rest in that part of it occupied by the old hills and glens of Scariff in West Munster. Being lively and agreeable in his manner, and something of a proficient in the art of dancing, he was encouraged

to set up as a professor in the school of Terpsichore, and he was invited to establish his head-quarters at the house of Bob Bonham, where he was fed and lodged, and in every respect treated as one of the family. How he came involved in the pending contest is already known.

"What the devil is keeping you, masther Dick?" shouted a gruff voice in Gaelic outside, as the new-comers tipped their punch and ogled the girls in the parlour. "What the devil's keeping yer, or will yer stay there all night?"

Out we all rushed, equipped for the journey—"March," cried Dick Sheppard, and the whole party again set forward, our skeleton band striking up another popular Highland tune—"Out owre the hills an' far awa."

After a smart but pleasant tramp of about three miles over the hills, we arrived at the scene of action. A solitary cabin, situated in the depths of a dark and rugged glen, met our view, and around it were gathered at least four thousand of the peasantry, of all ages, sexes and condition. Before the gigantic assemblages of the repeal year, this gathering might well be termed a monster meeting, had such an epithet been then manufactured by our erudite friends beyond the water. As it was, I had seldom ever seen so many of the peasantry congregated, except, indeed, at the Heath races, or an O'Connell procession. It was, to me, a strange and interesting scene—those tall gaunt sons of the mountains, accompanied by their wives, their sisters, and their daughters, many of them superb-looking women, and with all their uncouth rudeness, far eclipsing in bloom and figure, the beauties of my own country; although, in the language of Tickell,—“Leinster famed for maidens fair,” has ever been proverbial as the emporium of Irish female beauty and Irish female grace.

Just as we came up, a large body of police was seen entering the opposite extremity of the glen; their fixed bayonets glancing brightly in the hot rays of the declining sun, and their dark-green jackets and white trousers forming a pleasing contrast, as they marched silently, and in tolerably good order, up the glen.

"Here's the peelers, bad luck to them, coming to stop the sport!" cried several of the people as they gazed or rather scowled upon the approaching array of armed constabulary.

"Not at all," cried others. "They are coming home from hunting the Terry Alts—didn't yer hear of what happened last night in Glen-Phooka?"

"No: not a word—what was it?"

"Darby McNamara's house attacked by the Terrys—two guns taken, several shots fired and young Bryan's arm made smash of by a stroke of a carbine."

“ ’Tis the first I heard of it.”

“ Not a word of lie in it. The peelers from all the barracks ov the county—Scariff, Killaloe, New-Grove, Crasheen, and Tulla, and some, I believe from the county Galway, are hunting the mountains all day after the depredators, but I think they might as well be searching the sands of Lough-dery for St. Senan’s wedding-ring, as looking for the Terrys in the mountains of Scariff.”

“ You might sing that, Gerald, if you had any kind of air for it.”

On enquiry, I found these details literally true. A snug farm-house had been attacked successfully for arms—one of the inmates desperately wounded, and other outrages perpetrated; and after a long and harrassing and fruitless foray through the hills in search of the offenders, the police were now returning to the Scariff station, there to be discharged to their respective local quarters throughout the district, from whence they had been despatched on hearing of the transactions of the preceding night.

The police seemed no way alarmed at the vast assembly, probably they were aware of the cause, and as they came up, they saluted several of the people familiarly.

Two magistrates, and a puppy-looking chief constable, rode at the head of the party. They laughed and whispered together for a moment, and then ordered the men to halt that they might see the sport.

It is needless to say that this command was joyfully obeyed. The jaded men piled their arms, and one and all sat down upon a rocky little hillock, whilst their leaders, dismounted, giving their foaming horses to be led up and down, to some of the urchins who eagerly offered them their services. The presence of the police-men had a very marked, yet widely different effect on the contending dancers and their parties. A low murmur of distrust and dislike proceeded from the friends of Gusty Burke, as they saw them take up their position on the little sterile knoll, and it was suggested by some that the trial should be adjourned to the following Sunday, as they could not be certain that the peelers only wanted to trap them, and prosecute them at petty sessions for Sabbath-breaking. Besides, we must confess, that it was the intention of some of the more reckless of the peasantry, in the event of Gusty’s discomfiture, to have the day, by hook or by crook; and if beat at the dancing, to give Adams and all who would back him, the length and breadth of the father of the sloe. This, however, they well knew, could not be conveniently done in the presence of two magistrates, and half a hundred armed constabulary. Hence their repugnance to

proceed in the presence of this ever-hated and ever-despised class—the pig-boy peelers.

On our arrival, we found that Gusty Burke had anticipated us, and was on the sod. An immense circle was immediately formed, and a chair was brought from the adjoining cabin, in which—by the way—resided the one-legged Paganini of the district—Larry Hoolahan, the fiddler. Along with the chair, came the door of the cabin—a bran-new one too, and made probably for this special occasion, and it was stretched horizontally on the smooth, well-trodden ground in the centre of the circle. The old chair was then placed in its own destined position, at one side of the living zone, and Larry, with fiddle in hand, took his place amid a dead silence, pulled it forth from its tattered green bag, tuned the strings, rosined the bow, and sat prepared for performance, with all the dignity and ten times the importance of our own crack Leinster fiddlers—John Barton of Castle-Denrow, or Christy Keenan of Kilkenny.

Gusty Burke now stepped forward from the crowd. He was a low-sized, carrot-haired, ordinary-looking man, about sixty years of age, and shewing in his countenance and bearing nothing indicative of either mental or physical superiority over any other of his grade in the gathering. He was stiff and clumsy-jointed, too; and it was hard for a stranger to imagine that he was, as his friends boasted,—the crack dancer of Western Munster. He wore a reduced blue body-coat, a light-coloured nankeen trousers, a yellow vest, and on his head a tattered blue cloth cap. He was pale and dejected; and seemed, in press-room slang, fully sensible of his situation, and of the difficulty and responsibility thereunto attached.

Slowly stepping forth, he said, “Out with you, Mr. Adams; let us have a peep at you, and let us get acquainted.”

Adams obeyed; and the two rivals stood eyeing each other, like gladiators in the arena during the pugilistic ages of Greece and Rome.

“Give us the fist, my boy,” resumed old Burke, “to let the world see there’s no bad blood between us.” And they shook hands cordially.

“It’s little I dreamt,” continued Burke, “that it would ever again come to my turn to show my figure on a dancing-floor. Ten times has that red-hot July sun shone down upon my head; ten long and weary years have gone their rounds, since my bouchaleen bawn was dragged from my side; and without rhyme or reason, but because he resented a gross outrage on his pure and sunny-hearted sister; because he would not see her ill-treated or abused by an upstart, he was sent far, far away from his parents and his country, to spend his youth and manhood in

disgrace and misery, and die like a dog afterwards, without any one to say as much as Lord have mercy on your soul. From that black day to this, a cloud has hung around my heart, and"—Here the poor fellow became overwhelmed in his sad retrospect. Huge tears ran hot and burning down his worn cheeks; the memory of his darling, but ill-fated, child, the recollection of his vanished youth, his loves, his frolics, his departed friends—all, all swept rushing through his brain; and he wept like a maiden. "But, no matter," he resumed, "what is to be, will be. Out with you, Jemmy Adams, till we see what you're made of."

Adams spoke not, but coolly stripping off his coat, handed it to one of his party. Dick Shepherd stepped into the ring and drawing from his skirt pocket an orange silk handkerchief, with deep blue borders and fringe, tied it about the head of his favourite.

"Now!" he confidently cried. A strong murmur of disapprobation rose from the crowd at this manifestation of party feeling. A smile of malignant sympathy played on the countenances of the magistrates and the greater number of the policemen, whilst the Roman Catholics of Adams's party appeared sulky, scowled darkly, bit their lips, and grasped their weapons rigidly and portentously, but still remained silent.

Burke gazed a moment contemptuously at his antagonist, then turning round quickly, asked "Who are the judges?"

"The best horse leaps the ditch," cried Adams, haughtily,— "we want no judges, and we'll have none."

"As much as to say, he that dances longest dances best," said Burke, a smile of disdain for a moment crossing his features.

"Exactly," replied Adams.

"That's not fair in any sense," remarked the old man,— "especially between a hearty young fellow like you and a poor worn-out old wretch like me. But no matter; 'tis all the same in twenty years. This is my LAST HORNPIPE,—I know it—I feel it; and as you said the word, why have it so."

Three fine-looking young peasants rushed into the arena; they seemed deeply affected; they grasped the old man's attenuated hand: they were his three remaining sons, several years younger than him who was spinning out a dreary existence in the southern hemisphere; and his tearful eyes flashed proudly as he surveyed their stalwart forms and manly faces.

"Boys," he cried, "don't dread me, 'tis my last bout; but I'll do it. Larry," he said, addressing the fiddler. "Give Garret the fiddle; as this is certainly the last heat I will ever dance until I do in heaven, with my poor banished child and his dear-departed mother, I wish my son, who you know is a good hand

at the fiddle, strauld my LAST HORN-PIPE. Garret, a *hagar*, go and take the fiddle."

And Garret did take the fiddle. "Father what will it be? your old favourite, 'The White Cockade,' I suppose."

"No rebel tunes for us," imperiously cried Adams, "There are too many *true* and *loyal* men here to listen to such thrash,—give us 'The Downfall of Paris.'"

"I won't dance it," said Burke.

"Nor devil a bar of it I'll play," added his son.

"We'll break the bones of the first that calls for it," angrily vociferated several voices in the now excited crowd.

"Weel then, mun," says the whey-faced coxcomb in command of the constabulary, in a mincing Scottish accent, "what would you think o' 'The Soldier's Joy?'"

"'Twill do, plase your honour," said Adams, complacently.

"Wid all my heart," said Burke, with a sneer: "but I must beg leave to say that I'm sorry that there's nera soldier to the fore to witness our bit of diversion."

"'Tis a pity," replied the belted puppy, his sinister countenance glowing with rage, "'Tis a pity, for certainly you are a diverting vagabond."

The eyes of the young Burkes shot forth living fire: but their father with a gesticulation suppressed any further exhibition of their resentment. Then casting on the officer a glance of the most unbounded contempt, he merely said—"What a pity your mother had not a dozen of your sort."

A roar of laughter followed this retort. The first scrape of the violin mingled with the merry sounds, the rivals "Cotch hands"—the "Soldier's joy" was played, and the dance commenced.

For some time the rivals went on, apparently little disposed to put their powers to their test, or little concerned as to the result of the contest. No effort at effect or display was made on either side, but by and bye, incited by the promptings of their respective friends, they began to let out, and the most intense enthusiasm became visible amongst the vast group. They danced and danced. Oh! how they danced, and doubled, and trebled, and singled again. Never shall I forget that scene. I had often seen what I thought good footing, but never before did I see any thing that even for a moment could be compared to the performance now enacting before me. I thought of Joe Lodge, of O'Reily of Casey, and several others of our Queen's County bullies—pshaw! I despised them; and I said that when I went home I would tell them so, and advise them to swear their lives against ever going down again where a Munster man would be to the fore, or where any one who had ever seen a Munster dante would be present.

They went on in that hot sun-light—on they went with untiring enthusiasm. Adams was the most graceful, the most scientific performer. He had fewer steps,—fewer movements than his opponent, but he danced lightly, elegantly, and with a great deal of precision; Burke, on the other hand, had more confidence in himself. He had too a more acute ear for music, his *feelings* were more enlisted in the cause, he had a greater variety of steps than Adams, and was better able to go through the intricacies of the horn-pipe. In fact, and to sum up all at one word, with the lover of grace and elegance and precision, Adams certainly would be the favorite; but for those who judged a dancer by his animation, his expert movements, his delicate perception of music, and the unflagging emulation which he displays in the moment of trial, Gusty was certainly the broth of a boy. His age too, and the *prestige* of his name and former laurels, operated in his favour, and the current of applause ran entirely on his side. However, it was soon perceptible that he was getting enough of it. In that blazing July sun, in that dense crowd of human beings, and in that deep valley where not a breeze of heaven's breath could come to cool that thick hot atmosphere, poor old Burke, at last, began to show unequivocal symptoms of exhaustion. The music still resounded. Words of cheer and encouragement still came from the group. "Glory to you, Gusty!" "Think of old times, Burke!" "Think of who's agin you!" and other similar expressions, incessantly greeted him; yet it was evident—painfully evident that he was breaking-down. Sweat ran down his brow in streams; it almost blinded him—he reeled—he staggered.

"Father!" passionately cried the young man who performed on the violin. "Father, what are you about?"

But his words were unheard; the old man gasped: he looked imploringly at his fresh and vigorous rival. Adams gave a wild cheer of triumph: it was re-echoed by his friends: and before the sounds had died away on the heavy air, poor Burke had fallen prostrate and exhausted on the plat-form.

One vehement prolonged yell of victory arose from the friends of Adams, in which the police joined rapturously. Dick Shepherd tore the orange handkerchief from his head, and fixing it on the end of his alpeen, waved it on high triumphantly, whilst the clarionet players and drummer, casting a look of puny derision on the prostrate man, struck up that rollicking old Irish air,—“Go to the Devil and shake yourself.”

The scene which now ensued beggars description. The friends of Burke rushed forward with shouts of anger and disappointment and burning for revenge. Every man armed himself, as well as he might, with sticks, stones, and other missiles. Stones

were pelted ; one struck Dick Shepherd in the forehead, and he was laid weltering in his hot blood. The orange handkerchief was dragged into a thousand pieces, and the bleeding young man kicked and pommelled as if he was a mad dog. The police, with fixed bayonets, rushed to the fray ; and the Roman catholics of Adams's party, seeing that it had assumed something of a religious party complexion, turned about and joined their own. A dreadful crisis was at hand, and even the females, amid their screeching and uproar, armed themselves with stones, and appeared determined not to leave all the danger, or all the glory, to their brothers and cousins and sweet-hearts.

“ Brain the bloody pig-boys ; give them the hammer ! ” was heard on one side.

“ Skiver the rebel Terrys—don't let a mother's son of them escape ! ”—shouted the other party. And I trembled for the dreadful result of that evening's fun, when a man on horse-back was seen galloping rapidly down the glen. It was father O'Heffernan ; and never was his presence, his council, or his influence, more wanted than at this moment. His very name acted like magic on the exasperated mob, whose fury was momentarily increasing. Every hand dropt motionless, and there was a death-like silence, where a minute ago the wildest surging of the storm-swept Shannon would have been lost in the yelling of a thousand infuriated men. I ran to meet him ; his face was deadly pale ; grief and anxiety sat on his fair young brow : and as he spoke, his voice was tremulous, and his language incoherent.

“ In heaven's name, tell me,” he said, imploringly, as he reined in his foaming steed ; “ what is the matter ? Has blood been shed ? Is any body killed ? ”

I explained to him in a few words the nature of the affair, from its commencement, and concluded by asking him how he heard of it ?

“ On my way home from the chapel on this morning,” he replied, “ I was met by a peasant, running in his shirt, barefoot, and blood-stained, who told me of the attack on McNamara's house last night ;—that one of the Terry Alts had been dangerously wounded, with a pitchfork stab, in the affray ;—that he was dying in a scaur over the mountains ; and, finally, that I was required to attend him before he would expire. I turned back and accompanied the man, and after a harrassing ride of five miles over the hills, he brought me to a lonely gorge or fissure, in Knock-bown, where the dying Terry Alt was stretched in his last agony, in the shade of a deep and narrow ravine ; a pool of black clotted blood around him, and his head laid on the lap of a weeping young woman—the unfortunate wife of the dying out-law.”

" 'Twas a shocking spectacle, sir."

" Yes, indeed, God help us ! I gave the poor wretch the rites of religion, and before I had my foot in the stirrup to return, he was dead. I waited then to have his corpse removed to an adjacent cabin ; and having no money ; I had to ride down to Phelim O'Flaherty's, a neighbouring farmer, to borrow ten shillings for the unfortunate widow. Then, I set out for home, and thought to come by the Kildrynan road, but took another notion. I'm sure it was God that put it in my head to come this way ; when passing yonder, I heard the uproar, and came up, in time, I hope, to prevent the commission of murder."

So it was. All was now hushed amongst the belligerents. The policemen, with their commanders, stood in a compact phalanx ready to depart, and the mob had laid down their weapons and put on their coats and hats, even without waiting for a word from their clergyman. I was proceeding to make some remarks on the turn affairs had taken, when a loud female cry fell sadly on our ears. The peasantry rushed to the spot : and the priest and I followed them.

Stretched, where he had fallen, was poor Gusty Burke, the defeated horn-pipe dancer : and bending in wild grief over him, was the beautiful peasant girl who had invoked such sweet and poetical blessings on my head at the chapel door that morning. She was Norah Burke, the fallen man's youngest and best-beloved daughter, and her father was dying.

" You're welcome, father O'Heffernan," said the dying man, as with a smile of affectionate recognition he gazed on the young priest. " You're welcome, *avourneen* : I'm going, so I am : won't you forgive me and pray for me ?"

The sons of the old man became furious as they gazed on the ghastly features of their dying father. Again they raised the cry of vengeance ; again they prepared to rush on their opponents, calling on their friends and relations to assist them.

" For mercy's sake, gentlemen, if you would avoid the risk of bloodshed and murder, take your men away," eagerly cried Mr. O'Heffernan.

The magistrates made an effort at compliance ; but the coxcomb chief, in his usual feminine jargon, made some reply, which I could not exactly catch, but the burden of which was, " blood-thirsty savages and priest-ridden ruffians."

" To say the least of it," returned the priest, " your observations are highly inappropriate to the present occasion ; and permit me to add, that as far as I can learn, I conceive your conduct throughout this unpleasant affair does very little credit to your judgment or your feelings."

Muttering something in answer, the puppy mounted his horse and gave the order to march. The young Bonhams and

Shepherds joined the party, and they all set forward amid the groans and hisses and ridicule of exasperated thousands.

By the direction of Father O'Heffernan, the dying man was carried into the cabin of the fiddler; and whilst the priest was hearing his confession, four or five stout fellows were deputed to preserve silence at the door and keep out intruders. This, and the other rites proper to the death-bed over, his sons and daughter and myself and masther Tom Watson were called in by the clergyman.

The old man was going quickly. His countenance was grim, ghastly and pale as marble. His eyes were fixed and glassy; and as he gazed on his beloved children, a solitary tear rolled slowly down his cheek.

"Father O'Heffernan," he said, in a broken and tremulous tone. "Won't you pardon me—won't you pray for my soul?"

"Yes! Gusty, my poor fellow," said the young priest, striving unsuccessfully to conceal his emotions. "Pray to God—think of your Saviour and his Virgin Mother, and you will be forgiven."

"Father *alanna*, I deserve my fate," continued the poor old fellow. "What brought the likes of me on a dancing-floor; the likes of me, sixty years of age and my heart breaking this ten years?"

The priest was silent.

"But father *asthore*," he went on, "after all, it was not the exertion or the fatigue that finished me. Not it,—but when I knew I was beat, when I looked around me and saw that orange handkercher flying over me, and when I saw the smile of victory on their dark faces, when I seen these things, and when I thought of what I was in ould times and what I was *then*, and above all, when I thought of my darling child—banished—far off—in chains—in bondage, and I dancing like a thackeen where his merry laugh often echoed, and where his light foot often bounded, the sight—left—my—eyes, and the—very—heart—in my body—split in—pieces!"

The old man's head sank on his bosom; he opened his eyes still wider; he breathed one low, convulsive sigh, and all was over.

* * * * *

Seven years afterwards, we find Garret Burke and his brothers, and the still blooming Norah, residing in a lonely valley far in the bosom of the Keeper mountains in South Tipperary. They are in comfortable circumstances, having charge of an extensive mountain farm, the property of one of the wealthiest and most popular of the parliament men of Munster. The winds of December are howling fiercely; vast volumes of snow are rolling before them, and drifting into gigantic and shapeless masses in every gorge and fissure of the hills. A huge bog-wood fire blazes in the snug cabin of Garret Burke; a good piece of bacon is boiling for supper; Norah is employed polishing the pumps for

the morrow—for it is Saturday night—the younger brothers are lolling on stools in the corner, and Garret is walking up and down the floor, on which the red fire flings a ruddy glare, with fiddle in order, playing one of his favourite tunes—“The boys of bold Tipperary.”

“Whist,” said Norah suddenly, “what noise is that at the door? ’tis somebody that’s benighted; run, Thady, and let them in.”

But Thady snored away on the stool, heedless of Norah or that “somebody” about whom she was so kindly interested.

“Go you, Garret,” she resumed, “and try who is that at the door.”

But Garret either did not hear her, or was too much occupied in doing honour to the bold Tipperary to attend to her commands.

“Bad scran to yez, yez lazy pack,” said the lovely woman,—for she was no longer a girl,—“if yerselves was on the shoughnaun such a night as this, yez would not like to be kept trembling on a threshold, like a dog in a wet sack;” and, running to the door, she unlocked it, popped her head out in the storm, and uttered a slight scream of terror.

Instantly, a young man entered. His outer garment was covered with snow; but, on flinging it off, he appeared dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British infantry regiment.

“You’re welcome, whoever you are,” said Garret, laying down the fiddle, and running to place a chair for the soldier. “’Tis a raw night to be out in,—did you come far?”

“From Templemore,” said the soldier.

“Ha! a good step from this;—on furlough, I dare say?”

“Aye, indeed,” replied the soldier; “on Paddy Mc Kew’s furlough,—a year and a day, and as long as you like after,—ha, ha, ha!” and the soldier laughed pleasantly at his joke.

“Oh, oh, you’re giving them leg bail, like your comrade soldier, Larry Mc Flinn,” said Norah, who had now recovered the fright into which the strange figure of the military man had thrown her.

“You have it,” replied the stranger, smiling kindly on Norah’s fine countenance.

“Hut, man; never tell a woman your secrets,” said Garret. “I wonder one of your sort is not sharper; give her no news—how bad she wants them.”

“I’d give her my heart’s blood if she required it,” said the soldier gallantly.

“Much obliged to you, sir,” said Norah, blushing deeply. “Garret, get the fiddle, and play the gentleman a tune while the supper is getting ready.”

Garret took the violin and prepared to play. “What’s your fancy, sir?”

"Anything at all, young man." And, in compliment to his military guest, Garret played *The Soldier's Joy*.

Up the soldier jumped, and began to dance to the tune. Lightly, elegantly, gracefully, and precisely, were all his motions performed. Garret ceased playing.

"You have danced to that tune before," said Burke.

"A thousand times," replied the soldier.

"You danced it one fine summer's evening in the hills of Scariff?"

"I did."

"For a wager?"

"Yes."

"And you won it?"

"Cleverly."

"And your antagonist died after the dance was over—on the spot?"

"He did."

"Who was he?"

"An old man named Augustine Burke."

"I am his son!" and as he spoke the word, he raised his clenched fist, and hitting the soldier a mighty blow on the mouth, laid him kicking on the floor.

The two brothers jumped up—one got the tongs, another a pot-racks. The soldier roared for mercy. Norah screamed and flung herself on the prostrate stranger. "Oh, God," she cried, "are you going to murder a fellow-creature on your own floor?"

"No, girl," answered Garret, "he is safe.—Get up, man, not a hair on your head shall be hurt, although, had I met you a yard outside my door, I would certainly take your life. My father died by your means. You triumphed in his downfall; you mocked our feelings, our religion, our misfortunes. I swore on the cross I would have your blood,—I have it,—and I am satisfied."

The soldier put his hand to his face: it was all besmeared with blood.

"Mercy, mercy!" again he cried, in agony.

"You have it, man alive. Is it my oath you want? Get up, and you are safe."

The thunder-stricken soldier arose. The chair was again placed at the fire for his accommodation. The past was forgotten.

He staid a week at the residence of the Burkes. The winds were hushed in "the coves of their slumbers." The snows melted away, as snows will always do; a sickly beam of sunshine glanced over the tall Keepers; and early one fine morning, the deserter bid farewell to his friends of the mountains, and bent his steps towards Scariff.

A TALE OF OXFORD LIFE.

COLD heart were his, who, led, in life's young spring,
 Where, 'mid a world that hath forgot to pray,
 Ever at morn and eve sweet anthems ring
 From Oxford's cloistered domes; and, day by day,
 A hundred white stol'd clerks, in due array,
 Treading on holy ground from holy place,
 The ancient words of saintly spirits say:—
 Cold heart were his, who could fair Oxford trace,
 Through all her palace-homes, with dull averted face.

O! I have loved thee, Oxford!—at thy name,
 From Memory's cloudland, do the visions throng;—
 Young sunlit picturings of far off fame,—
 Pantings to be among the young and strong,
 First honest hate of selfishness and wrong!
 Yea—and those first true friends who are the last,
 (Oh dear old faces!) swiftly move along,
 With flickering fitful light around them cast,
 With lips that speak old words and eyes that look the past.

And lo! old times come back to me. I glide
 Down yellow Isis in my tiny boat,
 And skirt the lawny meadow'd river side;
 How sweet it is half-sleeping thus to float!
 How pleasant, as the ripples slide, to note
 The lazy circles pulsing from the oar!
 How glorious the stern music fiercely wrought
 By the wild water'd lasher, with a roar
 Sweeping adown the bay where sank young Phillimore,

With him he lov'd so well.* That little grove,
 Hard by the granite stone that tells their death,
 How green!—a place in which one loves to rove,
 Seeing the torrent's unexhausted breath,

* Gaisford and Phillimore, students of Christ Church, drowned together there.
 "Lovely they were in life; and in death they were not divided."

Hearing the voiceful waters chafe beneath!
Nor art thou unbelov'd of many a hedge,
Thou pretty Iffley, and the river hath
Bank fairer far, by thee, and thicker sedge,
And black-thorn bloom that dips more perfumed in its edge.

Ah scene how fair! Yet even here intrude
Remorse and guilt and care; and even here
Stirs the harsh discord of young passions rude;
The sin, the shame, the sorrow and the tear—
Where contemplation only should be near!
And one of Oxford's darker tales I tell,—
Dark, but too common. Spurn it not, but hear—
Perchance a moral with the tale may dwell,
And ye may learn to shun,—learning how other fell.

One eve—I well remember it—I stray'd
Where Cowley rears its modest village homes;
Above me, was a milk-coned chesnut's shade;
Around, the marsh whereon the yeoman roams
What time from labour wearily he comes.
A little on I pass'd; and stood before
A latticed cottage, where a streamlet foams
Through cowslipp'd grassplot; and the jalouse o'er
Hung many a rich red rose or droop'd around the door.

Upon the casement lay a soft white hand,
Which ever and anon was rais'd to pull
Some odorous bud that dangled from its stand;
A dazzling arm it was, right beautiful;
And o'er it were a pair of dark eyes, full
And gleaming;—the eloquent deep passion shone
On that wild youthful brow. The beds of Gul
Were not more delicate than the tints thereon;—
Like rose-ting'd silvery shell, on tropic island thrown.

Too much of dreaminess, perhaps, there lay
In the soft form and the voluptuous eyes;
The tissued robe, perhaps, was over gay—
Yet did I gaze, and gaze in mute surprise,
Watching to catch her lips' sweet melodies.
For lips so lovely must speak soft, I trow!
To stand and mark such charms is little wise:

But pencill'd lashes, but enchanting brow!—
In girlhood's flush, how fair, frail Ellinor, wert thou!

A voice I knew—'twas Vernon's!—wherefore there?
One arm was folded round the slender waist,
One hand was playing with the night-dark hair;
Yet seemed he almost sad and self-abased,
As if e'en then, he felt his love misplac'd.
Woe to the guilty love, from which the waking
By no illusive dream again is grac'd!
Woe to the feeble one, his God forsaking!—
The happy night is past, the grey drear morn is breaking.

Again I saw him—sad he look'd, and pale;
His conscious face upon his hands was bow'd;
I saw him falter and his courage fail,
As he walked forth before the white-rob'd crowd,
To read the blessed book; then fast and loud
Word followed word, like one who fear'd to think;
For every eye with insight seem'd endow'd,
And he was ready to the earth to sink.
His cup of woe, indeed, was steep'd unto the brink.

“Bless'd are the pure in spirit,”—words of joy!—
“For they shall see the glory of their Lord.”
Nay, words of terror to the guilty boy,
Keen in reproof as some two-edged sword.
Why should he read them? Mockery abhorr'd!
Insult to aisles where saintly feet had trod!
Insult to those true champions of the word
Who look'd in glory o'er the ancient rood!
Scorn to Earth's purest child, the Mother of our God,

Who seem'd to lose that soft and happy smile
Wherewith old limners loved the Maid to paint;
And lo! a big black cloud pass'd o'er the while,
And fix'd a frown on every pictur'd saint,
And all the purple light wax'd dim and faint.
O was not this an emblem of his years,
Once pure and happy without cloud or taint,
Now darkened over by remorse and fears,
Doom'd to that fearful thing—the man's repentant tears.

At length the blow was struck—discovery came;
 And Vernon was expell'd—a bitter blow,
 A blot for ever on an honest name.
 Whither, O whither should he hide his woe!
 To seek his far off home? O no! O no!
 What! face his father? See that aged head
 Sink to the grave with sorrow? Better go
 There where the burning plains of Ind are spread,
 Better, far better, lie among the quiet dead.

* * * * *

'Twas midnight—in a little parlour sat
 An old man and his wife; one too was there,
 Lovely and young; but all seem'd struck by fate;
 For the wife's lips did quiver as in prayer,
 And all unheeded fell the maiden's hair
 Over her tearful cheeks; the stern old man
 Seem'd quite bent down beneath a load of care,
 And often did his fingers thin and wan
 Grasp with a spasm the book that lay beneath his scan.

Sudden the door burst open—Vernon saw
 His sire, his sister and his mother; even
 Here was deep vengeance for God's slighted law.
 "Father, indeed, my very heart is riven;
 Father, my father, be my sin forgiven!
 To God and thee, I bend me—I am worse
 Than aught of vile that creeps beneath this heaven."
 He seiz'd the old man's knee with gentle force,
 And bow'd him down to hear—an angry father's curse!

His sister spoke no word—her fingers press'd
 Across the burning fountain of her eyes,
 And a convulsion swell'd her throbbing breast,
 And she sank down and never tried to rise;
 But sobb'd and sobb'd, as though in any wise,
 To vent the big, big tears that seem'd to choke
 Her working throat, and stifled were her cries.—
 Then from a death-like trance the mother woke,
 And only said, "My boy—O God! my heart is broke."

Vernon rush'd forth—the dewy midnight air
 Fell like a mockery on his fever'd brow ;
 There were the lilacs, the laburnums there
 He knew in boyhood—ah, how altered now !
 And yet not they—thou guilty one, 'twas thou.
 Calm rose the old church-spire above a wall,
 Which was o'erhung by many a milky bough.
 As in his early years the same was all ;
 His was the change of heart, and his, alas! the fall.

How calm, how beautiful! no wild wind's rage
 Had stirr'd the baby-bloom upon the trees ;
 But o'er the rose-clad little parsonage
 Wove they their big green arms :—the odorous breeze
 Bore to the near church-yard its melodies,
 There where his steps above his grandame's grave
 A thousand times had strayed, while round his knee
 Twin'd the long grass, that all spring through did wave
 O'er the grey burial stones that spoke Christ's power to save.

And overhead, a woof of orange light
 Was shot through the blue vestment of the sky ;
 And there was that deep silence of the night,
 That rustling of an angel's pinions by,
 That wondrous music of tranquillity
 All Nature's lovers love. It seem'd the birth
 Of some good spirit in the realms on high :
 While wildly bright, the stars of God look'd forth,
 Like angel eyes that watch the slumbers of the earth.

Hard by there lay a deep and quiet lake,
 With three green wooden islets on its breast—
 No rippling on them did the wavelets make,
 Each islet's shadow seem'd by each caress'd,
 The stars upon the dreaming waters rest.
 “ Surely 'twere sweet to hide mine aching head ;
 “ By father's love, by all on earth unblest'd ;
 “ 'Twere sweet to hide it deep beneath their bed,
 “ Lull'd by their murmurs low, among them pillowed.

“ Surely this woe is far too great to bear,
 “ Surely 'twere better, O my soul, to die !

“ Ye cold cold waters spread so brightly there,
 “ Ye are not colder than earth’s charity—
 “ Father, no father hast thou been to me—
 “ One sin, one shame, and all thy love of old
 “ Hath flown for ever, ceas’d for aye to be ;
 “ My love for thee is changeless and untold—
 “ Wherefore thy will so stern, wherefore thy heart so cold ?”

He said, and plung’d where fresh and graceful fall
 The many lilies with their garlands green
 Upon the waters, like a coronal
 For nymph, by haunted dreamer dimly seen,
 Rushing with foam-white foot the waves between.—
 The waters clos’d around him and before,
 And stirr’d the broad-leav’d lilies ; and a sheen
 Of sparkling drops glitter’d each calyx o’er.
 Then slept the ruffled lake—and Vernon was no more !

W. A.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rody the Rover, or the Ribbonman.—By W. Carleton. Dublin: James Duffy. 1 vol. 24mo. pp. 260.

THIS is the third of a series of shilling volumes published monthly in Ireland, which has already won deserved favour with the public. The volume is got up well ; and if, as we presume, the others of the series are brought out in the same style, they will do great credit to the spirited publisher : those for whom they are designed would be, indeed, unworthy if they failed to give the amplest success to the undertaking.

Rody the Rover is written for the people. It has other objects than those of the mere romancer. It is designed to show the people of Ireland who are those who urge them to take part in Ribbonism and in other secret societies ; and to warn them against the seduction of the designers, by showing the miseries which they bring upon their unhappy dupes. It is hardly fair to criticise, as a mere literary performance, a work that is actuated by such high political tendencies : and the object of the author may be, perhaps, fulfilled by that very exaggeration against which we should exclaim in those whose only aim is to pourtray nature. Some of the scenes in the volume before

us, are in Mr. Carleton's happiest style: we know nothing better than the description of the poverty-stricken village of Ballybracken, until employment and constant wages—introduced by a mining company, transform it into a smiling oasis amid a wretched wilderness. Employment and constant wages!—these are, in truth, mighty wonder-workers. Strange that a people whose writers seem to be so imbued with the knowledge of their good effects, should take so little pains to promote them! In the very first number of this Magazine, a plan was suggested by one of our correspondents, which those in England, who have made the state of the Irish peasantry their study, declared to be deserving of the most serious consideration. What notice did it attract in Ireland? It was mentioned at some length, by one or two of the metropolitan papers; it was thus brought under the observation of all: and it was neither approved nor refuted. Constant occupation, and constant wages, were then matters undeserving of notice: and a proposal was allowed to die away unheeded, which, had it been adopted and enforced, must have greatly mitigated the sufferings of the Irish people from that famine (occasioned by the potatoe pestilence), which we all fear to be impending.

However, Mr. Carleton, in a work intended for the Irish people, describes to them the good effects resulting from constant employment and constant wages: and nothing can be more happy than his illustrations. His pictures are so perfect that we would wish to transcribe them fully; and we yet fear to mar their effect by giving only such as our space will allow us to extract. Here is a description of the ways of the people of Ballybracken during the days of its forced idleness:

“*Wife.* ‘Jemmy, what ’ud you think now, if it was only by way of novelty, of goin’ to hear mass, and gettin’ a mouthful of prayers, for God knows you want them—(ha! consumin’ to you for a blackguard pig; there, it has spilt the pratie-wather all over the floor—ha, ha, and ha, agin! Now, take that, you divil’s limb of an animal, that’s a curse to the house, so you are—throth *you* might be lazy enough an’ nail a bit of board to the foot of that ould door, to keep it out, the thief.)’

“*Husband.* ‘An’ why the sorra did you go to strike the crathur wid the spade? There, now, you’ve lamed it, or, maybe, broke its leg. Look at that; the sorra foot it has to put undher it. Sorra cut the hands off you, but you’re ready wid your unlucky blow at the poor crathur!’

“*Wife.* ‘Ay, an’ *you’re* ready wid your oath, an’ your ‘sorra cut the hands off you;’ but as I said, it ’ud be far fitterer for you to brush up them ould rags upon you, and go to hear the Word o’ God.’

“‘Is it in this trim you’d have me go? exposin’ our condition to the whole parish!’

“‘It’s not your *coat*, but *yourself*, that God will jidge on the last day; but then *fareer gairh*, it’s little religion an’ little prayers goes far wid you. Do you ever expect to face God at all, wid the life you’re ladin’?’

“‘I am not sayin’ it’s my *coat* he’ll jidge; neither is it *your gown*

he'll jidge, Molly; an' as for mass or prayers, I don't see that you've got the start o' me as far as all that comes to. By my faix, it's blue-mowlded your bades is, I'll engage, if they war examined.'

" ' Oh! that's it; every one knows that you're good at a back answer; especially when you want to get out o' the truth. Me! oh, God help *me!* wid one child at my breast an' another at my knee, an' the whole house an' family on *my* back. Oh, the Lord help me! I say; widout a shoe to my foot, or a cap to my head. A fine figure I'd cut goin' to mass indeed! And if you warn't a mane-spirited man, you'd blush to see me goin' among sthrangers the way I am.'

" ' Very well, then; that ought to taich you to have feelins for them that's as badly off as yourself. Go to mass indeed! Sure divil a thing I resemble but a stack of rags goin' to a paper mill!'

" ' Throth an' if you keep away from your duty till you're dressed like a gintleman, you'll have time enough to get grey before you throuble it. At any rate, it's a spade you ought to have in your fist every day, workin' for me an' your childre, like a man,—what you're *not*.'

" ' I don't sit from mornin' till night roastin' my shins over the fire, an' makin' bird's nests in the ashes wid my heels, like a lazy trollop—what you *are*.'

" ' Oh that's it! Go on; you'll give the back answers still! Devil a more you're good for, you unmanly blackguard. Poor as I am I'm respected by the neighbours, an' that's more than you can say for yourself, you poor *pittiogue!* '

" ' You had better not provoke me, I tell you. Sure every one knows that you're the worst tongued barge in all Ballybracken—that's well known. God knows it was the black day that ever I seen your face; an' I'll tell you what, by this blessed pipe in my hand, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, I'll give you a flakin' that you'll remember.'

" ' Oh, in troth, I wouldn't put it past you, an' the child in my arms, too; but sure it 'ud be the wondher if you wor anything else than the vagabone you are, or any man that never shows his face at his parish chapel, or bends his knee undher priest or friar, but lives like a hathen or worse. However, there 'ill come a day you'll be sorry for it all, an' for not mindin' *my* words, an' that, maybe, when it 'ill be too late—a day after the fair wid you.'

" ' God bless us! what a prophet you are! Why don't you apply some of it to yourself, that wants it worse than I do.' "

We regret that we cannot give the *pendant* scene—the dialogue between the same couple after the husband had obtained constant employment and wages from the "stone-grubbers."

There are other pictures of great tenderness: and though villainy and the doings of villains have a larger share in the volume than we would willingly see them engross, still the work will support Mr. Carleton's deserved fame, and should be read by every one in Ireland and in England.

A Manual of Instructions on Plain Chant or Gregorian Music, with the Chants as used in Rome, for High Mass, Vespers, Complin, Holy Week, and the Litanies.—By the Rev. James Jones. London: Dolman.

“The object of the following pages is to supply a concise and easy explanation of the rules of plain chant, as differing from those of modern music; and also a sure guide for the chanting of the principal offices of the church. Both have of late been much called for by many desirous to propagate the knowledge of pure Gregorian music, and to promote an accurate and uniform version of our sublime ecclesiastical melodies, in place of the unauthorized variety which prevails in most of our chapels and churches. To such, this Manual is offered; not only for the use of the clergy, but of the laity also;—to direct the priest chanting at the altar, and to enable the people to respond, either in choir or throughout the congregation.

“Its rules, and the versions of the different chants may be safely adopted; inasmuch as they are derived, with scarcely an exception, from the works of Alfieri and Berti, the two highest authorities in Rome, and have received the sanction of several of those best acquainted with plain chant in this country, and the high approbation of the right reverend vicars apostolic.

“The method adopted in compiling the work has been to compress as much matter as possible into the shortest space, in order to accommodate, as to size and price, the greater number of purchasers.

“To render it easy of reference, a general alphabetical index is added, by which any point of inquiry contained in the Manual may at once be referred to.”

Such is the preface to this valuable work. We have looked at it artistically, and it seems fully to justify the anticipations of its reverend compiler. May it tend to promote unity and reverential harmony in place of the discordant operatic attempts which now so frequently check the aspirations of those who would “lift up their hearts on high.”

In the age of Pius IV, music was on the point of being for ever banished from Catholic churches, in accordance with the recommendation of the council of Trent, scandalized by the profanities of which it was made the excuse. A musician—Pier Luigi Palestrina—arose, to prove to the world that all the highest aspirations of genius or of sensibility, are consistent with true adoration of the Great Source of all that is valuable in the powers of man. He composed the mass known as that of Pope Marcellus; and music was, at once, recognized to be the proper-handmaid of public worship.

But yet how strongly do our own feelings recommend to us the plain Gregorian chant, in preference to any more varied composition! The soul, in prayer, seeks not the excitement of diversified harmony. Tones that may, in unvaried grandeur, sustain its heavenward aspiration, and lead it upwards by one unbroken chain of melody, better befit the spirit that trembles in the presence of its Creator, or breathes forth its feelings of praise, thanksgiving, and sorrow.

May this little work tend to suppress the profanity of efficient, but operatic orchestras, and the presumption of discordant country choirs. On his road to the Sistine chapel, Pope Leo XII met the musicians, hastening to their balconies: they knelt and craved his blessing: it was given with the sovereign's wonted benignity; but, as they arose from their knees, his holiness exclaimed, "*Sentite non tante strille—*mind: not so many shrieks!" If such an injunction was needed at Rome, how requisite must an authorized manual like the present be to those who so frequently keep the service of the altar waiting while they vociferate "amen" in every intonation of the gamut, or shake the pillars of the sanctuary by the aspirations with which they bellow forth "dona nobis pacem!"

This book ought to be in the hands of every priest; and, by him forced into the hands of every chorister in his church.

Rejected Letters: exposure of the "Tablet," versus Freemasonry; ex-communication and extraordinary assumption of ecclesiastical censorship by a Catholic newspaper. Second edition. Letter II.—By a Catholic. London: Cleave. 1845.

We do not like the style of this pamphlet. An author does not justify his want of "courtesy," by saying that his language is copied from that of his opponent. The manner in which the controversy on Freemasonry has been conducted in England, is deplored by every Catholic: but the quarrel having gone to such lengths, that the courts of law seem the only fitting arena on which it can be decided, we will not interfere with what may be the pleasures of the "gentlemen of the long robe." The pamphlet before us contains some convincing arguments to show that the Papal declarations against Freemasonry, were not intended to apply, and could not fairly be applied, to England. This had evidently been felt by the vicars apostolic; and, with admirable prudence, they would have averted the ill-will and the jealousies of all. No one is ignorant that many of the foreign lodges of Freemasonry had, contrary to the institutes of their order, taken an active part in political interests. As a state affected by their machinations, the court of Rome brought its spiritual power to bear against those who rejected lawful authority. The decree could not make that to be sinful, which, without it was innocent: the decree did not pretend to alter the laws of God and of the Church. In this light, it was understood by the bishops of the Church, who have accepted, or modified, or neutralized its provisions according to the spirit and character of Freemasonry in different parts of the world, according to what they knew to be the innocence or the sinfulness of the institution as it existed around them. In some instances, they would have enforced it: in others, they would let it become a dead letter.

The matter may be safely left to their prudent and judicious management: and we, as laymen, decline to interfere with their jurisdiction.

The Holy Catholic Bible: a new and elegant illustrated Catholic Family Bible. By the late Rev. G. L. Haydock. Published with

the Approbation of the Right Rev. Vicars Apostolic of Scotland.
Part I. Macgregor, Glasgow. Dolman, London.

We hail the appearance of this quarto edition of the Holy Scriptures with great satisfaction. Such an one has been long wanted amongst us. The notes are very ample; equal, in bulk, to one-third of the text. They are selected from the best authorities—those of Dr. Chalmers being retained entire. The type is large and clear; and the paper, although somewhat thinner than we could have wished it to be, is of a perfect colour. The engraving on steel of the Madonna della Seggiola, which forms a frontispiece to this number, gives high promise of the illustrations that are to follow. We shall watch this publication with interest; and do not doubt that the excellent style in which it is put forth and its cheapness will entitle it to the support of all Catholics. Who would be without a *large* Catholic Bible when such an one can be obtained on such terms?

Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. No. XXXVII.

Missions of Abyssinia—missions of China—missions of Georgia—mission of Tong-King—news from Macao—from the island of Mitylene—from the Antilles—from Malabar—from Lower Egypt—from Albania—from the isle of Cyprus:—in very truth, a reader has need to brush up his geography in order to follow the Apostles of the Faith in their labours of love, and in their wanderings to implant the love of God into the hearts that know him not! It is needless to say that the familiar details, sent by the missionaries from such distant lands, must be highly interesting, not only to the religionist, but to the mere philanthropist and political economist.

Edric the Saxon: a Tragedy in three acts. London: W. Pickering.

Our author lays great stress upon the novelty of his endeavour again to restrict tragedy to the limits imposed upon it by the Greek dramatists. We cannot entirely agree with his arguments: great as was Æschylus, we think that still greater tragedians have existed since his time: and as we cannot admit that the principles of the “Trilogy” ought to be generally adhered to, so also must we dissent from the reasoning advanced in opposition to the five-act tragedies of later times. There can be no doubt that many subjects have been disadvantageously drawn out, in order to supply the required number of acts: but many subjects, also, would have to be miserably crippled were they restricted to the limits of the Greek stage. We would insist upon the absence of all rule in the matter. Let the writer be guided only by the capabilities and requirements of his subject, and by his own power of handling it:—should these produce an effective tragedy of three, four, five, or six acts, who would object to its efficiency that it was not made according to rule? The poem itself before us is in too murderous a vein to please us. The writer has ability; and would he think more of nature and less of the heroism of the Saxons, he would sooner acquire the sympathies of modern readers. The “Norman nobles” were, no doubt, ambitious and high-minded scoundrels: but did they talk to themselves in strains like the following—in which, by the bye, the wheel of fortune is recorded to have been able

to read :—we have heard the saying that “those who run might read;” but never before have we seen it so exemplified :—

—— “Crushed
Beneath the *wheel* of my resistless fortune :
Which can supplant thee at thy hope’s last goal,
Can snatch the treasure thou hast wooed so long
E’en at the hour when thou esteem’d’st her won ;
And in the woundless hatred of thine eye,
The dull despair dark-glooming o’er thy brow,
Can read a triumph dearer than thy laurels.”

Other inaccuracies of expression occur, at times, from which more consideration would have easily preserved so talented a writer; for example :—

“There’s deeper wrongs than *blows* to waken vengeance :
How *many sighs* has heaved this wretched breast.”

And this oversight occurs in a scene in which much good poetry and gentle feeling is put into the mouth of the heroine.

If, as we suppose, Edric is a first attempt, let the author proceed. He can do much better.

The Death of Basseville ; a poem in terza rima. By V. Monti ; translated in the same verse. London : W. Watts.

We have too long delayed noticing this elegant volume. The fate of Basseville alone would bespeak interest ; but when, to it, is super-added the name of Monti, and an attempt to render into English a mode of versification that is so peculiarly Italian, we feel that it has claims upon the attention of every English reviewer. That versification was, indeed, attempted by Lord Byron in his prophecy of Dante—a poem from which the idea of de Basseville may have been taken. It was not liked in England : nor do we think that the present attempt will make it more popular. We say nothing against the artistical qualities of the translation : fault has been found with him that he does not really render all the involutions of the *terza rima* : we do not see in what he differs from Dante, the grand master of the art.

But had the poem of Dante been originally published in England, it would have had no better success than has awaited the imitators of his rhythm. There is not, in our language, sufficient melody to carry the ear through the unbroken monotony of the *terza rima* ; and the English character is itself too energetic to be satisfied with the dreamy harmony which should, in any hands, result from its “linked sweetness long drawn out.”

The Death of Basseville is the translation of the first canto of a political poem of some fame in Italy. It records the slaughter of a French envoy in the streets of Rome, whence his soul, (after some lines in which, in the true Italian style, Christian belief and Pagan fables are poetically blended together) takes wing to behold the horrors of the French Revolution. The versification of the translation is melodious and sufficiently nervous ; and we trust that he will not limit the exercise of his talents to a style of versification which, however accurately rendered, can never become popular with English readers.

CATHOLIC MONTHLY CORRESPONDENCE AND INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH PRIESTS, v. THEIR CALUMNIATORS.—To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*.

SIR,—In my letter published in the last number of your enlightened and truly Catholic Magazine, I directed the attention of your readers to “things as they are” with regard to Irish peasant marriages, and gave a brief but faithful outline of the manner in which they are conducted, so far as the Catholic priesthood is concerned. I said enough, I hope, to prove, that the priests are not exorbitant or unscrupulous in their demands on those occasions, and I promised to dispose—in your number for November—of the other equally ill-founded charges against that venerable body. I now hasten to redeem my promise :

It is alleged that the Irish priest will not baptize an infant without a fee of five shillings ! What ignorance, as well as ruffianism do not those hired traffickers in falsehood and calumny display ? Listen to the truth ! The infants of the Irish Catholic peasantry are generally baptized on Sundays at their respective chapels, or they are taken to the residence of the clergyman on week days, or else, during the season of Christmas and Easter “stations,” they are christened at the houses in which those “stations” are held. None of the readers of *Dolman* are ignorant of what is meant by a “station.” On those occasions, when the father of the infant can afford it, he gives the priest a couple of shillings, or half-a-crown, as his “dues.” But it happens in many cases, that the wretched man is unable to give anything : What then ? Why, the ceremony is cheerfully performed without hesitation, and without one farthing being demanded. I have often seen, when the peasant would evince an unusual degree of poverty, the priest refuse the money which the poor fellow generously proffered. Nay, I have often and often been present at baptisms, when, in cases of extreme destitution, the priest gave the wretched parents whatever loose coin he might happen to have on his person. But it often occurs too, that when the parents are in comparatively comfortable circumstances, for the “credit of the thing,” they invite the clergyman to perform the ceremony at their own residence. On these occasions, certainly, the priest will not officiate gratuitously. Why should he ? There is no poverty in question. He often has a long distance to come. The parents have the option to carry their child for baptism to the chapel, or the clergyman’s house, but they prefer the alternative ; and why should they not be made to pay for the gratification of their “bit of pride ?” Yet, even then, he *extorts* nothing. The people are left to themselves, and the sum varies according to the means or the generosity of the party. Less than five shillings is seldom offered ; and, except when the parties are of the higher grades, seldom a larger sum is accepted.

No wonder that Paddy should be the veriest scare-crow of Adam’s

race—robbed, as he is made appear to be, by those “sacerdotal swindlers,”—the *Hirish* priests! “Not content with plucking him whilst in health and strength, their griping rapacity is carried even to the straw couch, on which his woe-begone and tortured form is extended in the hour of death!” But why indulge in burlesque on such a subject? Instead of fleecing the dying peasant, as he is represented to do, I never yet knew an Irish priest demand a farthing for his attendance at the bed of death. No, no :—through the pelting of the storm ; amid the gloom and solitude of midnight ; in summer’s heat, and winter’s snow, the zealous herald of salvation cheerfully responds to the call, which summons him to the desolate sheeling, where disease and death and destitution, have fixed their dreary reign. There, often with his clothes drenched with rain, and his form trembling with the cold of the biting and humid night-air, the good father sits in the gloom and smoke and stench of that filthy hovel, whispering words of hope and trust, alluring to brighter worlds, and inspiring the sinking spirit of the dying sinner, with confidence in the merits and mercies of Christ Jesus. And he not only does this without money and without price, but he never departs from such a scene, without leaving his mite,—very often, more than he can at all afford—behind him.

But then “all his losses are pulled up by that fruitful source of clerical profit,—‘offerings’ at funerals!” Offerings at funerals are certainly customary in some districts of Ireland ;—in others, such a thing is never heard of. But they never occur, except when the priest is specially invited to attend, in his clerical capacity, at the house of mourning ; and when the friends of the deceased are able and predetermined to compensate him for his attendance. On these occasions, no doubt, the priest will expect remuneration. It is just he should get it. He is always willing to perform the burial rites at his own chapel for a mere trifle ; or, in case of poverty, without any remuneration. But when the parties prefer paying a larger sum for his attendance at the house of the deceased, I say again the priest is acting justly and wisely in demanding payment ; yet even then, he is not hardened or unmindful of the wants of his parishioners. Take an example—a bright example—of the generosity and disinterestedness of the Irish Catholic priest, on these as well as every other occasion. Last winter, a poor but respectable man died in this parish, (Raheen, Queen’s Co.) leaving a large family unprovided for. The parish priest was called on to attend at his funeral ;—the dead man’s friends were able to pay the clergyman, and they gave him a sum, amounting to about five pounds. “Oh, what a grab,” exclaims the ruffianly but impotent calumniator of the Catholic clergy. But listen ! The priest called the children of the dead man about him.—“Here,” he said, “take this money, I have not a pound on earth, yet I will not want ! Your necessities are greater than mine ; take it, and my blessing be with you !” Such an example is worthy of being recorded. Yet, such instances are frequent in every part of Ireland.

One word about “cattle blessing,” and I have done for the present. I was reared in a district of Ireland, where the population is in a ratio

of about ten catholics to one protestant and dissenter. I have lived there constantly since my birth. I have had as good an opportunity of being acquainted with every matter pertaining to "priests and popery," at least as any of the correspondents of the *Times*, and yet I declare, I never *heard* of such a thing as "cattle blessing" by Catholic priests, until I read of it from the columns of that journal. Need I say more on this subject?

I shall often again recur to these and similar slanders on our holy and venerated priesthood; not indeed because their exalted character needs my interference, or the interference of any other person, but because it is well to expose the falsehood of their calumniators to the English people, and particularly the enlightened and high-minded and Christian readers of *Dolman's Magazine*. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

Oct. 13th, 1845.

J. K.

To the Editor of *Dolman's Magazine*.*—SIR,—The announcement in your last number, that the increased circulation of the Magazine will henceforth enable you to devote a portion of your pages to intelligence and correspondence of a purely religious and Catholic character, is calculated to give very great satisfaction to the general body of your readers. Without interfering with the miscellaneous and lighter matter of the publication, this arrangement will stamp its character, as the organ of the Catholic body. It will give weight and dignity to a periodical that has already merited well of the reading public; and will establish an authority, to which we may turn, I trust, with confidence, for instruction and information on the most interesting of all topics.

We much want such a medium of communication and intelligence as, I hope, you are about to supply. Religion is not benefited by being mixed up with the outpourings of personal spleen, or surrounded with the clashing elements of party or political warfare. Her place is in the calm and holy shade of peacefulness: her characteristics are meekness, humility, brotherly love, and an attention to all the milder and kindlier feelings of our nature. It is not in the hot throng of human contention that she is to be found; nor is it amid the angry vituperations of satire or of slander that her voice is to be heard. If you can exhibit her progress in your pages, calm, and pure, and unearthly as it really is, if you can set apart a portion of your work, in which we shall hear of the things that concern another world, in accents and in language that are unsullied by the passions of this, you will indeed confer a benefit on the Catholics of this country, for which they have been long and vainly sighing.

To effect this object, however, and at the same time to convey intelligence of what is passing around us, much care and much vigilance will be necessary. Correspondents, particularly anonymous corres-

* This letter, from an esteemed correspondent, arrived too late for insertion in our last number.—Ed. *Dolman's Magazine*.

pondents, are too apt to indulge in language and remarks, which, under other circumstances, they would themselves be the first to condemn. Besides this, a custom has of late been growing up, of usurping the place of the pastors of God's Church, of dogmatizing on matters of religious belief, and of teaching the laity to rush, as it were, into the very sanctuary, and decide on questions that belong not to their province. Of course, the natural tendency of such writings is, to bring the pastors of the Church, and through them the Church herself, into contempt: and hence it will become requisite that these, and all matters of similar character and bearing, should be carefully excluded from your pages. Nor will it be sufficient to confine your attention to these points. Aware of the responsibilities of your station, you will not feel that ignorance, or negligence, or inadvertence will excuse an editor for the insertion of a falsehood, or the propagation of a slander. You will neither assail, nor suffer others to assail, the characters of honourable and virtuous men. You will not permit yourself to malign a neighbour because he refuses to support you: nor will you tolerate the abuse, with which, under pretence of reforming the world, malice too often seeks to emblazon the misdeeds of some obnoxious individual. Charity is not produced by uncharitable denunciations; and edification is not likely to follow from an angry scandalous publication of a brother's fault.

There is another point, also, to which I am anxious to direct your attention. I need not tell you that the most important truths may be injured by the manner in which they are put forward; and that it not unfrequently happens that a sentiment, in which, under ordinary circumstances, all would concur, is, by some unlucky expression, rendered so repulsive, as to become the source of general offence. Of this, I regret to say, we have an instance in that paragraph of your last number, in which your informant speaks of the intended temporary church at Bridgewater. With the sentiment itself it would be difficult, I should imagine, to find fault. The writer of the paragraph thinks that, in the erection of places of worship, we should proceed upon the principle of providing for the necessities, before we attend to the ornaments, of religion; that the accommodation of the multitude should be the primary object, the decorations of the building only the accessories; and that, until we have sufficient funds for other more expensive purposes, we should forego whatever is not strictly necessary to the decency of religious ministration, and content ourselves with providing a "comfortable space for all enquirers." Now, in all this, whether correct or not as an opinion, there is at least nothing offensive: but, unfortunately, the writer has chosen to introduce it to us with the picture of a "*Railway Terminus*:" he has gone out of his way, to sneer at "carving and gilding;" and has at last concluded by telling us, with a very significant self-satisfied toss of the head, that the Terminus at Bath, with a slight alteration, would be better adapted to "the purposes of a Catholic priesthood," than any temple that has been erected since the foundation of christianity!—To speak in the mildest terms of such language, it exhibits an instance of bad taste which can

hardly fail to give offence. There is a flippancy in it, which would scarcely be endured in the production of a newspaper scribe; and I feel therefore that I am only consulting the interests of the Magazine by calling your attention to it, and impressing you with the necessity of excluding such things in future.

I have said so much on matters which ought *not* to find a place in the Magazine, that I have scarcely left myself room to refer to those, which will, I trust, become its ornament and its attraction. Nor is it necessary that I should do more than briefly allude to them. Addressing yourself, through the lighter articles of the Magazine, to readers of all denominations, it will be your duty, as, I doubt not, it will be your study, to render the supplementary or religious portion of it a source of edification to all. While you record the progress, you will be careful to display the beauties, of religion. The unity and uniformity of the church, her patience, her long-suffering, her universal charity; the purity of her doctrines, the holiness of her children, the zeal of her pastors, the sweet accord and brotherly affection of those who really live by that spirit which animates her,—these, reduced to practice, and embodied in the living form of passing events, will be the beautiful themes with which you will seek to instruct our separated brethren, to win their affections to the ancient creed, and to remove the imputation, under which we have so long been labouring, that discord and railing, and a proud censorious spirit, were inseparable from our faith.

I am, Sir, your sincere well wisher,

Sep. 22, 1845.

A CONSTANT READER.

INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSION OF MR. NEWMAN.—We could add several names to the list which we published, last month, of those who have joined the Catholic Church from the ranks of Puseyism or Tractarianism. Such announcements, however, might be painful to many of those who have been urged by conscience to take the final step; but who yet, from many motives, may wish their conversion not to be blazoned forth. We have no wish to break through this reserve: we have no motive that should urge us to do so. We sincerely rejoice in their conversion for their own sakes; but those conversions bring to us no feelings of triumph which should urge us to infringe upon the privacy of individuals. The Catholic Church welcomes, with affection and with gratitude to God, all who come to her fold; but her children entertaining no doubts of the truth of her doctrines, need not the confession

of proselytes to reassure their faith. As the secession of a continent could not shake the belief of Catholics in the doctrines of their church, so neither the reconversion of individuals nor of empires could add to their confidence in the truth of their religion nor in the everlasting protection of the Founder of the Church of all Ages and of all Nations.

Rejoicing heartily with the brethren who have lately had the happiness of joining us, we refrain from announcing the changes of opinion of private individuals until they themselves shall have seen fit to declare them to the public. The adoption of one form of religious belief instead of another is, in a private individual, an act with which public journalists have no more right to interfere than they have with any other of the concerns of private life. Suffice it to say that, in all, about fifty persons, the greater part of whom were

esteemed highly talented members of the English Established Church, have acknowledged the worthlessness of Anglican and Tractarian opinions, and have been received into the communion of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Newman, however, is not a private individual. He has been so long known to the world as the leader of the party which is now being so rapidly broken up, that we owe it to the cause of truth to record his submission to its authority; and sure we are, that he himself would wish to give to it whatever influence may attach to his name and convictions. For nearly twenty years, has Mr. Newman been a zealous student of theology:—anxious, in the first place, to prove the truth of the religious establishment to which he belonged by impugning that of the Catholic Church; and, when he found himself unable to do this, anxious to establish for the Anglican creed a joint jurisdiction over the realm of truth. This attempt was more painful to behold than the former; and every straight-forward and ingenuous man deplored the sad perversion of ingenuity which dictated such excuses as those contained in Tract No. 90.

When that Tract was first published, we requested the loan of it from an Anglican clergyman in whose hands we saw it:

“Take it and keep it,” he said. “I do not like to have it.”

He called on us two days afterwards. The Tract was on our table. We had written on it—

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt.*

“I had forgotten the latter words!” he exclaimed. “We have all been threatened with the *tendimus in Latium*; but your context seems strangely apposite.”

That the author of Tract 90 should have, at length, found that sure and certain rest, must rejoice every Catholic: that a man of his abilities, of his coolness, of his pertinacity in error (if we may use the words without offence) of his evident unwillingness to surrender Anglicanism—that such a man

should have been compelled to acknowledge the ONENESS OF FAITH, ought to confound every thinking follower of Protestantism of whatever shade. Every shade of it appeals, more or less, to private judgment: he, one of themselves, predisposed by every tie to decide in their favour—has judged their claims, has measured them, has weighed them, and has found them wanting.

Alas! alas! that the love of truth should have been so weakened in the land, that no more than half a hundred of his adherents should have yet followed the disinterested example of their great thinker and foremost champion! Half a hundred of such spirits as have accompanied Mr. Newman in his secession, are, indeed, a grievous loss to the system which they thus declare to be indefensible: but let not Catholics be elated by the conquest: let them not, as some have done, set the gain of one such soul against hundreds who may secede in Germany: all souls are of equal value in the sight of God: let them not boast, in forgetfulness of their former anticipations. All England was, they said, to have been led over to them by this much-coaxed Tractarian-movement. Let them weigh their gains with the time it has taken to achieve them: then will they receive their new brethren in the spirit of charity and meekness—rejoicing only that the Church still fulfils her everlasting mission of bringing souls to God for their good and for His own honour and glory.

Dr. Pusey has published a letter on the conversion of Mr. Newman. It is unworthy of him as a theologian—as a logician: it is a *Jeremiade*—aiming only to inculcate that the Anglican Church must be in a flourishing condition since it raised up such men as the seceders within its bosom:—that God watched over it with the same love as that with which He beheld the Catholic Church;—and that had Protestants prayed to retain Mr. Newman as much as Catholics prayed to possess him, heaven would have left him to the prayers of the one as willingly as it accorded him to the supplications of the other class of Christians. There

is the same want of ingenuousness in the whole letter, as that which we have been sorry to note in those which Dr. Pusey has lately published on the judgment in Mr. Oakley's case. The example of his friends ought to inspire a more truthful spirit. These are not cases for special pleading.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. BAGGS, VICAR APOSTOLIC IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT.—It is our painful duty to record the occurrence of an event which we anticipated in our Number for September. The Rt. Rev. Prelate expired on the 16th October, from the effects of paralysis which had afflicted him for some months. Before his death, he received all the sacraments of the church. The severities of an English climate acting upon a constitution long used to the more temperate winters of Rome, have deprived the Western Vicariate of an active pastor, before it had enjoyed, for two years, the advantages of his apostolic zeal.

ITALY.—THE INSURRECTION IN LA ROMAGNA.—The latest accounts from the Romagna state that tranquillity has been completely restored at Rimini. The insurgents had taken the route to Borgosan-Sepulchro, in order to reach Leghorn, where they hoped to embark. In Tuscany, a party of one hundred men were forced to lay down their arms, and they have been sent to Roca St. Casiano. The 'Allgemeine Zeitung' states that the whole affair was planned in London, whence the revolutionists received money for bribing the soldiery. A manifesto has been issued by the insurgents at Rimini, addressed to the whole of the inhabitants of the Roman states, and to the princes and people of Europe. The document, which is ably drawn up, gives a short account of the many attempts made by the Italians since 1816 to acquire a share of liberty similar to the rest of Europe. It closes by declaring that the Liberals in the Roman states wish to respect the authority of the Pope as head of the universal church, but in order that they may respect and obey him as a temporal sovereign, they demand—1. That a general amnesty

be granted for all political offences committed since 1821. 2. That the civil and criminal codes be modified and assimilated to those of the other civilised nations of Europe; that the proceedings in the courts be public; that trial by jury be introduced; and that confiscation and the punishment of death for treason be abolished. 3. That the tribunal of the holy office exercise no authority over the laity, nor over those having jurisdiction in the ecclesiastical courts. 4. That political offences be tried before the ordinary tribunals. 5. That the municipal councils be elected by the citizens, and approved by the sovereign; that the provincial council be elected by the sovereign, from a list presented by the municipal council, and the supreme council of persons to be proposed by the provincial council. 6. That the supreme council of state reside at Rome, and have the superintendence of the public debt, and that it have a deliberative vote on all questions respecting the taxes and the expenditure of the state, and be consulted on every other. 7. That all public functionaries, and all civil, military, and judicial functionaries, shall be considered as seculars. 8. That public instruction be under the direction of the bishops and clergy, to whom religious education is reserved. 9. That the restrictions of the censorship on printing be restricted to the prevention of injury to the Divinity, to the Catholic religion, to the sovereign, and the private lives of citizens. 10. That the foreign troops be dismissed. 11. That a civil guard be instituted, to preserve order and enforce obedience to the laws; and, finally, that the Government commence a system of social improvement in the spirit of the age.

TROUBLES IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES.—A letter from Florence, dated Oct. 9, announces that the troubles in the Roman states had entirely ceased, and that the insurgents who had succeeded in escaping from the Pontifical and Austrian soldiers had dispersed in the Apennines. Closely pursued in these mountains, they had endeavoured to take refuge in the lonely valleys of

the Carfagnana, but forced to fly before the peasants who had risen against them, they had decided upon seeking a last refuge in Tuscany. A treaty, non-written, but always observed, exists between the Papal government and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, which orders that extradition in political affairs should be mutually observed between the two states. The Grand Duke had taken, under this circumstance, a most unlooked-for decision, and declared that the extradition should not take place, and gave orders for embarking the refugees in a vessel lying in the port of Leghorn, and to land them at Marseilles. This decision had excited the greatest enthusiasm at Florence, and the Grand Duke, whenever he appeared in public, was hailed by the warmest acclamations.

HOSPITABLE RECEPTION OF ITALIAN REFUGEES.—Ninety-nine Italian refugees have landed at Marseilles. They were immediately taken prisoners by the police, and a portion of them were lodged in the barracks and others in the town prison. It was said that, in a few days, these refugees would all be sent as prisoners to towns in the interior of France.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—The Pope has thrown the library of printed books in the Vatican open to the public, and ordered the preparation of a catalogue for their use.

THE VATICAN VERSUS RAILROADS.—The 'Gazetta Italiana,' a print published at Paris, mentions three decrees which, it alleges, have been recently issued by the Pope. The first prohibits the construction of any description of railroad in the Pontifical dominions; by the second, all the Pope's subjects are prohibited from attending any scientific congress; and the third orders all physicians not to attend such patients as, after their third visit, shall not have received the sacrament. [We totally disbelieve the latter part of this statement. Such an order was, we have heard, recently issued by a Bishop in the legations; but he was induced, by representations from Rome, instantly to withdraw it.—ED. D. M.]

TEMPORALITIES OF THE POPES.—

VOL. II.

The great powers of Europe, fearing lest the peace of the world should be disturbed by the continual dissatisfaction and outbreaks occasioned by the refusal of the Papal Government to make those reforms in its civil administration which the spirit of the times demands, propose to detach the legations from the state of the Church and to join them to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.—*Morning Paper*.

FRANCE.—THE JESUITS.—The *Journal des Débats* announces, under date Amiens, the 1st inst., that the celebrated institution possessed by the Jesuits at St. Acheul had ceased to exist. Forty of the fathers and novices abandoned the house at the close of September, many of whom expatriated themselves.

GERMANY.—The Archbishop of Cologne (Baron von Droste zu Vischering) departed this life at Munster, about half-past seven on the morning of Oct. 19. The deceased prelate, about six or seven weeks before his death, had gone to Munster, in order to assist at the jubilee of the venerable bishop of that diocese (Caspar Maximilian von Droste Vischering), and had taken a part in the religious solemnities, which lasted during a whole week, and which were conducted on the grandest scale; all the civic and military authorities, and the entire population, Catholic and Protestant, of Munster, being anxious to testify their respect and love for the good bishop, who had so wisely ruled over his see during fifty years. The lamented prelate was already much impaired in health, having been subject during the entire summer to an intermittent fever; and, on the last day of the festival, he was unable to leave his room. He was visited there by the various bishops who had assembled at Munster, and who, at parting, implored his benediction. The pious and humble prelate long refused, alleging his unworthiness; but, at last, he consented, and gave them his blessing, as they knelt around him. In the most earnest manner, he requested also their blessing in return, which was granted. About the 28th of September, he began to grow much worse in health; and it

was apparent that he was fast sinking. He was now almost constantly attended by three Sisters of Mercy, from the so-called Clement hospital of Munster. Their task must have been the more congenial to them, as the suffering prelate was the founder of their order. The deceased archbishop was born in 1773, was consecrated Bishop of Calama and Suffragan of Munster in 1827, and enthroned as Archbishop of Cologne and Metropolitan of the Rheno-Westphalian ecclesiastical province in 1836. The deceased prelate's noble conduct with regard to the mixed marriage question must be fresh in the minds of our readers. As soon as the melancholy intelligence of his death reached Cologne, it was announced to the inhabitants by the solemn tones of the cathedral bell. It is not known yet whether he will be buried in that edifice.

RONGISM.—Since October 3, benefited Catholic clergymen in Bavaria are obliged to take an oath, at their installation, "not to maintain any suspicious (*verdächtige*) intercourse with persons, either at home or abroad, which may be likely to disturb the public peace." The "suspicious intercourse" in question, has reference to the so-called "German Catholics."

THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF MUNSTER, whose jubilee was lately celebrated in so worthy and memorable a manner, has addressed a letter of thanks to the authorities of the above city, of which the following is an extract: "During more than fifty years, I have almost constantly resided here, and have always joyfully reckoned myself as one of your citizens; and, on that account, it has been most agreeable to me to receive such proofs of attachment and confidence from my fellow-townsmen. I feel that it was not for my person alone that they were manifested; but that they had especial reference to the priestly dignity, to the holy office to which it has pleased God to call me, and to the Church, whose unworthy servant I have the undeserved happiness to be. They are, therefore, the more gratifying to me, as I recognize in them the pious sentiments of the inhabitants of Munster, and a new guarantee for the future."

THE MONKS OF MOUNT CARMEL, Giovanni Battista and brother Clemente, have received liberal contributions in Cologne and in Westphalia, particularly in Munster. These two celebrated individuals are the founders of the convent and *hospice* on Mount Carmel (a species of Mount Bernard establishment), where travellers, without distinction, are kindly and hospitably entertained.

THE NEW PRINCE-BISHOP OF BRESLAW, in Silesia, Baron von Diepenbrock, took the oath of allegiance on the 12th inst. at Vienna, for those portions of his diocese which belong to Austria. His grace afterwards paid a visit to the emperor, by whom he was most kindly received.

MIXED MARRIAGES IN THE GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.—A conflict has arisen between the government of the Grand Duchy of Baden and the Archbishop of Friburg, similar to that which has existed between the Archbishop of Cologne and the government of Prussia. The prelate of Friburg having commanded his clergy not to celebrate any mixed marriages without his licence as metropolitan, the government issued a declaration that this order was null and void, as being contrary to the usages of the country. Notwithstanding this, the Archbishop has reiterated his order, and enjoined his clergy to a strict observance of it, under the faith of the oath they took when they were ordained, if the parties do not agree to bring up the children in the Catholic faith. Steps are to be taken against the Bishop in the course of the approaching session.

CONGRESS OF PROTESTANT PRINCES.—The *Rhenish Observer* states, that very shortly a congress of deputies from all the Protestant princes of Germany will take place, in order to consult on the best means for restoring and consolidating the order in that Church, so seriously threatened by rationalists and radicals.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT.—The following is an extract of a letter, dated Frankfort, October 18:—"The election of the Legislature here for 1846 has been generally influenced by the state of the feelings of the people rela-

tive to the religious question. The legislative body consists of seventy-five deputies. All citizens vote for the list of electors, which consists of seventy-five persons, and these seventy-five elect forty-five deputies. On this occasion, out of seventy-five electors chosen, twenty-four belong to the German Catholic Church. Of the forty-five deputies, only two belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and four to the German Catholic Church. An attempt was made to exclude the Roman Catholics altogether from the legislature. Great apprehensions are entertained here that the religious commotion is about to assume a political character, and that under the pretence of forming congregations of the followers of Ronge, 'Young Germany' and 'Young Europe' societies are about to be organized."—We published last week an extract from the reply of the King of Prussia to the municipality of Berlin on the address presented by that body. The official version has since been published, but its length prevents us from giving it a place here. The most material part is the denial by the King of the right or competency of the Regency to interfere in any manner whatever in the national Protestant Church, while his Majesty asserts that authority to be vested solely in himself.

POLAND. RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.—On the 22nd ult., the Polish refugees in Paris attended a funereal service, celebrated in the church of St. Roch, in honour of the forty-seven nuns who were recently martyred in the town of Witebesk, with a refinement of cruelty, that one would refuse to credit it, had not witnesses in every respect worthy of belief attested the fact. This convent had been established from time immemorial near the town of Minsk, and the inmates fulfilled, among the people, the same duties as our Sisters of Charity. They instructed the children, provided for the widows and aged, and assisted the poor by the fruit of their labours. They had, unfortunately, for chaplain a priest called Michclewicz, one of those creatures whom tyrannical go-

vernments invariably select to fill the chief offices of the Church. This wretch, having become bishop, apostatized, and wished to involve in his guilt the holy sisterhood. After besetting them in every kind of way, and vainly resorting to promises, persuasions, and threats, perceiving that he could not obtain his object, he determined to punish by severity. During the night, by his orders, Cossacks surrounded the convent, seized the nuns with the most revolting brutality, bound them with cords, and conducted them thus to Witebesk, nearly twenty leagues from Minsk, compelling them to walk the entire distance. At this place they were confined in a convent of schismatical nuns, in the capacity of servants, or more properly speaking as slaves. Those who are acquainted with the profound ignorance, dissolute morals, and ardent fanaticism of these Greek nuns, can form some idea of the dreadful treatment which the Basilian sisters were compelled to endure. Forced to perform the most vile offices, supplied with a quantity of black bread scarcely sufficient to support nature, each of them moreover received regularly every Friday fifty lashes, so that their attenuated bodies were covered with wounds and sores, yet they showed even more courage under these trying circumstances than their enemies exhibited ferocity. Encouraging each other to suffer patiently for the glory of God, they persevered in the Catholic religion. The anger of the apostate Suinayko increased. He caused these holy and self-devoted creatures to be ironed and sent to the galleys. Their nourishment had latterly consisted of half a salt herring daily, with a small measure of water. This diet was now changed to half a pound of black bread, with the same quantity of water, and thus whilst suffering from hunger and thirst, they were compelled to act as labourers to the masons employed in constructing the Episcopal Palace. Several of them were driven into the river up to their necks, and from time to time plunged under the water, because they persisted in refusing to apostatize; others, con-

denied to labour in mines, were placed where the danger was most imminent, and were in many instances killed; finally, eight of them had their eyes torn out. Their faith surmounted these severe trials, not one of them gave way, though thirty of them sunk under their sufferings. Among the seventeen who yet survived, after the death or rather after the triumph of these thirty martyrs, three only possessed sufficient strength to avail themselves of an occasion which presented of escaping their unmerited punishment. The schismatic nuns who guarded them having become insensible from ebriety after one of the orgies consequent upon certain of their fêtes, they were enabled to climb over the door of their prison, and thus escape unobserved. It was not without regret that they abandoned their companions, and renounced the glory of dying with them, but they hoped to be of service to their faith and to their country; moreover, it was expedient that Europe should be made acquainted with what had transpired. After encountering a thousand dangers and hardships they succeeded in entering Austria, and one of them, the venerable Superior, is actually at present in Paris. It is this lady from whom we have gained the above facts, and which we also take from the Polish journal the *Trois Mai*.—*Univers*.

SYMPATHY WITH TYRANTS.—By some singular illusion, when the Emperor Nicholas shed the lustre of his countenance on this country, it is well known that he was considered the very Apollo of potentates by the female portion of the English aristocracy. Beautiful, yes, and good and gentle women, forgetting the atrocities of the man in what is thought the glories of an emperor, crushed and crowded for an introduction to the tremendous creature, and if he smiled or said a soft word or two, the happy lady felt her nature sublimated, raised far beyond mere mortal happiness by the condescension. English wives and mothers forgot the unmanly oppressor of Polish women—the child-stealer and the flogger. We now take from the *Journal des Débats*—certainly not the least temperate of

French journals—as quoted in the *Times*, an account of the murder, and the worse than murder, of forty-seven Polish Catholic nuns who dwelt in an ancient convent near the town of Minsk. Their duties were as those of the Sisters of Charity. “They instructed the children, provided for the widows and aged, and assisted the poor by the fruit of their labours.” But the Emperor Nicholas orders a religion for all his subjects as he orders a uniform for his troops: he is all for the Greek Church; though, indeed, it seems diabolic mockery to think of him in connection with any Church at all. Well, the nuns would not apostatise. Whereupon—

During the night Cossacks surrounded the convent, seized the nuns with the most revolting brutality, bound them with cords, and conducted them thus to Witebesk, nearly twenty leagues from Minsk, compelling them to walk the entire distance.”

They were then confined in a convent of schismatical nuns, and remaining firm to their faith, they were forced to perform the most vile offices, and—hear this, ladies of England—“received regularly every Friday fifty lashes.” They were covered with “wounds and sores.” They were subsequently compelled to work as labourers to the masons employed in constructing the Episcopal Palace! Finally, all except three, sunk beneath their agonies. Three escaped, and one of them, says the *Débats*, “the Venerable Superior, is actually at present—in Paris.”

This being the case, we put it to those high-born ladies who thronged and fluttered about the man under whose rule such atrocities are acted, whether it would not be as well to invite over this aged nun to England. Having worshipped the tyrant, they would make some amends for the grievous error, by showing the sympathy of true womanhood with one of his thousand woman victims.—*Punch*.

“The Abbé Ozarowski has been condemned to death on the simple, uninvestigated accusation of ‘writing to Rome.’ This ecclesiastic was for ten years head of the Seminary at Luck; and the emperor, ‘willing to show him

due respect, has changed his sentence of death to hard labour for life in the pestiferous mines of Naicyusk, which appears to amount to an increase of the original sentence. The Church loses an excellent ecclesiastic, one of the most zealous defenders of the Faith, and Poland one of her best pastors; but Christianity gains another martyr."—*Univers.*

DEATH OF THE LAST DIGNITARY OF ANCIENT POLAND.—The last great dignitary of the Polish Crown died some days ago at his country seat, a short distance from Posen. His name was Herr Von Czarnecki; he was the royal carver of Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the last King of Poland, and had attained, before his death, his ninetieth year. According to his expressed wish, he was buried with all the ceremony due to his former high rank and station.

THE FIRMAN FOR THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT JERUSALEM.—The imperial firman for the erection of the Protestant church of Jerusalem limits its erection, according to the terms of the application on the part of the British Embassy, *within the British Consular residence* in the Holy City. The firman specifies that it is granted to remove the difficulties and obstructions experienced by British and Prussian Protestant subjects visiting Jerusalem.

CANADA.—THE NEW CATHOLIC SEMINARY.—This noble edifice, the building of which commenced during the lifetime of the lamented Bishop Macdonnell, is rapidly advancing towards completion. The roof is now being put on the main building, and the foundations of the wings are laid. The institution for which it is to be devoted, is the chartered College of Regiopolis; and it is confidently expected that in the course of the next summer, the various Professors will be appointed, and students admitted—those of Divinity at least. The building is already a prominent ornament to our good town. The new Catholic cathedral is also in a rapid state of progression.—*Kingston Whig.*

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—THE JESUITS.—"The province of England

contained 140 Jesuits in 1841, and 154 in 1844. The Jesuits have thirty-three establishments, houses, colleges, residences, or simple houses. They show themselves more openly than in other countries, and the colleges and houses are generally called by the name of some saint. Thus they have the colleges of St. Ignatius, St. Michael, St. Stanislaus, St. John the Evangelist, St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. Their principal establishment is the College of Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. It contains twenty priests, twenty-six novices, and fourteen brothers. The province of England has twenty missionaries at Calcutta. The English Government protects them as much as the Protestant missionaries, and even assists them at the present moment to establish a new college specially devoted to China. The vice-province of Ireland contained sixty-three Jesuits in 1841, and seventy-three in 1844. They possess in Ireland the Colleges of Clongowes, Tullabeg, and Dublin. In Dublin they have recently founded a second college."—*Constitutional.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC STATISTICS.—During the last six years fifty-four new Roman Catholic churches have been erected in England. Many of them, especially those in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Newcastle, Macclesfield, and Coventry, are on the largest scale of parochial building in this country. Seven religious houses have been erected; nineteen new communities of nuns, and nine houses of religious men; and nearly two million volumes of Catholic publications have been printed in the same period. According to Mr. Pugin, the architect, St. George's Roman Catholic Church, in London, when completed, will, next to Westminster Abbey, be the largest Gothic structure in the metropolis.—*Chronicle.*

THE RENT.—THE REPEAL BAROMETER for the week ending—

27 September	...	204	9	8
1 October	...	600	3	5
8 October	...	232	6	4
22 October	...	377	5	2

GENERAL MEETING OF CHRISTIANS OF ALL CREEDS.—We understand that

it was arranged at the preliminary meeting, held in this town last week, for the promotion of union amongst the professors of different forms of Christianity, that a general and public meeting of persons friendly to that object should be held in London, in the month of May or June, next year. The proceedings in Liverpool were very satisfactory to the originators of the conference, who are now sanguine in their hopes of removing many jealousies, and of establishing friendly feelings in their place. Of the clergy of the establishment, twelve or thirteen joined the conference, or expressed their approbation of its objects, which will be fully developed and explained at the public meeting. — *Liverpool Times*.

POSTPONEMENT OF HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO ARUNDEL CASTLE.—This interesting circumstance, which has been talked of for the last year, or even more, and for which the most costly preparations have been made, has been suddenly put off by her Majesty. The disappointment is very great in every quarter. On the occasion of the Royal morning call, early in the spring of this year, the weather was most unfavourable (snowing heavily nearly the whole of the day), rendering it impossible for her Majesty to form any idea of the beauties of Arundel beyond the interior of the Castle. There are various reports of the cause of this disappointment, the most reasonable of which is, that Prince Albert is lamed by his recent accident; and as pheasant-shooting would be the leading sport of the day for his Royal Highness, the visit consequently is postponed until her Majesty's Royal Consort is restored to convalescence. — *Brighton Guardian*.

LATIN SERVICE IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.—In the cathedral church of Christ Church, Oxford, the college prayers, morning and evening, are to this day said in Latin—the only place, we believe, where Latin prayers continue to be used. — *British Churchman*.

NEW COLLEGES.—**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.**—The following declaration, signed by eighteen of the

Roman Catholic prelates—two archbishops, and sixteen bishops—has just been promulgated, reiterating the opinions embodied in the resolutions unanimously adopted at the meeting of the prelates in May last, that the Legislative measure of academical education for Ireland is “dangerous to faith and morals:”—“Lest our faithful flocks should be apprehensive of any change being wrought in our minds relative to the recent legislative measure of academic education, we, the undersigned archbishops and bishops, feel it a duty we owe to them and ourselves, to reiterate our solemn conviction of its being dangerous to faith and morals, as declared in the resolutions unanimously adopted in May last by the assembled bishops of Ireland:—The Archbishops Cashel and Tuam; the Bishops Clonfert, Achonry, Ferns, Raphoe, Ardfert and Aghahoe, Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, Ardagh, Meath, Dromore, Ossory, Elphin, Cloyne and Ross, Waterford and Lismore, Killala, Clogher, Galway, Kildare and Leighlin.

WHAT THE CLERGY HAVE GAINED BY SUPPORTING THE TORIES.—It is demonstrable, from every movement of Sir Robert Peel's government, that it wishes to free itself from the embarrassment of maintaining a State Church either in Ireland or England; that Government has no objection to maintain the property of the Church, as a corporate body—it will still vote, if its interest requires it, against the confiscation of its revenues; but, when any question arises which relates to the rights of either Church, as an estate of the realm, or as an estate of Parliament, it immediately deserts it, stands mute in its defence, arrests no measure that destroys its supremacy, and leaves it a prey to its inveterate enemies. This is the ministerial policy both in England and Ireland. — *Church and State Gazette*

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—Mr. Pugin, the artist celebrated for restoring ancient architecture in this country, has, by authority, submitted plans for a Roman Catholic cathedral, upon a grand scale, to be erected in Liverpool. Its length is to

460 feet, with two lofty towers, and a steeple of great height. It will stand upon two-and-a-half acres of land. The cost will exceed 100,000*l.* Several subscriptions of 500*l.* to 2,000*l.* each are already spoken of.

VANDALISM.—Depredations on rather an extensive scale have for some time been committed, chiefly by tourists, on the beautiful and interesting ruins of Melrose Abbey.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.—The Dean and Chapter have ordered the nave of this highly interesting edifice to be open free of charge to the public four hours each day—from nine to eleven, and from two to four. This is a further consequence of the good behaviour of the people, and augurs well of the experience of the Church-authorities at York, Durham, Norwich, and Westminster.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—"I remember, sir, some years ago, when travelling in France and Italy, to have frequently met in the remote bye-roads and amidst the passes of the mountains, little parties of females pursuing their way to some secluded cottage among the hills, or some humble dwelling by the way-side. They were generally hurrying along in parties of two, clad in the simplest garb, and in their appearance remarkable for nothing save their air of earnestness and benevolence. These, I was told, were members of the Society of the Sisters of Charity; and on further inquiry I was more intimately informed of their occupation and habits. They were ladies, my guide informed me, generally of superior birth and education, who had made a vow to devote themselves for a certain portions of their lives, some for a longer term than others, but generally from three to ten or fifteen years, to attending on the sick, and administering to the destitute and distressed. Their days were spent in going from cottage to cottage in search of objects of distress. They shrunk not even from the contagion of the hospitals; and so affectionate was their solicitude for their patients, that the sick considered themselves fortunate indeed who could have for their nurse one of the Sisters of Charity! Rich

and poor were alike the objects of their attention; their aim was the alleviation of misery; and they felt that its visits were not confined to the mansions of poverty alone. 'They are loved and admired by all,' added my informant, 'even the bad respect them, and the very bandits would perish on the hills rather than molest one of the Sisters of Charity.'"—*Speech of Emerson Tennent, M.P.*

STATE RELIGIONS.—A recently issued Parliamentary paper informs us that during the fifteen years, from 1830 till 1844, the amount of public money granted in aid of religious purposes was 2,745,853*l.* 8*s.* 1*d.* Of this sum there was 88,742*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* spent abroad, as the expenses of the clergy connected with foreign embassies and missions. The grants to the Church of England amount to 4,441*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.*, and those to the Church of Ireland to 0*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*! But the clergy in Ireland received for them 957,496*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.*, and grants to the clergy of England in tithe matters amount to 624,403*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*, to which must be added 7,199*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* for the expenses of Bishops and clergy on their journeys of visitation, and passages out and home, which, with the 88,742*l.* for the clerical expenses of embassies and consulates, will make a total of 720,345*l.* The tithe commission is included in this amount; and from 1837 to the close of 1844, it cost the country the sum of 317,800*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* In England, during the fifteen years included in the return, the amount spent in building and repairing churches and chapels, including drawback of duty on the materials used, has been 226,952*l.* 18*s.* In Scotland, during the same period, and for the same object, the sum of 65,791*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.* has been spent; in Ireland, only 277*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*, which was in the year 1833. Increase of stipends in Scotland has taken 2000*l.* a-year, the procurator of the Church and his subordinates, the Royal Chaplains, the Dean of the Thistle, and the itinerant preachers ordered by the general assembly, make up the annual charge to Government to about 23,000*l.* The only consulate chaplaincy in connex-

ion with the Church of Scotland, is at Buenos Ayres, the cost of which, since 1835 to 1844, is stated at 2,549*l*. The annual amount paid out of the public funds to Protestant Dissenters in England is 1,862*l*.; but in Ireland it amounts to 34,629*l*. Consequently, while Dissenters in England have, in fifteen years, received 27,514*l*., those in Ireland have received 424,261*l*. The "Church of Rome in Ireland" has, during the same period, received 136,162*l*., paid in annual sums of 8,928*l*. [The Dissenters in Ireland are about 700,000, the Catholics are nearly 8,000,000!] From a supplement to the same return we find that in 1818 and 1823, two acts appropriated 1,500,000*l*. for the building and enlargement of churches in England; which, with 34,782*l*. 17*s*. received as interest, and 53,619*l*. 1*s*. 10*d*. as drawback on materials used in building, gives a total of 1,588,401*l*. 19*s*. 7*d*. appropriated for this purpose. During the same period there was 68,564*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*. applied in the same way in Scotland; and 2,113*l*. was allowed for the building and repair of Roman Catholic chapels. The total amount from 1800 to 1829, was 2,290,712*l*.; from 1830 to 1844, as already stated, it was 2,745,853*l*.—*Chronicle*.

PRESTON.—CATHOLIC LIBRARY.—THE SURVEY.—On Thursday last, the committee of the Catholic News Room and Library presented a mark of esteem to Messrs. Murphy, Grehan, and Kearnes, of the Royal Ordnance Survey, who have zealously exerted themselves above all praise for the last three years, in assisting to raise the above institution to its present high and flourishing condition. A supper was given, after which a handsome and splendid Missal was presented to Mr. Murphy, as a tribute of the committee's respect for his arduous services as librarian to the institution for the last three years, to which Mr. Murphy very feelingly replied.—*Preston Guardian*.

BIRTHS.

On the 19th instant, Mrs. Pagliano, of Brook-green, Hammersmith, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th ult., the Hon. Charles Hugh Clifford, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Clifford, to the Hon. Agnes Petre, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady Petre.

On the 11th instant, at Marylebone, and afterwards at the Chapel of the French Embassy, by Monsieur l'Abbé Tourzel, François Guillaume Eugène Chatard de Fargeas, Haute Vienne, France, to Sarah, daughter to Thomas Barnes, Esq., of Upper Park-place, Dorset-square.

On the 15th, at the Catholic Chapel Warwick-street, and afterwards at Paddington, R.D. Woodfield, Esq., to Louisa, relict of the late John Burke, Esq., of Jamaica.

On the 15th, at the Chapel, Spanish-place, by the Rev. John Telford, Mr. John Cronin, of George-street, Portman-square, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Philip Verini, of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

On the 15th Oct., by his Grace the most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Marcella, daughter of Sir Michael Dillon Bellew, Bart., to Patrick Crean Lynch, Esq., of Clogher-house, County Mayo.

DEATHS.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Miss Eleanor Fogarty, of Woolwich, who departed this life on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, in the 27th year of her age. May she rest in peace. Amen.

On the 20th inst., in Smith-street, Chelsea, Henry Richard Coyne, Esq., barrister-at-law, only son of Mr. R. Coyne, Dublin, bookseller and publisher to the Royal College of Maynooth, aged 37.

On the 24th Sept., at Connaught-terrace, Rathmines Emily, wife of Charles Gavan Duffy Esq., proprietor of the *Nation* newspaper.

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VOL. II.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from vol. i. p. 465.)

WE saw Rome trembling in the balance, in our last chapter; * by even a slight turn of fortune (for Hannibal was at its gates), the fate—the inexorable and cruel fate—awarded afterwards to its great and detested rival, Carthage, might have been its own.

In our next chapter, we are to behold it (after Augustus has assumed the purple) the mistress of the then known world, throned upon her “Seven Hills,” and refulgent with such array of pomp and pride as the last of the prophets—worthy of such a destiny!—has described with a pen dipped in divine fire.

But, in our history of the city, it would be scarcely pardonable to pass by, altogether without notice, the tract of time between two periods, presenting a contrast so calculated to impress the mind with wonder: not that, in the interval (close upon two centuries), there took place any very important change as to extent, internal arrangement, or architectural construction, in the city itself; but because the events and revolutions (the greatest even in Roman history), literally crowded into the space between these two periods, had the effect of altering, nay, of ‘inverting,’ almost everything connected with the manners and character, both social and political, of its inhabitants.

But in our hasty notices, the less heed we take of order, the nearer will be the resemblance between the outline and the original. It was the cycle of revolutions. It was also a cycle of invasion and plunder; and, in describing it, whatever we can seize from far or near that is suited to our purpose, we shall treat as our Romans treated the spoils of so many provinces. Taking no thought to conceal them, but displaying them as if in

* No. v. p. 458.

triumph, they heaped them up in their privated wellings or in public trophies, or hung them up as donaries around the altars and shrines of their idols, with a sovereign scorn for arrangement or elegance, but making use of them in every way which they imagined could best serve to exalt and adorn The City.

The first Rome—let us call it of Romulus, without in the least pretending to decide between such conflicting authorities as Nibby and Niebuhr—is said to have had a circuit of only about a mile, enclosing the table-land of the Palatine hill, and opening by three gates; one called the *Romana*, on the brow immediately above the Forum, and over against the Tarpeian Rock; another at the opposite end of the mount, called the *Capena*; while a third, the *Mugonia*, or, as they would call it in Edinburgh, the Cow Gate, is very properly located by the archæologists just above where the arch of Titus was erected in after ages; the gentle slope of the Palatine on that side being favourable for the descent of the kine when they were to be driven afield, along the rich pasturage of the *Subura* and the *Carinæ*. Its figure may be guessed at from the epithet of *Roma Quadrata*, that is to say, the Four-Sided Rome, applied by the ancient poet Ennius to the town, or more properly speaking, to the military or bandit encampment which it enclosed.

Some will have it that the Capitoline hill was added to the city by Romulus and Tatius, after the reconciliation of the Sabine with the Roman people. Others say this was done by Numa, at the same time that he enclosed that skirt of the Quirinal next the Capitol, with the valley lying between them. For the Porta Romana of the primitive wall, he substituted the *Romanula* opening on the Velabrum, and added two new gates; the *Carmental*, so called from being close to the tomb of Carmenta, the mother of King Evander, between the base of the Tarpeian cliff and the river; and the *Januale*, so called from an image of Janus, or, perhaps, some temple of that deity which was near it; or it may be, that the temple formed a part of the gate itself—a conjecture to which Niebuhr would seem to incline, as may be seen by referring to our first chapter, No. I. p. 17,

The Coelian hill, formerly covered with oak-forests, whence it got the name of *Querquetulana*, is said to have been enclosed by Tullus Hostilius, who placed there the vanquished inhabitants of Alba Longa, which he caused to be razed to the ground. Strabo stands alone in saying this enlargement was the work of Ancus Marcius.

However, this Ancus was certainly a famous builder. He built a prison,—that Mamertine whose dungeons, cut out of the tufo rock of the Capitol, were to be made conscious of so many hideous scenes of barbarity and suffering for ages to come; he

built Ostia with its port; erected a fortress on the highest ridge of the *Janiculum*, beyond the Tiber; and by two successive enlargements of the wall, took in the entire of the Aventine with the adjacent valley, called *Muricia* from its borders having been covered with mulberry trees, while it was still a lake. He united the two sides of the river by the Pons Sublicius, or wooden bridge, rendered so renowned by the exploit of Horatius Cocles, and so venerated by the Romans, that its superintendence was assigned to their hierarchy, who from that cause were called *Pontiffs* ever after.

It was amongst the projects of the elder Tarquin,—who built the Cloaca Maxima and the temple of Jove on the Capitol,—to have substituted for the primitive one erected by his predecessors, an entirely new enclosure composed of solid blocks of stone; but this was reserved for Servius Tullius, who succeeded him. It was this wall of Servius by which Hannibal found himself opposed when he rode out from his camp on the Arno to reconnoitre the city; in short, it remained until low down under the empire. We have a description of it by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, as it was when he visited Rome himself, and took so much pains to make himself master of everything connected with its antiquities.* It took in those parts of the Quirinal which had not been included within Numa's wall, the entire of the Viminal, the two divisions of the Æsquiline, that is, the *Cispinus* and *Oppius*, as they were called, a large tract of plain spreading from the Coelian to the foot of the Aventine; and, beyond the Tiber, a strip of land, which, running from the Sublician and Palatine bridges up the side of the Janiculan mountain, effected a military communication between the fortress upon its summit and the city. He is said to have instituted the *pomœrium*. This consisted of two bands of entirely disencumbered space, the one on the inner, the other on the outside of the walls. Upon it, as being a consecrated space, it was unlawful to build. The inner portion alone might be cultivated. The auguries and auspices were appointed to be taken there by the priests to whom these offices were assigned; and the Aventine (because the auspices then taken by the ill-fated brother of Romulus the fratricide, were unfortunate), was not included within the *pomœrium*, nor was it until the reign of the emperor Claudius, this prejudice against the hill of Remus was got rid of. And, certainly, dark and various are the memories of disasters associated with the name of the Aventine.

“Caius Gracchus took leave of his wife,” says Niebuhr, “and went with M. Fulvius to the Aventine, which had at all times

* Vide Lib. iv. c. 13.

been a place of refuge for the oppressed. But everything was in a state of utter dissolution, and he had no power to oppose the senate; he never thought of going to extremes, and he could not make up his mind to shed one drop of blood. His friend, Fulvius, a man of bolder and more determined character, armed as many of the populace and as many of the slaves as he could, to defend himself. Their conduct was like that of Brutus and Cassius.† The elements of the old plebeian movements existed no more, and the populace of the city was in such a degraded condition, that they had no sympathy for Gracchus, nor could he feel any for them. The consuls, therefore, had no difficulty, and the only thing they had to do, was to attack the Aventine with a small force. The fact, that the equites (the order of knights or gentlemen), who owed their existence as a distinct class to Gracchus, and who from this time forward are mentioned along with the people, as *equites et populus*, acted the part of mere lookers-on, is at first sight rather surprising, but is easily accounted for by the fear which is so peculiar to wealthy persons whose property does not consist in land but of capital. There is, on the whole, no class of men more cowardly than that of mere capitalists, as we see in the history of Florence and of all other republics.

“The Aventine was feebly defended, and the Clivus publicus was taken by storm. Fulvius Flaccus sent his son, a youth of eighteen years, to the senate to sue for a truce, but the youth was thrown into prison and afterwards put to death. Flaccus himself was overtaken in some house and slain. Gracchus leaped down from the steep wall of the temple of Luna on the Aventine, in order to reach the Sublician bridge; but he strained his foot, and as no horse was to be had, it was only with great difficulty that he arrived at the bridge. His friends, Pomponius and Lactorius, two equites of great fortunes, defended him against the pursuing enemy at the bridge, till they were cut to pieces. Gracchus, in the mean time, fled across the Tiber into a sacred grove, which, however, afforded him no protection, for Opimius had promised to give the weight of his head in gold to one who should bring it to him. Gracchus was soon overtaken; but it is probable that some faithful slave, or client, put an end to his life. Every one knows the horrible barbarity of Septimuleius of Anagnia, who, himself a stranger to all these disputes, filled the head of Gracchus with lead to increase its weight.”

So much for the younger Gracchus' experience of the Aven-

* See Rome under Paganism, &c. vol. i. pp. 147-200.

tine; excluded, as we have said, as being of evil omen, from the Pomœrium of Servius Tullius. We again return to his wall.

It had three or four-and-twenty gates, about the particular location of which the antiquaries are not agreed, but they are as to their names, which were; the Flumentana, hard by the Palatine bridge, now called the Ponte Rotto, and close to the water's edge; the Carmental, as we have before described it, immediately beneath the Capitoline citadel; and, between these two, the Triumphalis, a gate never opened except to admit triumphal processions, which, forming in those elder centuries upon the Campus Martius, then outside the walls, passing under it, moved to the Capitol along through the Velabrum, the Circus Maximus, and so wheeling round the Palatine, by the Via Sacra across the Forum, and up the Clivus. The Ratumena, so called from an unfortunate charioteer, whose furious steeds, taking head with him from the race course at Veii, overthrew himself and the chariot at this gate. The Catularian, or dog-gate, thus called because through it was wont to pass, every 25th of April, a procession leading a dog (*catulus*) to be offered in sacrifice to the goddess Rulugo, supposed to have the power of saving the harvests from the blight of mildew. It stood somewhere on the acclivity of the Quirinal looking towards the Capitol and the Campus Martius; but amongst the first archæologists the precise spot is matter of uncertainty and dispute. On the other hand, they are agreed as to the locality of the next gate, the sixth; but dispute as to whether it was called the Salutaris, Sanqualis, or Quirinalis. The seventh was, according to Nibby, Piole and Canina, the Salutaris; while Visconti holds it to be the Quirinal gate, where, in after times, extended the beauteous pleasure-grounds of Sallust. There was a gate which they called Piacularis, from certain expiatory rites which used to be practised near it. The Porta Collina came next. Outside it was "the field of infamy," designated thus because there were buried alive such of the vestals as were convicted of crime. We have already said, that the Roman camp was pitched in front of this gate to resist the Carthaginians. It was by it the Gauls entered the city. In its vicinity, also, more than one sanguinary action had taken place during the civil wars of Marius and Sylla.

When the former advanced against Rome from Etruria, he found himself in presence of Cn. Pompeius, encamped at the Colline gate. An action ensued, in which Pompeius was beaten by the division of the Marians, under Cinna. But at that time, scenes of blood and enormity were not restricted to any one locality: they filled the whole country round, as well as the city itself, with crime and misery.

"After this battle," says Niebuhr, "a pestilence began to rage

in both armies, by which many thousands were carried off. Cn. Pompeius Stratio fell, according to some accounts, a victim to it; but, according to others, he was killed by a flash of lightning. The people, rejoiced at his death, gave vent to their exasperation against him, and tore his body from the bier, for he had been the general object of hatred of all parties. One army was encamped near Albano, at the foot of Monte Caro, and was opposed to one of the Marian party. Latium, which, after suffering dreadful devastations, had been in the enjoyment of peace for some centuries, now received its death-blow; and the condition in which we find it under Augustus, must be traced to the effects of this war. Ostia, Antium, Aricia, Lanuvium, and other places, were taken by storm and laid waste. Four camps encompassed the city, and though they were not strong enough to take it by storm, still the effect they produced in the city was a complete famine. Negotiations were at last resorted to, and the deputies of the senate were obliged to comply with all the demands that were made. Cinna was recognized in his dignity of consul, and Marius stood by the side of the curule chair with contemptuous smiles. It was stipulated that no blood should be shed; but Cinna made a very equivocal promise, and no sooner had the Marians entered the city, than Cn. Octavius was slain; and the flamen dialis, L. Merula, bled himself to death in the vestibule of the Capitoline temple, in order to escape a similar fate. Marius caused himself to be made consul for the seventh, and Cinna for the second time, without any elections. This was the point after which Marius had always been striving, in order to realize a prophecy which had been made to him, in consequence of an eagle's nest, with seven young ones, having fallen into his lap from an oak tree, when he was yet a child. He had often consoled his friends with his prospect of seven consulships when they began to despair of his fortune, for he was extremely superstitious. The victory thus gained was followed by the wildest cruelties. Marius had a body-guard of slaves, whom he sent out to murder those whom he wished to get rid of. In this manner the most distinguished persons were dispatched, especially his personal enemies. Among these unhappy victims was the celebrated orator, M. Antonius. Q. Catulus, who had once been the colleague of Marius, put an end to his own life. No proscription took place, but the butchery was carried on to such an extent, that at length even Cinna could bear it no longer; and he was induced, by the advice of Sertorius, to put to death the band of servile assassins kept by Marius. On the sixteenth day after Marius had entered on his seventh consulship, he died; in the middle of January. The shedding of blood now ceased, but not the bitter spirit of the parties.

But scenes of havoc were not yet over for the Colline gate. On the return of Sylla from the east, the civil war broke out again, in the consulship of C. Marius the younger and Cn. Papirius Carbo. "The latter," says the writer first quoted, "had the command of the northern districts in the neighbourhood of Ariminum, against Metullus, Pompey, and Lucullus; young Marius was stationed on the frontiers of Latium. After sustaining a total overthrow in Campania, he was pursued, with some relics of his army, and shut himself up in Præneste, which was at that time a very large town. Sulla followed him, and blockaded the place; but he soon after led his army towards Rome, yet in the hands of the Marian faction, and the scene of massacres, in one of which, set on by the prætor L. Junius Brutus Damasippus, the pontiff Q. Mucius Scaevola was murdered, because he relied on his innocence and disdained to flee. The perpetrators of these horrors now escaped, and Sulla entered the city: he promised moderation, but his indulgence was meant in an awful sense. He then followed Carbo into Etruria, which was now the scene of the war; so far as Etruria was concerned, a real national war. Things were brought to a decision by Pontius Telesinus, whose brother commanded the Samnites (on the Marian side) in Picenum. He and the Lucanian general, C. Lamponius, made an attempt to relieve Præneste; but not being able to effect anything against the line of fortifications by which the place was surrounded, they hastened towards Rome, which they hoped to take by surprise. But Sulla, who was informed of their movement, threw himself into the city. The decisive battle was fought at the Colline-gate. The Samnites and their allies are said to have amounted to 40,000 men. Had they succeeded, Rome, according to the expressed intentions of Pontius Telesinus, would have been razed to the ground. The fear excited by the presence of such an enemy at the very gates of the city, must have made many of the partisans of Marius inclined to become reconciled with Sulla. Towards the evening of the day of battle, Sulla succeeded in breaking the lines of the Samnites, and their defeat was so great that Telesinus, in despair, put an end to his life. In the battle of the Colline gate, 8,000 Samnites had been taken prisoners, all of whom were surrounded and cut down in the field of Mars by the command of Sulla." He had promised them an honourable capitulation. They were pent up, like sheep, in an enclosure where popular assemblies were held, close under the wall of the Capitol; so terrific were their shouts and cries when they were slaughtering them, that the senate, convened at that moment in a temple at some distance, was thrown into the most dreadful alarm.

Next the Colline was the Viminal gate, then the Esquiline.

Near to this, in later times, there was an arch of triumph of Gallienus. On the country side of it was the Campus *Æsquilinus*, converted by Mæcenas from being a most abandoned region, used chiefly for interment of slaves, into a site for his splendid villa and pleasure gardens. The *Mezia* next, then the *Querquetulana*, the *Coelimontana*, the *Ferentina*, the *Capena*, so often mentioned, the great terminus of the "queen of roads," the *Via Appia*, and also of the *Via Lotina*, the *Nevia*, the *Rudusculana*, *Lavernalis*, *Minucia*, *Trigomina*; and in the trans-Tiberan quarter, a gate, of which they do not know the name, opening from the citadel on the *Campna*; and two on the river side. As to their names, nothing can be said for certain. With regard to the *Pomœrium* it should have been remarked, that none but generals who had added provinces to the dominions of Rome were entitled to enlarge it. This privilege was exercised by *Servius Tullius* himself, in the first instance; by *Sulla*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Claudius*, *Nero*, *Trajan*, and *Aurelian*.

This circuit, of about seven Italian miles, is acquiesced in by *Niebuhr*, and very happily described, where he meets the charge of bad generalship brought by some against *Hannibal*, for not marching upon the city directly after the decisive victory of lake *Trasimenus*. "In those times Rome was an extremely strong fortress, protected by steep rocks, walls, banks, and moats. The *Capitoline* rock was hewn quite steep; one side of the *Quirinal*, as far as the *porta Collina*, was a rugged rock, and protected by a strong wall; further on was the wall of *Servius Tullius*, an Italian mile in length. Where the city was not protected by anything but a wall, as between the *Aventine* and the *Coelius*, there it was backed, at least partly, by marshes. (The great bathing pool for the populace was on the country side of this part of the wall.) In short, a great army would have been required to undertake the blockade. *Hannibal* might have burned down the suburbs, and thus have produced great terror and alarm, but that was not what he wished, and he had, besides, several reasons for not undertaking anything of the sort."

Within this famous precinct, the hills (much steeper and higher than in after ages) wore a formidable aspect from their rugged abruptness and the massive temples upon their summits and acclivities, as well as the fortress homes of the nobles (looped and turreted, with, underneath, grim prisons for their debtors and bondmen), by which they were made to appear higher still above the deep interjacent valleys; but of what was most sombre and repulsive in the scene arising from these peculiar features, it was not a little relieved by the sacred groves and fine umbrageous old trees, still remaining near certain of the shrines of the

gods and sacred springs. These sylvan and rustic objects helped greatly to temper the savagery of a place devoted to no art or commerce, but that of rapacious invasion, and where as yet the amenities and refinements of society had scarcely ventured to appear; while they did not interfere with—except it was to heighten still more—that general air of stern, rude sublimity, so characteristic of the place during the full vigour of the republic. At a time when the Tarpeian rock sprung from the plain to a perpendicular height of more than 200 feet, independently of the *Arx*, or citadel, which towered to such an immense height above it; and when the hill-sides in all directions—those of the Capitol, the Palatine, Aventine, Quirinal—presented the appearance of abrupt rugged promontories, broken into caverns and precipices, garlanded with wild shrubs and thickets; while the castle-like homes of the patricians, and the temples, with the cypress and the spreading elm interspersed amongst them, were constructed with every view to strength, and with but little, if any at all, to either ornament or convenience, among the crags and on peaks and ridges of the heights;—at that period, and it is of such an one that we are speaking, the scene to a beholder, standing in the midst of the old Roman Forum, must have had a power to impress with such feelings as the envoy of king Pyrrhus seems to have brought away with him; of which it is not for those to form any conception who have only seen it when the hills—their temples and palaces swept away—have been quarried and levelled down to a vulgar uniformity, and the valleys choked up with the *debris* of many centuries of ruin, in some instances to a height of forty and fifty, in that of the Forum, of twenty and thirty feet.

This latter locality, the Forum itself, deserves a particular notice. It was the very heart and soul of the city,—

“The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people’s passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the land,
To that when further worlds to conquer fail’d;
But long before had Freedom’s face been veil’d,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes.”

It was here the lists of the “proscribed” were hung up round the temples and the rostrum, in the reign of terror under Sulla, when an immense reward was offered for each head. “It was made a capital offence to harbour or shelter the doomed victims: their properties were declared forfeited, and their children and grandchildren incapable of holding office in the republic. The most inoffensive of the citizens were fallen upon under the glare of day, and butchered in the streets and the temples; their

heads cut off, and carried, dripping with blood, before the tribunal of the dictator or of his minions. Wives closed their doors against their husbands, slaves betrayed their masters, brothers murdered brothers, and sons might be seen bearing the gory visages of their fathers (it is so recorded of Catiline), to claim the recompense awarded to them by the law.”* “On one occasion,” says Niebuhr, “when the people were assembled in front of the Capitol (that is, in or immediately over the Forum), and while Opimius, the consul, was offering up a sacrifice, Gracchus (the younger) and his friends were insulted by one of the lictors, who called out, “Make way, you bad citizens, for the good ones.” A tumult arose, and the man was killed. At the instigation of Opimius and the oligarchs, the body was carried to the Forum, in order to produce some great and tragic scene there. The senate made a decree, that the consuls should take care that the republic might not suffer any injury; a decree which invested them with dictatorial power, because it was no longer customary to appoint a dictator.” It was then that Gracchus withdrew to the Aventine. We know the rest.†

The exact site of the Forum is a matter of great dispute amongst archæologists, but that it extended somewhere between the Capitol and the Palatine is matter of certainty. The *Comitium*, that is to say, the gathering-place of the people, was slightly elevated above the general level of the place, which was of an oblong shape. Near the comitium was the curia, or meeting-place of the senate, which was, in the strictest sense, a temple, supplied with an altar and whatever else was required for solemn worship. Another conspicuous object was the rostrum, a sort of platform or hustings, from which harangues were made in election times or at funerals. These latter were amongst the most frequent and impressive of the various pomps of which the Forum was made the favorite scene. It also could boast of several relics. There was preserved, within the Comitium, a black stone, which, according to one tradition, was said to have marked the grave of Faustulus, the foster-father of Rome's founder, and, according to another, was said to have served as a gravestone for Quirinus himself. There also was the statue of Attius Novius, the famous augur; there, too, was the sacred fig-tree, under whose shade the wolf became a nurse to the twin babes. It was said to have been removed by the preternatural art of that same Attius Novius, the augur, from where it originally grew at the foot of the Palatine, in order that it might be

* Rome under Paganism, &c. vol. i. p. 137.

† “Rome, the mistress of the world,” says Schlegel, “being drunk with the blood of nations, began now to rage in her entrails.”

in the midst of the Romans when debating of the commonweal. Here also were the Sibyls, one of the oldest works of Roman art; the small figures of the Roman ambassadors put to death at Fidenæ, by Tolumnius, the Veietian king; and, still more worthy of note, that renowned group, in bronze, of the she-wolf and her adopted whelps, which was afterwards struck with lightning, as, it was said, in omen of Cæsar's usurpation. At the edge of the Comitium, where it joined the Forum, were the statues which the Romans, at the command of the oracle of Delphi, had erected in honour of the wisest and bravest of the Greeks. Hard by the altar, built over the Cursian pool, there flourished the three sacred trees of the oldest known civilization—the fig, the vine, and the olive. Still nearer the Capitol were the equestrian statues of Mœnius and Camillus. In the Forum was pointed out the well at which the gods Castor and Pollux had alighted to refresh their horses, after bringing the news to Rome of the great victory at lake Regillus, where they had fought, armed and mounted, at the head of the legions; and “near the well, rose their ancient temple.”

“A great festival,” says an eloquent writer, “was kept in their honour on the ides of Quintilis, supposed to be the anniversary of the battle; and on that day sumptuous sacrifices were offered to them at the public charge. Many years after the temple of the Twin Gods had been built in the Forum, an important addition was made to the ceremonial by which the state annually testified its gratitude for their protection. Quintus Fabius and Publius Decius were elected censors at a momentous crisis. It had become absolutely necessary that the classification of the citizens should be revised. On that classification depended the distribution of political power. Party spirit ran high; and the republic seemed to be in danger of falling under the dominion either of a narrow oligarchy, or of an ignorant and headstrong rabble. Under such circumstances, the most illustrious patrician, and the most illustrious plebeian of the age, were intrusted with the office of arbitrating between the angry factions; and they performed their arduous task to the satisfaction of all honest and reasonable men. One of their reforms was a remodelling of the equestrian order; and, having effected this reform, they determined to give to their work a sanction derived from religion. It was ordained that a grand muster and inspection of the equestrian body should form part of the ceremonial performed on the anniversary of the battle of Regillus, in honour of Castor and Pollux, the two equestrian Gods. All the knights, clad in purple, and crowned with olive, were to meet at a temple of Mars in the suburbs. Thence they were to ride in state to the Forum, where the temple of the Twins stood. This pa-

geant was, during several centuries, considered as one of the most splendid sights of Rome. In the time of Dionysius, the cavalcade sometimes consisted of five thousand horsemen, all persons of fair repute and easy fortune.*

“There can be no doubt that the censors who instituted this magnificent ceremony, acted in concert with the pontiffs, to whom, by the constitution of Rome, the superintendence of the public worship belonged; and it is probable that those high religious functionaries were, as usual, fortunate enough to find in their books or traditions some warrant for the innovation.”†

“In the triumph which Q. Fabius had over the Samnite nation, U.C. 493, the brave Caius Pontius, who had defeated the Roman armies more than once, and made them pass under the yoke like sheep at the Caudine Forks, was among the captives. When the procession had reached the Forum, while the conqueror ascended the Capitol to offer his trophies of victory, and sacrifice to Jove, the Samnite general was led aside to the prison,—the Mamertine, beneath the Capitoline hill,—and there thrust down into the underground dungeon and beheaded. But one year had passed since his last battle; nearly thirty since he had spared the lives and liberty of two Roman armies, and, unprovoked by the treachery of his enemies, had afterwards set at liberty the generals, who were given up into his power as a pretended expiation of their country’s perfidy. Such a murder,” continues Dr. Arnold, “committed or sanctioned by such a man as Q. Fabius, is peculiarly a national crime, and proves but too clearly that, in their dealings with foreigners, the Romans had neither magnanimity nor justice.”

But as to the manners of the Romans of those ages; the civic revolutions; their literature, arts, the land-law and its results; architecture; public games and pomp; their temples, hierarchy, and entire religious system,—these we must touch upon in a future number. We shall then enter the Rome of the Cæsars.

* See Livy, ix. 46; Val. Max. ii. 2; Aurel. Vict. de Viris Illustr. 32; Dionysius, vi. 23; Plin. Hist. Nat. xv. 5. See also a singularly ingenious chapter in Niebuhr’s posthumous volume *Die Censur des Q. Fabius und P. Decius*.

† Lays of Ancient Rome, p. 84, et seqq.

THE MANOR OF SUMMERDALE.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 1550.

“Fu forse un tempo dolce caso amore,
Non perch'io sappia il quando ; or è sì amara
Che nulla più.”—*Petrarca.*

I.

THE lord of the Manor of Summerdale, in the reign of king Edward the Sixth, was a bluff, jovial knight, of the old, and not very refined school;—one of those rubicund, boisterous, convivial worthies, who in every age are to be met with in old England, making field sports and the pleasures of the table at once their most serious occupation, and their most cherished recreation. Sir Ralph Summerdale was a widower; all the affections of his honest nature were therefore centred in his only child,

“One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.”—

And right well did the gentle Mistress Elizabeth deserve her father's fondness, for she was the *beau idéal* of an English maiden of those good old times, when modesty, simplicity, and the quiet domestic virtues were considered the best ornaments of woman. Her days passed happily away in the seclusion of country life, and in the performance of the various duties which devolved upon her as superintendent of the dairy, the poultry-yard, the flower-garden, and last, not least, the preserving and pickling closet.

Her faithful adjunct in these important avocations was the stately dame Margaret, formerly her mother's waiting-woman, afterwards her own nurse, and lastly her housekeeper and duenna; a simple pious soul, who in spite of king Henry and his episcopal myrmidons, had remained true to the ancient faith in which her late revered mistress had lived and died. Much had she grieved at her master's defection, still more that her young mistress had been educated in the errors of the new sect; but nothing could shake her fidelity and attachment, and she was regarded by the whole household with the respect due to the exalted station she held in the family of the honest knight.

Elizabeth Summerdale loved her with a tenderness almost filial; she was her daily and hourly companion, the sharer of all her little joys and sorrows, the confidant of her most secret thoughts. There was one point, however, on which the fair Mistress Summerdale had hitherto failed to elicit one spark of

sympathy from the stony breast of her duenna. This was not *religion*, gentle reader; no, in sooth; for on that subject there *was* a tacit understanding between them;—it was in the matter of love and chivalry, knights errant, and peerless dames,—

“Le donne, i cavalieri, l’armi, gli amori.”

It had chanced in evil hour, that in looking over certain dusty tomes in search of a favourite receipt-book, Mistress Elizabeth had laid her hands on a portentous looking volume, bound in greasy vellum, of which the title-page, in red and black letters, ran as follows:—

“The Aduentvres of y^e Renowned Knyghte Syr Amadyse de Gavle, Syrnamed *Le beau Ténébreux*, The whyche in y^e Englyshe Tonge dothe sygnifie y^e Beavtifvll Obscvre.”

The damsel turned over several pages successively, at first with indifference,—afterwards with more attention, until at length her thoughts became riveted with impassioned interest on the fascinating descriptions which now met her eye, of tournaments, banquets, castles, enchantments, and the various love-passages between Sir Amadis and the fair Oriana. What a new world was now suddenly revealed to her young imagination!—how different from all that she had hitherto seen or dreamed of! Long did she remain seated on the ground, with the volume open before her,—and much longer probably would she have dwelt on its captivating contents, had not the shrill accents of Dame Margaret’s voice repeatedly summoned her to assist at the composition of a *posset* or *white-pot*, which was at that very moment in preparation. She descended with reluctance, bearing in her arms the ponderous weight of Sir Amadis’ achievements, which having deposited on a huge table with thick spiral legs, she commenced reading aloud some of the passages which had charmed her youthful fancy.

“What is all this foolery, lady?” enquired Dame Margaret, at the top of her voice, for she was at that moment pounding cinnamon in a brass mortar.

“Nay listen, good nurse,” replied Elizabeth, endeavouring to make herself heard, “prithee hold thy hand for one minute and hearken to this.”

“Hearken to all that gallimawfry when the milk is boiling over!” exclaimed Dame Margaret, indignantly, as a fearful hissing on the hearth announced a culinary catastrophe,—“I wish you had not brought that book down, Mistress Elizabeth;—no good ever came of a romance-book yet,”—and she betook herself to the task of repairing the mischief which had occurred, with no very friendly feeling towards the “*Beautiful Obscure*.”

Day after day did the daughter of Sir Ralph pore over the

volume, now become her favourite companion, and the constant subject of her thoughts. Vainly did the simple and right-thinking Dame Margaret seek to dispel the dangerous hallucination which was gathering over her mind.

“My dear young lady,” she was wont to say, “when I would make out whether a thing is right or wrong, I ask myself what our blessed Lord and his holy apostles would have thought of it? And if your Sir Amadis (your “*dainty darkness*” as you call him), had been brought before St. Peter or St. Paul, with all his mad flights about his Oriana in his head, what think you they would have done to him? *exorcised* him, lady, that’s all! they would have cured him, I warrant. Ah! by my troth, a sprinkling of holy water on such poor demented brains is e’en the best remedy.”

Shortly after this conversation an incident occurred which increased the monomania of our fanciful heroine to an almost hopeless degree.

II.

The sun was setting in unclouded brightness; his last beams glittered on the rippling waves as they curled over, and were dispersed in snow-white spray on the sandy beach of the Kentish coast. Mistress Elizabeth Summerdale and her faithful duenna had been led on by the beauty of the evening, and by a long and animated discussion on the subject of knight-errantry, until they became conscious that they had far exceeded the limits of their accustomed sea-side walks, having strayed to a considerable distance beyond the point at which they were accustomed to ascend the cliff, and return home over the heights. They paused to look once more at the glorious orb of day, before he plunged into the distant deep. Every thing was silent, not a living creature was in sight, and a vague feeling of alarm began to steal into the timid breast of Mistress Elizabeth as she reflected on the distance which they had yet to traverse in the increasing gloom of twilight ere they could reach the manor house. As they retraced their steps along the solitary shore, they were startled by the sound of a deep, gruff voice, demanding, rather than asking charity. They looked round in alarm, and perceived, seated on a fallen fragment of the chalky cliff, a suspicious looking individual in the garb of a mendicant, extending his hand towards them in the attitude of supplication. Elizabeth drew forth her purse, and hastily throwing him a piece of money, took the arm of her attendant and hurried forward with increased rapidity. They had not proceeded many paces, when the heavy sound of approaching footsteps struck terror into their hearts, and gave wings to their speed. In

another instant, however, the object of their apprehensions was at their side.

"Whither away in such haste, my mistresses?" said the mendicant, with an ill-omened smile—"this is but a lonely place, and you ought to be right thankful to have a friend near, to take care of you."

"We are not afraid, good friend," replied Elizabeth, trembling violently, "I pray you leave us. I have given you the charity you asked of me. We would now proceed alone."

"Nay, my young Mistress Summerdale," said the mendicant, still keeping pace with them, "you know not how tempting to a needy man might be that dainty silk purse of yours that I saw just now. And this gold chain! which I marvel that you fear not to wear in such an out-of-the-way place as this." As he spoke, the robber grasped the chain, and Dame Margaret commenced giving utterance to a succession of unearthly shrieks, which echoed amidst the surrounding cliffs and far over the still smooth sea.

"Hold, villain!" exclaimed at this moment a loud commanding voice;—the robber turned, and observing a tall figure enveloped in a cloak rapidly descending a precipitous path in the cliff, he contented himself with his first booty, and fled, but not until he had provided for his own safety by levelling a huge stone at the head of his pursuer. The missile grazed the temple of the stranger, and he staggered, but instantly recovering himself, he approached the ladies, and in tones of deep interest inquired concerning their safety and welfare.

"We are well, good sir," replied Elizabeth, "only somewhat affrighted. But you are hurt,—I can see by this dim light a stream of blood on your forehead. I beseech you let me bind your brow with my kerchief. My father's house is not far distant, and you will be greeted by him with joy and thankfulness for the service you have rendered me." The stranger would not permit the overjoyed and enthusiastic Elizabeth to perform the office of a true heroine of romance by binding up the wounds of her *preux chevalier* with her own fair hands; he however accepted with grave courtesy the handkerchief she held towards him, and tying it round his forehead himself, he walked by her side until they reached the manor house. When he had seen her safe within the gates, he would have withdrawn; but how could Elizabeth brook this abrupt termination of an adventure which promised to realize her most cherished illusions? She compelled him to enter; and hastening into the presence of her father, whom she was so fortunate as to find alone and perfectly sober, she related to him the alarming incident of the evening, and dwelt with ingenuous earnestness on the assistance she had unexpectedly received from the stranger.

The good knight was as cordial and as boisterous in the expression of his gratitude, as his fair daughter could have desired; and the evening repast of the family being about to be served, Elizabeth's champion was warmly pressed to remain and partake of it; but before he could give utterance to his acceptance or refusal of the proffered hospitality, a deadly paleness overspread his features, and sinking into a chair, he swooned away. It soon became apparent, that he had lost much blood from the wound in his temple, which was indeed a severe one; and Dame Margaret having declared it as her opinion that fever must be the consequence, for which absolute repose was the best and only remedy, he was removed forthwith to one of the most commodious sleeping apartments in the house, and placed in bed, Dame Margaret being appointed to watch over him, during the night.

III.

We will not attempt to retrace all that passed in the romantic imagination of Mistress Elizabeth Summerdale, as she recapitulated again and again every circumstance of her rencontre with the mysterious stranger. Our younger readers will know, and our older ones will remember, quite enough to enlighten them on this important point. She had ascertained that her deliverer's name was Courtney; but more than this, it had hitherto been found impossible to extract from him. That he was a gentleman, and perhaps a man of quality, was evident; that he was formed to be a hero of romance, Elizabeth's eyes had assured her; but why was he so silent and so reserved towards her?—why, during his illness, which was of several weeks' duration, had he not once expressed more to her than distant, formal gratitude?—How different would have been the conduct of Sir Amadis de Gaul, had the fair Oriana watched over his sick couch!

One morning, shortly after Master Courtney was pronounced to be in a satisfactory state of convalescence, Elizabeth brought her lute into his apartment, and striking a few chords, timidly asked if he loved music?

"Sometimes, and in some places, madam," was the strange reply.

"Will it please you hear it now?" said Elizabeth, wondering more and more at the eccentricity of her guest.

"Not now, madam, pardon me; I could not attend to it."

Elizabeth remained plunged in deep and perplexing thought. At length she imagined that she had discovered a clue to the strange conduct of Master Courtney. "Perhaps," thought she, "lovers in these days are still more respectfully timid than they

were in those of Sir Amadis. I will read to him some passages from the history of that devoted knight;—haply a sigh or a tear, which he will not be able to restrain, will betray the secret of his heart.” She speedily brought the ponderous volume, which opened of itself at the parting scene between *le Beau Ténébreux* and his beautiful ingrate; and without waiting for the consent of her auditor, who was reclining on a couch at a little distance from her, she read aloud in a sweet and pathetic tone a succession of rhapsodies such as no human brain could produce since the ever-memorable frenzy of the redoubtable Orlando. She longed, but dared not venture to raise her eyes to the face of Master Courtney, so convinced was she that she should infallibly discover there all that she most desired to know. Wearied at length of reading, and embarrassed by his silence, she glanced timidly towards the couch on which he lay:—his silence was no longer difficult to account for:—Master Courtney was in a profound and tranquil slumber.

IV.

“Ah! now I understand it all,” said Elizabeth to Dame Margaret, some days after the incident we have been narrating: “poor gentleman!—he is then it seems a Catholic, and in these sad times, when it is dangerous to be of any but the prevailing religion, he has feared to involve me in the difficulties which compel him to seek refuge beyond sea. O Margaret, is he not as generous as he is brave and courteous?”

“He is a good and worthy gentleman,” replied Margaret, “and a pious, which is best of all. He sighed deeply when I told him about my dear lady your sainted mother, how she prayed on her death-bed that you might be brought up in her own religion, and how your poor father, thinking more of this world than the next, set aside her wishes, and made you follow the new-fangled worship. Indeed, my dear young lady, he thinks much of your soul’s welfare; I only wish you would think a little more of it yourself, and cease to read those idle books, which contain as many falsehoods as words.”

The latter part of Dame Margaret’s remonstrance was lost upon Elizabeth, so entirely was she absorbed in the thoughts which the former part of it had suggested to her. “He sighed at my having been educated a Protestant! if I am indifferent to him, why should he care? he thinks much of my soul’s welfare!—then he *does* think of me,” &c.

Full of these soothing reflections, Elizabeth descended to the apartment where supper had been served. Her father and Master Courtney were seated together in earnest discourse,

which however they suspended on her entrance, and rising as she appeared, all took their seats at the supper table.

The repast was a silent one; Master Courtney, always reserved and taciturn, seemed more preoccupied than ever; Elizabeth was timid and embarrassed, and even the jovial Sir Ralph devoured his huge portion without speaking. At length the servants having withdrawn, the knight was the first to resume the conversation.

“And so you must leave us to-night, Master Courtney?” he suddenly exclaimed, with an ineffectual endeavour to look grave and sorrowful.

“I must, good Sir Ralph; the vessel which will bear me to France sails from Dover tomorrow at sunrise; but the grateful remembrance of your hospitable kindness, and that of your daughter,” here he turned towards the blushing Elizabeth, “will accompany me in my exile, and dwell in my breast while I live.” We have said that Master Courtney was a man of few words; having therefore interchanged with the good Sir Ralph some of those ordinary courtesies which mark the intercourse of gentlemen in all times and places, he enquired if the man and horse which the hospitable knight had placed at his disposal were in readiness? Whilst Sir Ralph stepped forth into the hall to give the necessary orders, Master Courtney approached to take leave of Elizabeth. “Lady,” said he, in a voice of emotion, “I shall not forget you.”

Elizabeth’s heart throbbed violently at these words, and her eyes filled with tears; but calling to mind the invariable usage of all heroines on such occasions, she unfastened a knot of blue ribbon which she wore in her hair, and presenting it to him with a trembling hand, she said in a voice scarcely audible, “Wear this for my sake—Farewell, sir, till we meet again!”

Master Courtney gazed in silence at this token; but recollecting himself, he bowed low to Elizabeth; and Sir Ralph re-appearing at this moment, they quitted the room together, leaving the fair enthusiast in all the affliction consequent on a sudden and painful separation.

v.

Several months elapsed, and Dame Margaret could not but observe with grief and concern that the blooming cheek of her beloved young mistress waxed pale apace, that her bright blue eyes were clouded with sadness, and that a listless indolence had succeeded to the joyous activity with which she had been wont to fulfil her daily duties, now almost totally neglected. Every thing seemed to have become burthensome to her; her lute lay untouched in its case;—her tapestry-frame was thrown

by, and never uncovered,—and her flower-garden had lost its charm in her eyes;—even her devotions were performed with indifference; how could it be otherwise? He to whom they were addressed accepts not a divided heart: her thoughts were not with Him,—and the grace of fervour was withdrawn from her petitions.

One morning as she sat in her cabinet, gazing through an open lattice at the distant sea, Sir Ralph suddenly burst in upon her solitude with a letter in his hand. “News from Master Courtney, girl!” he exclaimed, with his accustomed impetuosity. “What dost thou look so frightened at? the lad is in Paris, safe and well. He has sent me a right courteous epistle, and at the end here he *commends himself to the gentle Mistress Elizabeth Summerdale, his most kind nurse.*”

“I would fain, by your leave, see the letter, sir,” said our heroine, in a faltering voice.

“And so thou shalt, in sooth: there is no secret in it,” replied the knight, placing the letter in the hands of his daughter. She read it with breathless eagerness, in the hope of discovering some clue to the history and intentions of him who had become the sole object of her thoughts. But the reserve of Master Courtney was impenetrable, and all that she could extract from the letter was that he was in Paris, that he was still grateful, and that he had not forgotten her. Her heart sank within her at the hopeless mystery which appeared to enshroud him whom her distempered fancy loved to designate as *le Beau Ténébreux*. Her habitual melancholy acquired a darker shade after the arrival of his letter, which had only served to plunge her yet deeper in the bitterness of hope deferred. Her health was now seriously affected, and even the obtuse vision of the jovial knight became painfully sensible of the alarming change which had taken place in the appearance of his beloved daughter. Long and anxious were his consultations with Dame Margaret on the probable cause of her illness. The tears of the faithful duenna, together with some obscure hints which escaped her, at length aroused the suspicions of the good Sir Ralph, and with characteristic bluntness, softened by the real affection which he cherished for his only child, he sought an explanation, in which she scrupled not to lay before him every thought of her innocent heart, every flight of her morbidly excited imagination. Dame Margaret awaited in unspeakable anxiety the result of the interview between the father and daughter. The door of Elizabeth’s cabinet at length opened, and Sir Ralph appeared, with traces of tears on his bluff, honest countenance. The duenna followed him with timidly hurried steps as he strode through a long gallery towards the staircase. “Sir—an please

you, good Sir—Mistress Elizabeth.”—“ We are going to Paris, dame!” replied the knight abruptly, but half turning to smile on her as he spoke, “ I have told my Bess that if Courtney be a gentleman, as in truth he appears to be,—why, his being a papist shall not stand in his way. Besides, who knows? our young king is but a puny lad, and if the Lady Mary comes to the throne, popery will be in fashion again. At any rate,” continued he, pausing at the head of the staircase, and speaking more seriously and in a lower voice, “ this journey must needs do her good; the gaieties and fripperies of the French Court will put new thoughts into her head, and she will come back cured, if anything can cure her.”

“ God grant she may!” said Dame Margaret; but she shook her head mournfully as she spoke, and wiping her eyes with the corner of her starched apron, she returned to the apartment of her young mistress to receive her orders respecting the preparations for the approaching journey.

VI.

Although there were neither steamers nor rail-roads in the days of King Edward the Sixth, yet the English people have always been accustomed to visit Paris as a matter of course, whenever they have had the opportunity, and they did so in those days easily, safely, and expeditiously, the journey seldom occupying more than eight or ten days. The voyage of Sir Ralph Summerdale and his daughter was singularly prosperous; in less than a week from the time of their departure from the tranquil manor-house they found themselves in the very midst of the brilliant excitement of the French capital. The good knight rejoiced to hear on his arrival of the series of fêtes, banquetings, and spectacles of various kinds which engrossed the attention of the Parisians; not that he found amusement in such frivolities himself, yet he could not but hope that the novelty and splendour of the objects which surrounded her would produce a beneficial effect on the mind of his daughter, and that thus the chief object of his removal to Paris would sooner or later be fully attained.

Elizabeth entered with alacrity into his plans of amusement; for at each court festival to which he conducted her, hope whispered to her heart that Courtney might be there. Night after night she adorned herself with studious care, and departed full of the joyous anticipations of youth; night after night she returned home dejected, dispirited, disappointed. She began to despair of ever again beholding the object of her anxious search, when suddenly her hopes were revived by the announcement of an approaching tournament at St. Germain, on which occasion

all the nobles and gallants of the court of King Henry, and many foreigners of distinction, were challenged to break a spear in honour of the beauty of their respective dames.

"He will be there!" though she, "O most surely he will there maintain the pre-eminence of these poor charms," and she glanced at her pallid cheek as she spoke: "he knows not how their brightness is dimmed; but no matter, he will not misprize his faded flower."

On that festive day, all the brilliancy of Elizabeth's beauty revived as if by magic. Never had a brighter bloom tinged her cheek,—never had a softer radiance sparkled in her eyes, which beamed, like two sapphires, from beneath a green velvet coif, bordered with pearls; a rich jewel rested on her fair forehead, from which her pale brown hair was parted back in bands by a fine gold chain; a lace ruff encircled her delicately-formed neck, and the full folds of a white damask dress descended from her taper waist, which appeared still more slender from being contrasted with their amplitude. She sat amidst the beauties of the court of Catherine of Medicis, more beautiful, more gentle, more attractive than them all. She thought not, however, of herself, nor of the admiration of which she was the object; her eyes were fixed on the lists, examining with eager attention each successive aspirant for chivalrous fame as he appeared at the summons of the *hérault d'armes*. Many courtly and noble knights advanced in turn to make their obeisance to the queen,—but the heart of Elizabeth had given her no secret intimation of the presence of Courtney. The tilting commenced; but she had ceased to feel any interest in what was passing before her. A profound *ennui* seized upon her senses, and her eyes turned away with an expression of languor, amounting almost to disgust, from every object around her. As they wandered listlessly in the distance, they were suddenly and forcibly arrested by the appearance of a tall figure in black armour, mounted on a charger of the same sable hue, bearing aloft a long slender lance, around which she could perceive entwined what seemed to her to be a knot of blue ribbon. How intensely interesting did the tournament now become to her! How anxiously she watched the fortunes of the field! And when the sable knight essayed his prowess against him who had hitherto proved the champion of the day, how her heart throbbed with joy and triumph to see the proud victor overthrown, and to hear the stranger knight proclaimed the hero of the tourney! As he drew near to the place where she sat trembling with joy, her eyes were fixed on the ground to conceal the pleasure which beamed in them. But what was her consternation when *le beau Ténébreux* bent his knee to the lady who sat next to her, and detaching from his

lance the blue token, which on a nearer view she perceived to be a bouquet of pale blue violets, he presented it with knightly grace to her fair companion, and unlacing his helmet, disclosed the countenance of King Henry! The lady was Diane de Poitiers.

VII.

"I am weary of Paris," said Elizabeth, one morning to her faithful attendant, "I would I were at home again!" and she sighed deeply and sadly. "Margaret," continued she, after a short pause, "I dreamed of my mother this night. She was clad in garments more brilliant than the rainbow, and methought she looked down upon me from heaven, and motioned me to come to her. What does this bode? Indeed, good nurse, I am ill at ease to-day."

"If you are not well, dearest lady," replied dame Margaret, "I will not leave you. It is Sunday, and I did think to attend high mass this morning; but you must not be left alone, if you are, as you say, ill at ease."

"High mass, didst thou say, good Margaret?—nay, I would fain for once go with thee. The sweet, solemn music might do me good. It was the music my mother loved to hear."

Dame Margaret sought not to dissuade her, and they set forth together towards the church of St. E——, which was not far from their place of abode.

The church was crowded, and it was with some difficulty that they found an unoccupied corner in which to kneel and offer up their devotions. The organ breathed forth its full swelling harmony, to which the clear high notes of the choristers echoed their sweet response. Elizabeth felt that she prayed with fervour, and something whispered to her soul that her prayers were heard and accepted.

The crowd now divided to open a passage for two *enfants de chœur*, in long scarlet robes, over which floated tunics of clear muslin bordered with lace; behind them advanced, with downcast eyes, a priest in snow-white alb and glittering stole, sprinkling the assembled crowd with holy water as he passed.

Margaret felt her arm grasped eagerly and forcibly by her companion. "Do I still dream, good nurse," said Elizabeth, in the stifled voice of one who is oppressed with nightmare, "look at the priest—is it not—it is Courtney!"

Margaret started, and gazed with bewildered eyes at the face of the priest. It was indeed Courtney. Had a doubt remained of his identity, the scar on his forehead would have sufficed to have established it beyond the possibility of dispute.

Before Elizabeth could recover from the shock of this discovery, she felt her aching brow bedewed with the holy water

which was now falling in minute drops on the assembled faithful. Could it have been the effect of this aspersion? It now appeared to her that a mist had been suddenly removed from her brain; the troubled melancholy which had so long dwelt in her breast was changed to a soft and not unpleasing sadness, and a copious flow of tears brought with it still further relief. She covered her face with her hands, and remained during the whole of the august sacrifice perfectly abstracted from every surrounding object, in that state of religious quiescence which St. Theresa loved to pourtray, as far as it is possible for human eloquence to express the mystic union of the soul with its Creator. Her wild and dangerous illusions were for ever dispelled,—a noble, a sublime reality had taken their place. She now felt that she *loved* indeed,—not with an idolatrous human passion,—impure as its source,—unworthy as its object,—but with that holy ardour which God himself inspires and commands when he utters the irresistible invitation, “*My son, give me thy heart!*” Happy the soul which responds to this invitation,—which can offer up to God that mysterious faculty which he designed should be exercised towards himself alone! “O mon Dieu,” exclaims one deeply versed in the secrets of divine lore,* “O mon Dieu! vous êtes tout amour, et par conséquent tout jalousie. O Dieu jaloux! (car c’est ainsi qui vous vous nommez vous-même) un cœur partagé vous irrite, un cœur égaré vous fait compassion. Vous êtes infini en tout; infini en amour, comme en sagesse et en puissance. Vous aimez en Dieu; quand vous aimez, vous remuez le ciel et la terre pour sauver ce qui vous est cher.”

Such were the thoughts which now filled the pure breast of Elizabeth. She had not greatly erred, and yet she felt her heart overflow with the tender compunction, the ardent love of a Magdalen. Towards the close of the holy sacrifice, it appeared to her that the pealing notes of the organ died away into a peaceful requiem; the fumes of the smoking censers stole over her sense with a funereal sweetness, like the balsamic breathings of cypress trees in a cemetery, on a still, warm evening. She raised her eyes towards a painted window which shone full in sight of the spot on which she was kneeling, and it seemed to her that one of the bright-robed saints depicted there resembled her mother, and that the figure gazed upon her with wistful earnestness. She rose from her knees, and leaning on the arm of her faithful attendant, she returned home,—how changed from what she was when she left it!

* Fénelon.

VIII.

Years rolled on. The violets and primroses of Summerdale budded forth to each succeeding spring,—waved awhile their sweet heads in the tepid gale of summer,—then faded and died, and were again covered with the icy pall of returning winter. But the light step of Elizabeth Summerdale no longer brushed the dewy bank,—her fair hand no longer culled the opening flowers,—strangers dwelt in the home of her fathers, and even the memory of what she once was had almost passed away from the fickle mind of man. In one faithful breast, however, it was cherished with undying fondness.

The grave had closed over young Edward, and the daughter of the much-injured Katharine had ascended the throne of her ancestors, when one sultry summer evening a stranger was seen to approach the door of a small cottage in the village of Summerdale.

On a high-backed chair within the porch sat an aged female, whose mourning garb and sorrow-stricken features told a tale of woe. Her arms were crossed on her knees, and her elbows rested in her hands, her head bending intently forward in an attitude of deep and mournful reverie. She raised her eyes, as the sound of the stranger's footsteps met her ear, and shading them with her hand from the yellow glare of the setting sun, she peered earnestly in his face for some moments, and then exclaimed—

“Our Lady and all the saints defend us! Master Courtney!”

“It is even so, good dame Margaret,” replied the stranger, “though in truth I marvel that you should know me again, having seen me for so short a time, and that so long ago. My first care on returning to England was to revisit this spot, sacred to my most grateful remembrance. I need not say with what surprise and grief I have heard of the extinction of a family who”—

“Speak not of it, sir,” interrupted dame Margaret, slightly waving her hand, and then convulsively pressing her trembling palm to her eyes, “it was the will of Almighty God, and it has been all for the best; blessed be His name in all things! They both died in the true faith.”

“Sir Ralph Summerdale did not long survive his daughter?” said Master Courtney, after a pause.

“About a year, reverend sir. He took to hunting more than ever after her death, to drive away thought, belike; but he caught a fever, and was carried off in a few days. He asked for the sacraments of the Church before he died, wishing, as he said, to be with his daughter wherever she was.”

“And the young lady!” said Courtney, sadly, “so blooming!

so full of life and health ! what can have caused her untimely death ?”

This question appeared at once to embarrass and to displease dame Margaret. She remained silent for a few moments, and then replied in a somewhat peevish tone,—

“It matters very little to any one, methinks, reverend sir, what she died of. She is in heaven, sweet sainted soul ! and that is enough.”

“Pardon the question, good dame,” replied Courtney, “and assure yourself that it proceeds not from idle curiosity, but rather from the regard which I shall never cease to cherish for the memory of that excellent young person. It is natural to seek the cause of such an unexpected and immature departure.”

Dame Margaret now rose with difficulty from her chair, which she pushed over the sanded floor into the interior of the cottage, and placing herself at the door, which she held open as she spoke, she replied with half-peevish, half sorrowful emphasis,—

“In good troth, sir, if you would know the cause, you must e’en seek it in those romance-books which she was so fond of reading.” With these words she unceremoniously closed the door, leaving her auditor to make his own comment on her singular observation

A. E. S.

LAMENT FOR THE YEAR.

LET us sigh with the few the past season has blest;
 Let us sigh with the many who mourn:
 For joy has not long fill’d the same happy breast,
 And sorrows will ever return.
 The old year, like a rose of the day, brightly shed
 Its sweet fragrance on all who drew nigh;
 But the winter came on, the gay colours are dead,
 And the leaves falls around it and die.

And the bright tree of hope now to all only shows
 Wither’d branches, all thorny and bare:
 No longer they smile with the gay morning rose;
 No buds of young promise they wear.
 Then sigh with the few the past season has blest,
 And sigh with the many who mourn;
 For joy could not long fill the same happy breast,
 And sorrows will ever return.

B.

A CHAPTER ON MUSIC.

THE writer of this article visited, within a fortnight, the theatres of Boulogne-sur-Mer, and Brighton; and was upon each occasion entertained with a version of Rossini's everlastingly popular opera of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia." At the French playhouse the orchestra was numerous and effective; not a bar of the opera was omitted; the mercurial barber, the jealous Bartolo, the gallant Almaviva, and the coquettish Rosina, found excellent representatives; and a company of provincial actors imparted to this French adaptation of the Italian maestro's most delightful work, quite charm enough to remind one agreeably of its more legitimate performance on the Italian stage. At the English theatre, on the other hand, the orchestra consisted of some half dozen tuneless and timeless miscreants, who seemed bent upon trying how far, by exceeding noise and discordance, they could compensate for the fewness of their number, and their utter lack of musical attainments. All the recitative and most of the concerted pieces were left out; Figaro swaggered through his part, giving to its songs a character of coarse bluster, that converted their humorous vivacity into vulgar uproariousness; and the whole affair, intended as a *bona fide* representation of the opera, was, in fact, but a gross and disgraceful travestie of it, offensive to all ears still alive to associations of good taste and harmony.

Whence this amazing difference between the respective exhibitions of a dramatic and musical spectacle, of which audiences composed of the inhabitants of the two greatest and most highly civilized countries in Europe might be fairly supposed equally competent to appreciate the beauties?

Boulogne is 160 miles from Paris; Brighton, by the improvements of railroad travelling, is become almost a suburb of London. Boulogne, during the summer season, attracts a few French families from the interior; Brighton is all the year round a focus of fresh company, and, in the winter time, boasts of marshalling on its sunny parades all the beauty and fashion of the capital. Boulogne, in short, is a remote sea-port town, of which the contiguity to England, by rendering it the resort of great numbers of our countrymen, has casually increased the importance; Brighton, the queen of English watering-places, in the course of the year numbering among its frequenters the sovereign and more than half the nobility of Great Britain. Why then should the performance of "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" be a piece of real attraction in the unpretending French town,

and of downright buffoonery in the magnificent English one? The reason is plain and unsatisfactory. With all our vaunted encouragement of musical art and its professors, we have no national genius for music, as it is known and cultivated in the rest of Europe. Yet in no country in the world are foreign artists so exorbitantly remunerated, or spoken of in terms of more extravagant adulation. And why so? Simply because it is the fashion to frequent the Italian Opera. How many of those who now rave of Grisi and Lablache would continue faithful to the pit of the Queen's Theatre, if by some strange counteraction in the tastes or procedure of the court, Victoria the first were to transfer her presence and patronage from the operas of Bellini and Donizetti in the Haymarket, to the plays of Shakspeare and Massinger at Sadler's Wells? Would stalls at the Opera fetch three guineas under such altered circumstances?

The fact is, that we dare not of ourselves pronounce upon the merits of an operatic production. A Vienna or Paris audience must have stamped its seal of approbation upon any musical drama before it can pass current in London,—a weakness in our national character of which one or two flagrant instances may be mentioned.

Perhaps the most remarkably successful piece ever transferred from the Continental to the English stage was *Der Freischütz*. It was produced at almost all the London theatres, and, in the language of dramatic craft, had at each a run altogether unparalleled. Perhaps the unearthly horrors of the story, and the attractions of scenic decoration, contributed as much as the noble originality of the music, to establish the masterpiece of Carl Maria von Weber in such high popular estimation. Be this as it may, the applause of England fostered the opera of *Der Freischütz*, and the name of its composer, into wonderful fame and notoriety. Encouraged by the reception which his work had met with in this country, Weber came to England, and composed an opera expressly for one of the great national theatres. It was produced, and as a stock piece utterly failed; with what justice, the musicians of the Continent, and of Germany in particular, can best decide, who have ever since regarded *Oberon*, the work which an English audience would not appreciate because it had been originally written for them, as one of the most exquisite and magnificent productions of its great master!

Again, the best British composer of the present day is, without fear of contradiction, Michael Balfe, whose earlier productions, however, decidedly exhibited more genius and originality than his latter operas, too closely modelled as they appear to

be upon those of the modern French school. "The Siege of Rochelle," Balfe's first dramatic musical work, deservedly acquired popularity; upon the strength of which he devoted his talents to the composition of other operas, and eventually became the lessee of a theatre exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the lyrical drama. During this period of his career, "The Maid of Artois," "Falstaff," "Catherine Grey," and other pieces, successively added to his reputation: but what to himself were the personal results of his devotion to musical science, and culture of the English operatic stage? Bankruptcy and ruin! For a period Balfe disappeared, and the next time we heard of him, it was in connexion with the triumphant success of his "Puits d'Amour," an opera composed for, and produced upon the boards of the Paris "Opera Comique."

The stamp of foreign approbation was now upon Balfe, it became therefore high time to bestow upon him our own! Accordingly he returned with flying colours to England, and the once unlucky lessee of the Lyceum produced upon the stage of Drury Lane an opera which brought him a whole harvest of fame and emolument.

France had approved our formerly neglected composer: it was thenceforth our duty to foster him!

A notable specimen of the sort of encouragement held out by Government for the cultivation of British musical taste was the order, which appeared in the newspapers within the last few months, for restricting the bands of regiments to a very limited and most inadequate number of performers. It appeared that the over-musical colonel of some regiment of the line had permitted its band to consist of some half dozen more performers than the regulations of the service authorized. This was an enormity not to be connived at with indulgence, but to be put down at once with the stern hand of authority; and to prevent other corps from permitting themselves such undue licence of sweet sounds, it was deemed expedient to issue the most restrictive general orders upon the subject.

And yet, if aught in the shape of melody successfully avail to charm the vulgar herd of men, and lend enthusiasm to troops, it is the fulness of good martial music. France is proverbially a nation of soldiers, and in her wisdom deems it well worth her while to maintain for every regiment of her powerful armies a numerous body of men exclusively devoting themselves to instrumental harmony, their proficiency in which is a matter of personal pride to officer and private alike. Who that has listened in a French garrison town to the delightful strains of a fine military band, has not contrasted the pleasure he has therefrom experienced, with the acute sensations produced upon his tym-

panum by quasi similar performances from the ill-paid, inefficient bands of regiments at home ?

So long as the rulers of our people thus set their faces against all means of improving their taste for the most glorious of the fine arts, so long will the great bulk of the community be an utterly unmusical rabble.

What can be more savagely inharmonious than the roar of drunken song that, upon the occasion of an election or any unusual orgy, bursts upon the ear from the depths of a low tavern? Vagabonds of the same description, pouring forth under similar excitement from a French estaminet, would at least bellow in parts.

As a musical nation, France perhaps now deserves to rank higher than it really does in European estimation. Antecedently to the first revolution, native was less encouraged than foreign talent ; witness the long and inveterately sustained rivalry between the partisans of Glück and Picini, whose names were for years the rallying points of Parisian amateurs. Lully, Grétry, Boieldieu, then successively won back the ears and hearts of their countrymen to home-made melodies ; and to those agreeable composers successors have now sprung up, who uphold, with the greatest credit to themselves, the reputation of the French musical school. At the head of the list stands Auber, unrivalled for his graphic and graceful harmonies. It may appear a paradox to assert that Auber is very little known in England ; yet that such is the fact may be unhesitatingly asserted. Some half dozen indeed of his principal operas have been produced upon the English stage, but they have been adaptations rather than transcripts of the works themselves. The sparkling dialogue of Scribe, rendered into very middling English, all the recitative and numerous concerted pieces cut out, some of the most noisy or effective chorusses, and a few single songs retained ; such is the process of preparing, or to use a vulgar and expressive barbarism, "transmogrifying" a French opera for English approbation. Now, those who have watched and admired the productions of Auber upon the stage for which they were intended, cannot but have been struck by the accurate adaptation of his melodies to the words of the libretto, the admirable delicacy with which, at times, a faint orchestral instrumentation is heard accompanying the delivery of mere dialogue, and the occasional introduction of brief snatches of music, in nicest accordance with the unities of the scene under immediate representation ; such for example as the distant hum of ball-room music overheard by the audience just before the glories of the Swedish bal masqué break forth upon their dazzled eyes ; or, the dozen bolero-like bars that occur

in that scene from "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*," where the assembled guests disperse from the saloons of the minister of police,—notes seemingly the burthen of a merely trifling air, and yet, of which the character at once recalls to mind the Peninsular "venue" of the story. These "curious felicities," which constitute some of the greatest charms of Auber's delightful and most dramatic style, are quite overlooked in the English adaptations of his works; and even Scribe's ably wrought and ingenious plots are altered for no other apparent purpose than for their own damage. Thus, in the noble five-act opera of *Gustave III*, the Swedish sovereign is himself the disguised lover of Madame Ankerstrom; in its wretched English version, this fair pretext for the monarch's self-exposure to danger, the most dramatic incident in the piece, is altogether suppressed, and the lady's admirer is a Captain Lilienhorn, in whom none can feel the most distant interest! This mutilation of the plot, is but typical of that which attends the music of operas, said to be transferred from the Parisian stage to our own. Ask nineteen Englishmen out of twenty, professing some taste for the art, how they like Auber's music, and they will reply that there are some pretty things in *Masaniello*!—Garbled versions of that grand production, of "*Fra Diavolo*," "*The bronze Horse*," "*Gustavus*," and one or two more operas now passed with Weber's *Freischütz* (!!) into the category of stock afterpieces, constitute the repertory from which English audiences derive their supposed knowledge of the works of Auber. Of those operas, in all their real beauty, those that have not seen them on the French stage can form indeed but a most inadequate conception; and when to the list of the French maestro's productions, already partially known in England, be added "*La Neige*," "*Le Concert à la Cour*," "*Zanetta*," "*Le Serment*," "*Amphytryon*," "*Actéon*," "*Le Lac des Fées*," "*Le Philtre*," "*Le Dieu et la Bayadère*," "*Le Domino noir*," "*Le Duc d'Olonne*," "*La Part du Diable*," "*La Sirène*," "*L'Ambassadrice*," "*La Barcarole*," "*Le Ménétrier*," all beautiful operas, the very names of many of which have never reached this country,—the right of London critics to decide upon the merits of Auber, may well be questioned. He has introduced into France a style peculiarly his own,—that of light and graceful melody, adapting itself with magical appropriateness to the personages and situations of the scene. He possesses in all its plenitude that marvellous prerogative of great geniuses, by the exercise of which, they can at pleasure rule and direct the feelings and passions of the multitude. "*La Muette de Portici*" accelerated the crisis of the Belgian revolution.—Princes apprehensive of popular commotion in their states, forbid its representation!

While acknowledging Auber as the "facile princeps" of living French composers, it is fair to render justice to his contemporaries: to his imitator, Adam for instance, in whose operas and ballet music, the style and pleasing harmonies of the master are ably, without being servilely, imitated. "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau," "Le Brasseur de Preston," "La fille du Danube," "La jolie fille de Gand," "Le Chalet," "Cagliostro," "Le roi d'Yvetot," and many other operatic productions of sparkling beauty, attest the talents of this young maestro. Of a graver, and perhaps more scientific, though far less pleasing character, are the works of Halévy, whose five-act opera of "La Juive," transformed into a melodrama for the English stage, has been as yet, so far as we are aware, the only medium afforded to a London audience of becoming acquainted with his name, although "La Reine de Chypre," "Charles VI," "La Tentation," "Guido e Ginevra," and many other lyrical compositions, have raised him high in the estimation of his countrymen. In Hérold, the gifted pupil of Carl Maria von Weber, France lost a young musician, of whom the existing productions gave the promise of surpassing excellence. His "Marie," "Zampa," "Pré aux Clercs," and "Prison d'Edimbourg," which he did not live to finish, abound in beauty, and have a character that seems to blend the sprightliness and suavity of his native, with the more grave and sterling concords of the German school. While on the subject of French musicians, the name of Berlioz must not be omitted, whose pretensions to eminence,—perhaps too ostentatiously self-proclaimed to be willingly recognized,—are nevertheless pretty generally admitted. He has chiefly signalized himself by his elaborate symphonies, and by the able manner in which he has conducted concerts organized on a monstrous and hitherto perfectly unprecedented scale. Neither must Felicien David be overlooked,—France's latest aspirant for musical fame, upon whose young brow fashion has already placed a wreath of glory. He deserves to wear it, for the dramatic symphony of "Le Désert" has established his claim to a very high order of genius. To embody, in the mystery of sounds, the vastness and sublimity of the wilderness, and the wayfaring incidents that diversify the travellers' pilgrimage across its pathless waste, was a bold and seemingly chimerical attempt which the daring spirit of Felicien David has carried into successful execution. The ear is bewildered by the chaotic grandeur of his chords when he would depict the solitude or the tempest of the desert, and charmed with the wild, graphic, Arab harmony of the "March of the Caravan," suddenly breaking forth amidst the desolateness of nature. If this young bard of Israel,—for like so many of the professors of musical art, he

is a member of that proscribed race,—have sought for inspiration beyond the resources of his own imaginings, it has been among the older masters. Of the modern school there is no trace in his composition; but upon the other hand much that agreeably reminds one of Corelli and Beethoven.

The French may be almost said to have appropriated to themselves the mightiest of living German masters. “Robert le Diable” and “Les Huguenots,” both in their way elaborate wonders of art, were expressly composed for the Paris stage; and whenever long opposing circumstances shall at length be found favourable to its representation, “the Prophet,” according to the report of the few who have been admitted to the privilege of a look at its score, is to astound the world, and raise still higher the reputation of Meyerbeer. From one, indeed, that could compose such a scena as that of “Robert, toi que j’aime,” what may not be looked for?

Rossini again composed the grandest of his operas, “Guillaume Tell,” for the French boards.

Bellini produced his “I Puritani” in Paris; and all Donizetti’s latter operas have made their first appearance in that capital. Whence this marked preference evinced by living artists, for the début of their works, for Paris over London? Because there are bands to play them in France, and none in England. The orchestra of “L’Académie Royale de Musique” is one of the fullest and most effective in Europe. The far less numerous one of “L’Opéra Comique” is nevertheless admirably composed, and forms an association of most perfect musicians. There is not a theatre in Paris that does not more or less consider the excellence of its band as matter of no secondary consideration; and in all provincial towns, for the production alike of native or foreign operas, amateurs, consisting generally of the tradesmen of the place, will lend their services to the regular theatrical orchestra, to increase its efficiency.

Now, in London, we have no band that can lay claim to any European reputation; for we may not take into account that of the Italian Opera House, composed as it is principally of foreigners, and conducted by Signor Costa: nor that of the Philharmonic Society, the admirable performances of which are only accessible to a select and limited number of subscribers. Whether time will bring about any change and melioration in this state of things is a problem. We are inclined to believe that the musical taste of the community, although still at a low ebb, and slavishly ruled by fashion, is rather on the rise than the decline, and that if properly fostered and encouraged, it might at some future time ripen and bear fruit.

That there do exist elements of harmony in the British cha-

racter, is at once matter of fact and consolation. In three distinct musical styles, comparatively quite unknown to other nations, our excellence is undisputed. The Church Music of England has a character, mainly imprinted upon it by the immortal Handel (whom, although a German, we have acquired a right to call our own), which imparts to the solemn anthem of cathedral service a grandeur and solemnity not to be equalled in the world beside. "The Messiah," performed by seven hundred vocal and instrumental artists in York Minster, was a triumph of musical achievement in which the greatest masters of all nations, that ever lived, must if present have gloried. Our Musical Festivals, the oratorios of Exeter Hall, and the ordinary services of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and of our cathedrals in general, are so many practical attestations of the energy and success with which the department of sacred melody is cultivated amongst us. In the Catholic chapels of London, with inadequate means of giving them due effect, the Masses of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven are performed in a most efficient manner.

The next style which may be said to be thoroughly well cultivated and appreciated in England is that of Glees, a class of music which can be grave or gay, sacred or convivial, and is in all its phases essentially characteristic of a sound, though somewhat peculiar, national taste. Whoever has once enjoyed the privilege of being admitted to the weekly banquet of that old established association, "The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club," will not easily forget the effect produced upon the ear by those volumes of harmonized sound of which the sterling glees of our old composers are susceptible. To every feeling of the heart are those melodies ancillary. To the "Non Nobis Domine" of Bird, and that exquisite canon by twofold augmentation, the "Amen" of Dr. Benjamin Cooke, which serves for epitaph on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, we listen with a subdued and entranced sensation of delight, that subsides and alternates into dreamy reverie or hilarity, under the successive influence of the Ossianic or Bacchanalian glees of Calcott. The fathers of this good old English style of music were Purcell and Matthew Lock, men of genius, who gave vent to their own bold and beautiful and original conceptions, without attempting, like their modern countrymen, to imitate the niceties of the Continental school. About the works of these time-honoured masters there is an undying freshness which assimilates the zest with which they fall upon the ear to the fragrance of ancient poetry.

The third branch of musical art, in which England shares with Scotland and Ireland a supremacy over other countries, is in

the simple beauty of her native ballads. The verse of Burns and of Moore has for ever embalmed the melodies of the North and West. We still lack some bard who should "in deathless song" immortalize the home-bred airs of England. Of these, perhaps the most delightful existing repertory is to be met with in that rakish, reckless, and yet alluring farrago of low-lived rogueries, "The Beggar's Opera," which the over-refined taste of the present day seems by a common consent to have altogether banished from the stage. Yet there is no imaginable reason why its melodies, which so charmed our fathers, should not tell with a like effect upon the ears and hearts of our new generation.

THE PLAGUE AND THE SURGEON.*

GRIM Death has boarded the dreaded bark,
 His yellow flag streams o'er the sea;
 Away they drift, his prize! But, hark!—
 A boat's crew hails them gallantly.
 Seven men with Bernard mount the deck,
 To fight Death, hand to hand:
 To drive him back from the wave-tost wreck,
 And bring her safe to land.

"What joy it will be to take her home!
 "Oh, we shall be honour'd for years to come!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! the lessening band
 Draws near the well-known bank.†
 She strikes not to Death; for, hand to hand,
 Brave Bernard fights each plank.
 He falls at length: in the cause of love:
 But he sav'd full many. What then?—
 His spirit rejoices with God above;—
 Forgot by his countrymen.

J. R. B.

* These lines have been suggested by seeing contrasted the conduct of a "nation of shopkeepers" towards the brave men who volunteered on board the *Eclair*, when she was refused admittance at Madeira, and towards the successful speculator in railroads, the recipient of the "Hudson testimonial."

† The Motherbank.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND LORD BROUGHAM.

BY LEICESTER S. F. BUCKINGHAM.

(Concluded from page 341.)

THE remarks which have been already submitted on the various branches of the evidence upon which Mary Stuart has been accused of complicity in her husband's death, though necessarily scanty and compressed, will be sufficient, it is hoped, to remove from every candid and impartial mind the dark stigma which has so long been allowed to rest upon her fame, and to vindicate her at once from a calumny whose strongest condemnation is that it has ever been rejected with contempt by all who have carefully studied the real character of her mind. True it is, that in every age there have been found some men who, too often influenced by a bitter hatred of that holy Church of which Mary was so bright an ornament, have been willing to lend all their powers to the work of her defamation; and who, by a sad perversion of brilliant talents, have succeeded in inducing many to believe the calumnies against her fame, and to look upon her as a monster of infamy, destitute of every quality that can adorn the character of woman. Yet it is curious and instructive to observe that those who are thus violent in their assertions of the undoubted participation of Mary in the murder of Darnley, have attained an elevation in malignity which was beyond the reach of some, at least, of her deadliest foes in the days in which she lived. Few, indeed, who have studied the history of that dismal age—dark and gloomy in its moral features when its political glories were most visible and transcendant—will be inclined to rank Elizabeth among the partizans of Mary, or to imagine that she was influenced by any feelings of partiality towards the Scottish queen. Yet she, the bitterest of all her enemies, was compelled by the insuperable force of truth to declare to her accusers, after hearing all the evidence they could adduce to support their charge, that “there had been nothing sufficiently produced or shown by them against the queen their sovereign by which the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the queen, her good sister, for anything yet seen.” (*Cott. MSS., Titus c. xii.*) Thus do the defamers of Mary in our own day base their calumnies upon evidence which was rejected and despised even by Elizabeth herself.

Such being the decision of the self-constituted judge of this most momentous cause, it would seem only natural that she should have at once restored her prisoner to liberty, and offered her powerful aid to assist her to regain the kingdom of which she

had been so unjustly deprived. But the furtherance of justice was very far from being the object of the English queen. Overjoyed at the happy chance which had cast Mary into her power, she grasped eagerly at any pretext for detaining her as a prisoner, and none seemed so well fitted for her purpose as this charge of having been an abettor in Darnley's death. But when, by her own decision, this odious stigma was removed from her name, and her solitary excuse for the detention of Mary was thus destroyed, she seems to have grown bolder in iniquity, and ventured upon the perpetration of an act, the commission of which is a sufficient token of the character of the moral atmosphere of her court. Casting aside even the pretence of justice which she had before assumed, she resolved upon the permanent imprisonment of one who had cast herself into her arms with a firm reliance upon her promises of assistance; who had committed no crime against the English laws; and who was in no sense subject to the jurisdiction which was thus exercised over her. Such was the Queen whom Englishmen venerate and revere, and to whose reign they look as the period of their nation's highest glory!

It has been asserted by some writers, that Elizabeth, in this extraordinary exercise of power, was actuated solely by a desire to preserve the peace of the Scottish kingdom, since she had every reason to fear that this would be entirely destroyed if Mary were permitted again to endeavour to assume the reins of power. Taken at the best, such a course of action would be about as justifiable as the conduct of a highwayman who should relieve a traveller of his money, actuated solely by a fear that he might use it to his own injury; and the two proceedings would have precisely equal claims to our admiration and respect. But it is quite clear that such was not the motive which prompted the conduct of the English queen; and ample evidence exists to show that the destruction of Mary's life was the real object which she had in view in thus detaining her a prisoner within the English realm. Very soon after the termination of the conferences, and immediately subsequent to the death of Murray,—whose appropriate fate, drawn down upon him by his own cruelty and injustice, drew tears from that sister whom he had persecuted and traduced, but whose truly Christian spirit taught her to forgive and pity her bitterest foes,—the Abbot of Dumfermline was sent by the rebels to Queen Elizabeth to demand the delivery of Mary into their hands. Utterly unjustifiable as such a request was, Elizabeth appeared willing to lend a favourable ear to the application; and although in the first instance she demanded that sufficient pledges should be given for the security of the captive's life, this flimsy veil was soon thrown aside, and

the murderous character of her wishes came fully into view ; for when the abbot replied to this demand, that "that would be hard to do, for what in case the queen die in the meantime?" She replied, "My lord, I believed you had been a wise man ; you would press me to speak what is no ways necessary ; you may know that I cannot but, for my honor, require pledges for that end. I think you may judge also of yourself what would be best for me" (*Melvil*, 106), in which, as Melvil observes, "her meaning might be easily judged and understood." But she went even farther than this ; for the secret instructions of Cecil to Killigrew show that this envoy was sent into Scotland expressly directed to communicate to the Scottish rebels the Queen of England's willingness to deliver Mary into their power, if they would engage, to use Cecil's words, "to proceed with her by way of justice, so as neither that realm nor this should be endangered by her hereafter." (*Murdin*, 224.) And while they were thus seeking to incite others to become the active agents in her death, the Council of Elizabeth were at the same time fomenting measures to facilitate the ultimate destruction of their defenceless captive. The act which was passed, inflicting heavy penalties upon any one who should, during the life of Elizabeth, affirm that any person, except the natural issue of her body, was the lawful successor to the crown, was at first made retrospective, in order to draw Mary and her partizans under the penalties which it inflicted (*Hallam, Const. Hist.* i. 188, *note*) : and an Act of Association was entered into by the principal persons in the kingdom, and confirmed by Parliament (the offered signature of Mary to which was refused), the parties to which bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to prosecute to the death any persons by whom, or *for whom*, any violence should be offered to the life of Elizabeth, in order to favour the title of any pretender to the crown (*State Trials*, i. 222) ; thus making Mary responsible, even with her life, for the act of the humblest individual who should venture to raise his sword in her behalf, however averse she might herself be to such a means of furthering the interests of her cause.

But even these formidable menaces were soon found to be quite insufficient to procure peace to the English realm, and to prevent the natural results of the unjust conduct which had been pursued against the imprisoned queen. While Mary remained alive, the spirit of chivalry was constantly inciting some of the noblest spirits of the age to espouse her cause, and to peril their lives in attempting to avenge her wrongs. The danger was indeed most imminent. Once liberated from her confinement, the Catholics of England, and those Protestants who loved justice better than sectarian bigotry, would have flocked around her

standard, and a few days might have sufficed to hurl Elizabeth from her throne, and to render futile many years of deceit and crime. It became necessary, therefore, to provide some means by which this source of peril might be destroyed; and for this purpose a charge was devised which is considered by Lord Brougham to be only in a slight degree more doubtful than that which we have already discussed, and which he regards as undubitably true; and the evidence in support of this accusation now demands our careful consideration.

II. THE BABINGTON CONSPIRACY.

In order to arrive at a correct understanding of the disputed question of Mary's full participation in this conspiracy, it is necessary to consider attentively its origin and history, since without such a preliminary investigation it would be impossible to comprehend the actual position of the case.

Among those who most deeply commiserated the condition of the Scottish queen, was Anthony Babington, a young man of good family, accomplished in literature and science, and possessed of ample fortune, and, what was far better, of a heart which could feel for the innocent and oppressed, and which boiled with indignation at the malignant and heartless cruelty with which the helpless Mary had been treated by her powerful rival. Inclined in the highest degree to favour any scheme which might advance her cause, or that of the Catholic faith—to which he was ardently and zealously attached—he was one of those to whom any project against the power of Elizabeth would be instantly imparted, and from whom it was certain to meet with eager and enthusiastic support. And it was not long before such a project was presented to his notice. John Ballard, a priest of the seminary of Rheims, had been sent over from France to obtain an accurate view of the disposition of the English Catholics towards their queen—and while in England on that mission he contracted an intimacy with one Maud, a man who professed the utmost friendship for himself, and the strongest sympathy in his views; but who was in reality a spy, in the employ of Sir Francis Walsingham. Ballard found, as might have been expected, that the feelings of the Catholics in England were very strongly excited against their queen. Viewing her, as they did, as a bastard, and, consequently, looking upon her as incapacitated from holding the crown by the irregularity of her birth, they had ever regarded every moment of her reign as an outrage on the indefeasible rights of the lawful heir; and there can be little doubt that they were in the right in the opinion which they entertained. Since the marriage of Henry VIII of England with the ill-fated Catherine was dis-

solved on the ground of asserted consanguinity, it is clear that, if void at all, it must have been so from the moment when it took place; and as Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, was born on the 7th of September 1533, and Catherine did not die until the 8th of January 1536, it is clear that either Mary, the daughter of Catherine, or Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne, must have been illegitimate, and consequently incapacitated from ascending the throne:—and, adopting this obvious conclusion as the basis of our argument, we shall see that the Acts of Parliament relating to the point at issue leave no room for doubt as to the opinion which we must adopt. In 1536, the illegitimacy of both the princesses was declared, and the assertion of the contrary was elevated into treason;—but in 1544, a bill was passed, which, though it did not formally revoke the former one, yet restored the two ladies to the right of succession. In 1553, however, an enactment received the legislative sanction, which, as it was never contradicted or repealed by any subsequent act, finally settled the disputed question, by annulling the divorce which had been pronounced by Cranmer, and declaring the marriage of Henry with Catherine to be legal and valid, (2 *Maricæ* c. 1), from which the illegitimacy of Elizabeth follows as a matter of course. In a legal point of view, therefore, the English Catholics were clearly justified in holding the views which they entertained: but it is curious to observe, that whether the marriage of Henry with Catherine was valid or not, his union with Anne was necessarily invalid, and its issue consequently spurious. For if the consanguinity which was put forward as the ground of the divorce did not exist, as Catherine averred, since she asserted that her former union had never been consummated, (a statement which was admitted by Henry himself to be true, and in consequence of which she was married with the ceremonies appropriated to the nuptials of maids), then, of course, Anne was but the concubine of Henry, during the life of his lawful wife; while on the other hand, if such consanguinity did exist, and was a just impediment to the union, it would operate equally with regard to Anne, since her sister Mary Boleyn had been for some time the mistress of Henry: so that, under every view of the case, the feelings of the English Catholics towards Elizabeth, in regard to her illegitimacy, must be looked upon as founded in reason and in justice. This cause alone would have been sufficient to have aroused them against her; but when all the better feelings of their hearts had been wounded by her odious conduct, when her oppressive statutes had converted into high treason the profession of their faith, (23 *Eliz.* c. 1) and, above all, when her cruel oppression of her hapless victim had roused into fury every drop of English blood

which circled in their veins, their honest indignation could no longer be contained, and they watched with eagerness for an opportunity to defend the rights of the lawful heir against the claim of the sanguinary usurper.

Returning to France with this information, and still accompanied by Maud, who used every means to encourage the views which he entertained, Ballard communicated the result of his enquiries to Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, and both agreed that the time had now arrived when a blow might be effectually struck against the power of Elizabeth, by combining the external aid of the King of Spain, the Duke of Guise, and the Prince of Parma, with the internal insurrection of the English Catholics, aided by some of the Protestants, who, like Norfolk, Arundel, Pembroke, and others, would be willing to assist their efforts; and in order to arrange matters for the success of the scheme, Ballard went to London, disguised as an officer, and, assuming the name of Fortescue, applied to Babington as one of those on whose aid he could securely rely.

Babington readily gave his support to the plan which was proposed; and nothing seemed now necessary but to arrange the details of its execution. But the difficulties which lay in the way of carrying out the schemes of the Catholics were far greater than they had at first imagined. Ardent and enthusiastic as were their followers, and just as was their cause, the physical power of the nation was yet in opposition to their views, and the sagacity and penetration of Elizabeth were so great, that it was soon discovered that nothing could be done while she remained alive. And so soon as this difficulty presented itself the means of overcoming it appeared, in the person of Savage, an officer who had served in the wars in Flanders, and who had, upon the persuasion of Gifford, a secret agent of Walsingham, made a vow to assassinate the English queen. This person was immediately admitted as an associate in the conspiracy, which thus assumed a new feature, by adding the death of Elizabeth to the objects which had been contemplated in the original design.

From this brief sketch of the origin of this conspiracy, it will be observed that there were two distinct and separate plots, which were subsequently amalgamated into a single scheme;—the one having in view the dethronement of Elizabeth, the liberation of Mary, and her elevation to the throne—the other contemplating the death of the English queen. It is instructive to notice also that both branches of the design owed their origin, the one very greatly, the other (and that the worst), entirely, to the emissaries of Elizabeth herself; but the point which has been noticed is that which chiefly demands our attention and remembrance.

We must further observe, that in correspondence with this double origin and design of the conspiracy, the charge brought against Mary was two-fold—charging her in the first place with a participation in the project of rebellion, aided by external force; and secondly with an approval of, and share in, the design against Elizabeth's life: and it is the more necessary to observe carefully this division, because it is with regard to the second portion of the plot alone that any question of her participation exists. That she had approved of the proposed insurrection, she did not deny, nor did she scruple to declare that she would again do the same for the recovery of her liberty; and although some may be found to condemn her for such a course of conduct, surely, the strongest and most ample justification may be found in the position in which she had so long been placed, since, having failed in all her efforts to obtain her freedom by remonstrance and friendly expostulation, she was clearly justified, by every law of nature, in encouraging the efforts of those who sought to effect her deliverance by force of arms. With that portion of the accusation then, we have no concern, as she herself expressly admitted its truth;—but it is necessary that we should examine the charge of having participated in the plot for the assassination of Elizabeth, the truth of which she firmly and indignantly denied.

The evidence in support of this, will be found to resolve itself into a single passage in a single letter from Mary to Babington, and three confessions or depositions, made respectively by Nau and Curll, her two secretaries, and Babington, and put forward to prove the authenticity of the document in which this passage was contained. And the defence of Mary will be comprised in the demonstration of three separate propositions. I. That the letter, as produced on the trial, was interpolated in the convicting passage. II. That the depositions of Babington and Curll did not prove the point required to be confirmed. III. That the evidence of Nau, when considered in connexion with his subsequent testimony, utterly overthrows the case of her accusers.

I. The letter upon which so much depended in this important cause, was the last of a series which had passed between Babington and Mary, and its history, in its progress from the first draft to the copy which was at last dispatched, demands our particular notice. Mary herself first penned a series of instructions; these were fashioned by Nau into a letter in French, which Curll translated into English, and both of these she read and approved. The letter was then put into cypher by Curll and dispatched, but by the treachery of the messenger it came, as the letters which preceded it had come, into the hands of Phillips, the decipherer of Elizabeth, by whom it was copied, and after ten days forwarded to its destination. It appears,

therefore, that four original transcripts of the letter existed, the French minute of Mary, the French letter of Nau, the English of Curll, and the cyphered copy; and of these, the two former came into the possession of her accusers when they seized her cabinet at Chartley, as we learn from the testimony of Nau. (*Lingard*, viii. 214.)

On the trial, however, they produced a totally different copy, purporting to be the decipherment by Phillips; and upon a single passage in this, sufficiently probative, certainly, if genuine, they founded the accusation against Mary. The question irresistibly suggests itself to the mind, why was this clumsy proceeding adopted? why did they not produce at once one of the original transcripts, and thus effectually silence the indignant denials of the Scottish queen, instead of resting their case upon a copy, which had not the slightest weight of authority to confirm its asserted authenticity? Such a course of conduct necessarily casts the strongest suspicion on those who found it necessary to adopt it, since there could have been no reason for refusing to produce the original, unless it differed in some material point from the asserted copy.

The defence of Mary clearly points to an interpolation in the convicting passage, since she vehemently declared, "that the points of the letters that concerned the Queen's Majesty's person were never by her written, nor of her knowledge; the rest, for invasion and for escaping by force, she would neither affirm nor deny." (*Cecil to Davison, Cott. MSS. Calig. c. ix. f. 433.*) And this is fully confirmed by the statement which Nau addressed to Elizabeth from the Tower, in which he stated that Mary had received from Babington an intimation of the design upon Elizabeth's life; but that she took no notice of it in her reply, because it was a thing she neither desired nor intended; though she did not think herself bound to betray the confidence of her friends, by divulging their plans to the queen. (*Von Raumer*, iii. 329.) But the letter itself presents the strongest evidence of the truth of the assertion of Mary, since a very slight examination is sufficient to show that the important passage must have been an interpolation, and could not have existed in the letter as originally written. After making some preliminary arrangements for her escape, she is made to say "The affairs being thus prepared, and forces in readiness within and without the realm, then shall it be time to set the six gentlemen to work [to assassinate the queen], taking order upon the accomplishing of their design [the assassination], I may suddenly be transported out of this place;" and, then after adjuring them to have sufficient forces in readiness, she reminds them "that to take me forth of this place, unbeing before well assured to set me in the midst of a good army, or in some way very

good strength . . . it were sufficient excuse given to that queen in catching me again, to enclose me in some hold out of which I should never escape, if she did use me no worse." Yet it was obviously impossible that Elizabeth should catch her again, if the attempt to liberate her was to depend on her assassination; and the proof of interpolation, confirming as it does, the defence of Mary and the testimony of Nau, is evident at the slightest glance. And a considerable light has been thrown upon this point by a document, recently discovered and published, in Prince Labanoff's noble collection of the letters of Mary. There are at present in existence, eight contemporaneous copies of this famous letter, all, like the one produced on the trial, without postscripts; but in the State Paper Office, a draft of a postscript has been discovered, in the handwriting of Phillips, the man by whom Mary's letters were deciphered, and who prepared the copy used on the trial, in which she is made to say nearly all that is contained in the interpolated passage (*Labanoff*, vi. 395); so that it would seem that it was at first intended to introduce a postscript; but that this was abandoned in favour of the interpolation which was afterwards employed.

II. It may be urged, however, that the external and internal proofs of the interpolation of the important passage in the letter to Babington, are entirely overthrown by the depositions of Babington and Curll, which were brought forward to prove the correctness of the copy of the letter used on the trial. But to this the simple answer is, that they prove no such thing. The substance of both the depositions is, that Babington and Curll were both shown copies of the queen's letter to the former, which they agreed in declaring to be correct; but the grand point of all, the point upon which so much suspicion was cast by the conduct of the accusers, and upon which the whole case depended, the similarity of the copy used on the trial to those which were shown to these witnesses, is left entirely untouched. And the fact, that the accusers of Mary refused to produce these witnesses in court, when they had them in their hands, and when their evidence would have entirely settled this important question, is in itself a sufficient proof of the weakness of their case, and of their utter inability to prove, by evidence, the charge which they had brought forward.

III. One point alone remains to be considered, the testimony of Nau. And although the evidence which has been already presented is sufficient to set at rest for ever this disputed question, yet as the triumph of Mary will not be complete until we have taken one of the witnesses from the hands of her accusers, and shown that his testimony really tends to her entire vindication, we may devote a few moments to the examination of this concluding section of our subject. The deposition of Nau was

similar to that of Curll, declaring the similarity of a copy placed before him at the time, to the original letter; but giving no evidence of the resemblance of that copy to the one which was used upon the trial. And the subsequent conduct of Nau throws great light on the value which is to be attached to those depositions, by showing what were the real feelings, and what was the expressed opinion of one of their authors on the point in dispute. When James came to the throne, Nau was anxious to vindicate himself from the imputation of having, by his evidence, caused the death of the Scottish queen; and he accordingly addressed a long explanatory paper to the king, in which he detailed the circumstances connected with his examination, and appealed to the memory of all the nobles who had been present at the scene he mentioned, for the veracity of his narration. In that document he asserted, (and there is no reason to doubt his statement) that when he was summoned before the council at Westminster, in order to confirm the points of his deposition, he maintained, *as he had ever done*, "the falsity of the principal points of the accusation brought forward against her majesty, and upon which alone they could find any colour or pretext for condemning her" (*Cott. MSS. Calig. B. v. f. 233.*), and stigmatized the charge as calumnious and false; and that when Walsingham, rising with considerable excitement, endeavoured to silence him by producing the testimonies of the executed conspirators, he still remained steadfast to his assertion, and "summoned the commissioners to answer before God and all christian kings and princes, if, on such false charges, they should condemn a queen, no less a sovereign than their own." (*Lingard*, viii. 229.) The boldness of this declaration, consistent as it is in every point with his former remonstrance to Elizabeth, and the entire absence from his deposition of any point in the smallest degree inculcating Mary, may surely justify us in claiming him as a witness in her defence. But however this may be, the clear and obvious interpolation in the letter to Babington, and the utter insufficiency of the depositions which were brought to its support, fully overthrow the charge, and place the innocence of Mary upon the firm and enduring basis of historic truth.

Thus briefly, then, have we endeavoured to vindicate, against the aspersions of her traducers, the character of one whose memory has been loaded with obloquy ever since the days in which she lived; but to whom mankind are at last beginning to pay the homage due to the high virtues which characterized her noble heart. And truly the world has rarely seen a being so variously and so highly gifted with all the excellences of body and of mind, or upon whom nature showered down with such unsparing hand her richest and most precious gifts. If we look upon her as a woman, we are entranced by the peerless

beauty of her form, the cultivated perfections of her mind, and the abounding goodness of her guileless heart ;—if we view her as a queen, we are amazed at the ability with which, when scarce beyond the years of childhood, she ruled a stormy and troubled state, and swayed the sceptre over a people agitated by some of the most violent passions of the human heart ;—but if we regard her as a Christian, we see the cause and source of all ; we recognize the true support which sustained her in all the troubles of her chequered life, and bow in heartfelt homage to that beneficent Being, who bore her scathless through miseries and sorrows which would have subdued a less earnest and steadfast heart, and enabled her to return into His hands that glorious soul, purified and refined by the sufferings of its toilsome pilgrimage upon earth. And these were so intense, and so varied, that the history of the world fails to exhibit to us another individual in whom they were so continuous and so severe. Constituted, even in her infancy, an object of contention between rival states, she was early torn from maternal care, and banished, in the tender years of youth, to a foreign land ; and when pleasure had begun to spread its roses beneath her feet, and the joys of connubial bliss shed high felicity over her life, the object of her affection was torn from her by death, and she was compelled to experience the bitter sadness of a widowed heart. Called early to preside over a people, whose turbulence of disposition fitted them to be a torment to the best of rulers, and the main body of whom were, at that moment, excited with the bitterest fury against the ancient Church which she so fondly loved, she was induced to repose confidence in men who used the power which she had committed to them to serve the basest ends of an unprincipled ambition ; and when, amid the troubles of her career, she was induced to repose her affections on another husband, the misconduct of him whom she had chosen exposed her to the most grievous of insults, dashed the cup of happiness from her expectant lips, and brought down destruction upon his erring head. While suffering the anguish of this double sorrow, she was doomed to hear herself stigmatized as the author of his death, and when, indignant at this baseless slander, she would have risen nobly in her own extenuation, the brutal violence of a powerful noble compelled her to confirm in appearance the suspicions of her foes, and to enter into an alliance, which was vaunted as a demonstration of her asserted guilt, by the men who had themselves urged it upon her. Despairing of peace in her own land, she threw herself, with generous chivalry of heart, into the hands of one whom she thought her friend, but found a prison where she had hoped for succour and support. Justly regarded as one of the most devoted children of the Catholic Church, the bitter hatred which was entertained by Elizabeth

for those who had refused to apostatize from the ancient faith, was poured out upon her devoted head, and after nineteen years of miserable and severe captivity, aggravated by every means that unrelenting bigotry could devise, she received the crown of martyrdom from the headsman's hand, and testified with her blood her firm devotion to that Church, to which she had been an honour and an ornament throughout her life. But these extraordinary calamities, while they draw tears from those who dwell upon the records of her life, serve only to enhance the excellence of her character. Animated by the profoundest sense of true religion, fervently devoted to her maligned and persecuted Church, she vindicated the true character of the faith which she professed, by standing forth as a tolerator in the midst of Protestant persecution, and extending freedom of belief to all beneath her sway, even when she sought in vain a similar privilege for herself. Eminently practical in her piety, the offices of religion engrossed a large share of her attention, and the wants and sufferings of the poor never failed of relief from the overflowing benevolence of her heart. Warm and enthusiastic in her temperament, she reposed unlimited confidence in all who gained her favour, and though sometimes roused by the severity of insult into temporary passion, the eminently forgiving nature of her heart induced her to receive again with good will those who had most deeply offended against her peace. Pious, without bigotry; learned, without pedantry; elegant and accomplished, without frivolity; charitable, without ostentation; adorned with every quality which in woman is most highly prized, she endured with an unexampled heroism, which true religion could alone impart, sorrows and persecutions, which are without a parallel in the history of the world, and died the martyr, as she had lived the pride and glory, of the Church of Christ. And truly did the venerable Archbishop of Bourges say, in his funeral oration upon her death, "Others have left this duty to their successors, to build for them costly monuments, to preserve their names from oblivion, and to transmit to posterity some record of their existence. But this queen in dying has freed you from such a duty, having by her death so graven upon the hearts of men the image of her constancy, that, if there be aught eternal in this lower world, neither ages, nor centuries, nor time nor eternity, shall suffice to efface the remembrance of her admirable virtues, patience, constancy, piety, and wisdom. The monuments of marble, of bronze, and of brass, are consumed by the air and are eaten by rust, but the remembrance of so good, so memorable an example shall live for ever!"

TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.

O happy, maiden, is thy choice;
 Thy youthful heart is given,
 Not to those things which pass with time;
 Thy treasure is in heav'n.

That vestal wreath, which yesterday
 Was placed around thy brow,
 Is dearer far to thee than all
 Earth's brightest jewels now.

The voice which call'st thee from on high,
 Was heard with joy by thee;
 That voice which said, "Forsake the world,
 Leave all, and follow me.

"Thee I'll repay a hundred-fold,
 Thou child, give me thy heart;
 With Mary listen to my voice,
 And choose the better part."

And thou hast chosen it, sweet friend,
 And left thy father's halls;
 Left wealth, left *all*;—thy home is now
 Within those peaceful walls.

The gems that once adorned thy hair
 Are now all laid aside;
 And, in their place, a snowy veil
 Befitting heaven's bride.

That voice, that we so loved to hear,
 'Mid fashion's giddy throng,
 Will whisper comfort to the sick,
 Or swell the vesper song.

'Twill calm the sinner's troubled soul,
 And bid him not despair;
 But to his Saviour's wounds appeal—
 Find peace and pardon there.

The widow's grief, the orphan's tears,
 Shall not unheeded be;
 And they will pray that heav'n may shower
 Its blessings down on thee.

When in yon chapel's calm retreat,
 That place so lov'd by thee;
 Free from the world's distracting cares,
 Sister Agnes, pray for me!

M. A. C.

THE COUNTESS CLEMENCE.

BY THE EDITOR OF DOLMAN'S MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 355.)

BOOK II., CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE talk passed between the Baron of Taverna and his noble friends, as they rode back to his castle of Cacabo, after being so rudely repulsed by the king. More and more reserved became the bearing of each knight; more and more severe became each furrowed brow. Every one felt within himself that the crisis was at hand; and that the king's suspicious tyranny would compel them to look only to themselves for protection for their lives, their families, and property. Many a fist was more tightly clenched: many a stave of some French or Provençal roundelay was thoughtlessly whistled, and as thoughtlessly allowed to die away on the compressed lips of the stern minstrel, whose mind was far from the tale of love its notes would have recorded. Many a heel unnecessarily smote the good war-horse that upbore it, and called forth an irregular bound and curvet, in accordance with the rider's fitful resolves; and many a noble steed was allowed to stumble over the stony road, while its master's thoughts were too busily engaged to heed the pathway beneath him, or anything except his own deep divings into the future.

They dismounted in the court of the castle, and all assembled together in the great hall. The chestnut table clattered with the sounds of heavy weapons that were unbuckled and laid upon it, while many a knight rubbed his untanned brow, as he cast his iron scull-cap beside his sword. Our hero placed himself at the head of the table.

"Joy to you, friends," he exclaimed; "Joy to you who can thus lay aside the trappings of war! They and I can part no more. You have all seen enough to be convinced upon what tenure I hold my life; but hold it I will so long as this hand can wield a lance. No tame submission on my part shall smooth the tyrant's path to the overthrow of all our privileges."

With the enthusiasm of a young man, Ruggiero dell' Aquila, Count of Avellino, who had sympathised with our hero's secret affections at the meeting at Bari, moved from the throng, and placing himself beside the Baron, laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Thou art not alone, Matteo," he said. Dost think," he whispered, "that no one but thyself can have an affair of the

heart? Brother Normans," he continued aloud, "I remember me of a certain pledge that was given by us at Bari."

"And nobly has the Sieur of Taverna fulfilled the conditions on which it was given!" exclaimed the Conte Sanseverino. "My lords, we pledged ourselves that, if he would join our ranks against the upstart Majone, we would see him wed to the Countess of Catanzaro. He has done more than join us. With his own hand, he has delivered the country from the traitor."

"What availed it!" cried the Count of Lesina fiercely. "William is himself worse than the admiral. His own death can alone right the commonwealth."

"I fear me it is even so," continued Sanseverino. "We have all seen enough this day to convince us that the spirit of Majone survives in the king and in the palace. I begin to doubt even if he did not himself prompt the iniquities which we charged upon the Admiral."

"I care nothing for the policy of the matter," interrupted the impetuous Count of Aquila. "Here stands my brother knight, to whom I gave a positive pledge: and here is my right hand with which to redeem it."

"Hist, brave Ruggiero," resumed Sanseverino. "We know that the bright eyes of a certain lady make thee to feel the Baron's cause as thine own. I do not forget our pledge: I would not urge upon these gallant lords to slight its obligations. I would only point out to them that the same motives which banded us against Majone must band us now against the king. He is now the common enemy. He is, we all see, guided by the principles that guided the Admiral: he has surrounded himself with all the familiars of the other: it is plain to be seen that he will adhere to the conduct for which we removed the other."

"His demand of that old debt from the Sieur of Taverna at this time, whether just or not, showed the same avaricious spirit," observed Simon of Policastro.

"And his refusal to sanction the marriage," said the Count of Lesina, "sprang, I have no doubt, from the old wish to secure the reversion of the fiefs. Let those who have daughters to marry,—which, thank heaven! I have not,—or who wish to marry heiresses themselves, look to it!"

"There is no help for it, gentlemen," resumed Sanseverino. "I merely wished to prove to you that you had no choice if you regarded your own safety, your own honour. Honour, do I say? Why I should almost fear to misuse the word when I see the sons of those brave Normans who conquered Sicily and gave its crown to this man's grandfather, cowering in the hall of a mountain fortress, after they have been publicly insulted by him

who is king only by their suffrages! Would our fathers have borne it? Ask yourselves whether they would have acted as tamely as we have this day behaved, and you will resolve with me not to be degenerate!"

"They would have plunged their swords into his heart where he stood!" exclaimed Lesina. "And would," he added, "would to heaven that I myself had done so!"

A murmur of applause greeted this speech, uttered with all the intensity of savage feeling, for which the Count of Lesina was so noted.

"Away then with irresolution!" cried Ruggiero dell' Aquila. "Let us show whose sons we are. Death, say I, to the tyrant! Let us show him who are the true lords of Italy. Your hand, friend; and yours, and yours!" he cried to each one around the table, as each linked his iron hand in that of his neighbour. "Here we stand a chain of Norman knights, who pledge ourselves that we will never wear the slavish thrall of our own king. Long life to Taverna, and death to all who would deny our pledge!"

"Long life to the noble Baron!"

"Evviva the Countess of Catanzaro!"

"Our pledge!" "Our pledge!" tumultuously cried the assembled knights.

"Ho, steward," cried Ruggiero dell' Aquila, "Send round the great wassail cup, and let us pledge ourselves in its good liquor, to be true men to our host."

"In faith," said Simon of Policastro, "my brother's cheer this morning was not such as to take away our appetite. He himself holds that exchange is no robbery: witness his having given me the little county of Policastro in place of my father's noble principality of Tarento. He objects not to exchanges. So with your leave, my lord of Taverna, we will do better credit to your good cheer than we could have done to the viands he so churlishly refused us."

"And let him thank himself for the toasts we shall give," cried him of Lesina.

"Roger dell' Aquila," said the Count Sanseverino to the youth who stood opposite to him at the other side of the table, as the sewer approached, bending under the weight of an enormous goblet. "Roger dell' Aquila, hold my poignard. I, for one, like to keep up the customs of our northern forefathers. We are all here friends and brothers; and only as a symbol, do I bid thee to keep guard over me while I drink. But let the toast I am about to give proclaim no symbolic meaning, but be a pledge to be acted upon: As we hold one another's poignards, so we swear ourselves to stand by one another until we have redeemed our former pledge to the Baron of Taverna. Such is my toast, who will refuse it?"

He seized the golden tankard in his hands, and took a long draft of its spiced contents.

"Give ! give !" cried Roger dell' Aquila, leaning over the table for the tankard, and casting his own poignard to Simon of Policastro to hold ; "Give the goblet, friend ; and let me swear the noble oath. Taverna and the Countess of Catanzaro for ever !"

"And death to the tyrant !" cried the savage Lord of Lesina, striking the hilt of his dagger upon the board with a force that would have jarred any arm but his own.

"Friends, brothers, I thank ye," said our hero as the mighty goblet went round the assembly and was stooped more and more at every draft. "My cause is, indeed, the cause of you all. Why, by all the saints in heaven, the man seems to take us for Greeks that he dares to assume such a bearing towards us ! So, I have heard, do the Emperors treat their subjects : but not thus would even the Great Count in his proudest days have dared to insult his Norman brethren in arms. And shall this king, whose only eminence is derived from an eminent grandfather, be allowed to do what that grandfather himself would never have attempted ? Forbid it honour ! Forbid it manhood ! Think what the Normans are doing all over the world ; and let not us sit down in Sicily and submit tamely to the second-hand dictation of Greeks and eunuchs. I thank ye for that cheer," he continued as, warmed by the liquor, they responded to his appeal : "I thank ye for that cheer. With the support of such friends, our cause must prosper. It must and it shall ! But now, as we are all fasting since the morning, let me bid you into the other hall where I doubt not we shall be able to satisfy our hunger without the permission of him who encumbers the Norman throne of Sicily. Follow friends, I pray ye."

Amid many congratulations and friendly pledges, he led the way to an adjoining hall where an immense table groaned under the weight of varied viands and choice vases of gold and silver—the Norman spoils of former Saracenic civilization. The repast was prolonged ; though not immoderately so : what to a Greek or an Italian had seemed much, was drank ; yet not enough to impair the faculties of northern warriors or to lessen their keen perception of the chances and dangers of their position. That position was long and coolly discussed : no one there was so false as to wish to retract the pledge he had given : no one there was so mean-spirited as to wish to submit to the over-bearing tyranny of one whose dynasty had hardly yet lasted long enough for him to be considered in any other light than as an equal, exalted by themselves for their own good. It was unanimously resolved to work out the conspiracy which

had been so suddenly started. In those days, it needed not much to originate a plot for the dethronement of a sovereign. No scruples of conscience opposed the decision of the Norman Counts. Their only anxiety was so to organize their plans as to secure the co-operation of their fellow nobles and the assent of the people.

“But,” said Simon of Policastro, “I can be no party to the death of William. Robber and extortionate as he has been to me, he is my father’s son, whatever the laws of holy Church may say against the connexion; and I can be no party to his death nor to the dethronement of his family.”

“Nor would I, my lords, wish to accomplish either,” replied our hero. “We cannot do better, I apprehend, than resume the plot of the late Admiral—seeking only, in good faith and in reality, that which he treacherously professed to have in view. We know that his real purpose was to seize the crown for himself: his avowed object was to confine King William and to place that crown upon the brows of his son Ruggiero. Such, I advise, be our present plan.”

“Better far to kill William out of the way at once!” exclaimed the Count of Lesina.

“No! No! No!” cried Policastro and Taverna and Sanseverino.

“The people would hardly go along with us. They have a superstitious reverence for an anointed sovereign,” expostulated Ruggiero of Sanseverino.

“And,” added the Count of Policastro, “they would never consent to take the government from his race. The boy, Ruggiero, is considered to be a promising lad.”

“Ruggiero for ever! Let it be Ruggiero!” exclaimed several voices at once: and so the scheme was definitively settled with the approbation of all present.

The meeting, was, however, prolonged. Not on that day, did the conspirators separate. Late into the night, they sat, debating and forming plans for their future conduct. What Barons would readily join them, who would need to be approached with caution, who should be won by promises and who by threats, what steps should be adopted to arouse the animosity of the people against the king, what to overreach the vigilance of the eunuchs—all these questions did they discuss with the quickness and aptitude of men well used to undertakings of danger, to the chances and expedients of civil war. Prudence succeeded to the first rashness generated by the insult they had received at the Alcazar. It was resolved to do nothing hastily: but that each one should assiduously labour to draw partizans to the cause, to ingratiate himself with the people, to levy

and arm followers, and to fortify and provision his own castle in readiness for the time of trial whenever it should be deemed prudent to raise the standard of rebellion.

"If the keeper of the prisoners under the Rocca could be won over, our cause were secure!" exclaimed young Ruggiero dell' Aquila suddenly. "Does any one know anything of him?" he asked.

"An ill-looking dog as need be," replied Simon of Policastro. "I, you know, have had the advantage of being under his safe keeping: but I could make nothing of him."

"I saved the fellow's life once," observed our hero.

"At him, then; at him forthwith!" replied the impetuous youth. "And now, with thy good leave, Matteo, I will hie me elsewhere. Vive la joie! a man must not give up his whole time to treason. I leave it to fructify with the gentle Conte di Lesina here. Too much of it would be inexcusable in one connected, as I am, with our benedetto King William the Great. By the bye, friends, that title, which he acquired in former times, ought to be changed; and I propose that, instead of "Guglielmo il Magno," we christen him "Guglielmo il *male*—William the Bad." The name will take, depend upon it! I will hie me and ask my aunt, Adelesia, what she thinks of it. William the Bad for ever!" he shouted, laughing as he left the room, after kindly embracing our hero, and, still more affectionately, the Count of Sanseverino.

Two hours later, his foaming horses stood in the court-yard of a castle almost on the outskirts of Palermo. He himself was sitting on a couch of coarse worsted embroidery, between a pale attenuated elderly gentlewoman, and one of the sweetest faces the bright sun of Sicily ever shone upon. The owner of it could scarcely be fifteen years of age, and the innocent trustfulness of expression that beamed through her full brown eyes and sat upon her laughing lips, made her appear younger still.

"Be prudent; for heaven's sake be prudent," the old lady was saying in a tone of earnest expostulation. "Vex me not, Ruggiero: thou art the last, the only hope of an honoured race. Oh give not my cousin, William, cause to be offended with thee."

"If King William the Bad—how dost thou approve the name, aunt Adelesia?" replied the youth, "if King William the Bad chooses to be offended because I declare that dear Agatha here is the sweetest saint out of heaven, let him, say I. His anger cannot make me blind nor senseless," continued the young man, suddenly seizing the hand of the fair girl and bearing it to his lips.

"Santa Maria! Santa Maria!" exclaimed the old lady, wringing her hands and stamping with her foot, "How canst thou be so mad. Thou knowest he will never consent."

"Hark ye, aunt," answered Ruggiero, rising and taking a hand of each; "Hark ye:" and he whispered softly, "We will make him consent. Addio," he continued, "I only just called in to see if you were alive after the earthquake. Agatha, bella; your brother, Ruggiero Sanseverino, will call for you to-morrow and take you home. And I advise you, aunt, to come and charm your solitary hours at my castle of Aquila. Addio, addio, for the present."

With an affectionate and cheerful look, he hastened from them.

CHAPTER VIII.

A fortnight had passed away. In a small room underneath the palace of the Rocca, and to which a flight of narrow steps led from a bye-lane, sate the jailor, Gavaretto. He was busily engaged in burnishing up his armour; and was muttering smothered curses to himself against his present office, which debarred him from keeping it bright by use.

"But for the honour of the thing, one might as well be obliged to stay on the other side of that door as on this," he said. "A jailor is only a prisoner who may not try to escape."

"But think of the honour, good Gavaretto; and think of the opportunity a jailor has of serving his friends," replied Richard Mardan, entering the room and speaking before the other had had time to observe him.

"Pray who are you?" asked Gavaretto surlily, as he laid down his hauberk and quietly took up the great sword that lay on the table.

"Why, Gavaretto, thou hast a bad memory: dost thou not remember me?"

"If I did, I should not ask you who you are. Who are you, I say again?"

"And thou wilt try and make that great unwieldy weapon and my head better acquainted unless I tell thee; is it not so, sweet Gavaretto?" asked the Irishman gaily.

"Speak, boy," said the jailor pettishly. "I have seen thy baby face before, or I had already cut short thy foolish prattle."

"Put back thy sword, then; and resume the old rusty hauberk thou wast rubbing so affectionately," insisted Mardan. "Put down thy lumbering sword, which I could break into shivers with a blow of this little steel shillelah, or machue as your Normans call it."

"Talk away, lad, as much as you list," replied the jailor. "I have not time to waste upon you;" but as he spoke, he did, in fact, replace the sword and resume the piece of harness he had been polishing.

"Oh, thou rememberest the shillelah, dost thou!" observed the squire triumphantly. "I thought I should make thee recollect me. I thought Gavaretto could not have such a very short memory," he added significantly.

"Say on," observed the jailor surlily.

"Say on, quotha," replied Mardan; "what should I say?"

"That which thou hast come here to tell," replied Gavaretto. "I am a man of few words, master squire; and I like not to fence in the dark. You have not sought me out for nothing; so let us hear what it is."

"Thou rememberest me, then?" asked the squire.

The jailor nodded a sulky assent.

"Thou rememberest that I was beside my lord, when he saved thy throat from Abderachman's scimitar?"

The same token of assent was vouchsafed.

"Thou rememberest that, as we were riding back to Palermo, thou didst go up and tender thy thanks to his signoria?"

Gavaretto again nodded, but without looking up.

"Thou rememberest that thou didst promise to repay the service if time and chance should give thee an occasion of doing so?"

"Is he arrested?" asked Gavaretto with a look of interest. "Are they bringing him into my charge?"

"Not yet: but his life is aimed at: and that by the lies and machinations of this same Abderachman. Hast thou not heard of the king's ill-will?"

"What can I do? I cannot serve him while he is at large," said the jailor.

"Is this tyranny never to end? Is all the best blood in Italy to be placed under thy charge?" asked the Irishman.

"Who cares? They are Normans," muttered Gavaretto.

The Irishman looked intently into his surly face: then, with almost intuitive perception of his meaning, he darted forwards and seized him eagerly by the arm.

"Art thou, too, a patriot?" he cried. "Say, say; can an Italian love his country?"

"Young man," said Gavaretto slowly, "my only joy in life is in executing the commands of the king—and," he added, while a flash lit up for a moment his dark eyes, "and in seeing these Norman oppressors thus avenge, upon each other, the wrongs of my country."

"Oh, Saint Patrick be praised! I did not know that such a feeling had place in Italy!" exclaimed Mardan.

"Aye, every wandering pilgrim and fortune-hunter has his word to cast against Italy!" replied the jailor bitterly. "And we deserve it: we deserve it. If these Normans could break

the power of our infidel oppressors, we surely might have overcome them ourselves. However, that chance is passed. But believe me, young man, that every Italian burns to wage war with every successive swarm of tyrants who may ravage and enslave his country.

"Wilt thou, then, join us? Wilt thou give thine aid to rescue the lord of Taverna from the king's anger and Abderachman's wiles?" asked Richard Mardan eagerly.

"I have shown that I will by speaking as I have done," said the jailor. "I knew your errand, young sir. I knew that you would not seek Gavaretto unless you had something to ask: and I had heard rumours that made me guess what that something was."

"And you are with us?" asked Mardan.

"Young man, you have my secret," answered the jailor. "I will do anything to avenge the wrongs of Italy: and if I can, at the same time, repay my obligation to your lord and help the Normans to cut each other's throats, I shall be as well pleased as when I rivet the fetters upon some prince of Capua or other count who has made himself great on the ruins of my country."

"Would that thou wert an Irishman!" exclaimed Mardan enthusiastically.

"I thank your signoria; but were I to change my country, I would not go from slavery to slavery. I have had my turn of the one in Italy: when I forswear it, I will take my place amongst the tyrants of other lands, not amongst the oppressed."

"And I," said Mardan, with his eyes flashing indignantly, "I would rather cast my lot with the wronged and the oppressed, whom my own arm might help to freedom, than be the proudest tyrant ever accurst of man and heaven!"

"Each one to his taste," said Gavaretto superciliously. "The war against tyranny is too long for a man to take service in it to please a passing fancy, as if it were a crusade to the Holy Sepulchre. Italy has had some centuries of such a struggle; and, may be, your own country, which, I take it, is somewhere beyond the seas, may have to endure it for more years than you, young as you are, will number. No, no; give me either the sweets of revenge upon my oppressors, or the pleasure of being an oppressor myself."

"And thou hast no love of freedom for its own sake?" asked the Irishman.

"No: but I have for the sake of Italy; and I will give it a helping hand in my time. And now, young sir, let me know what you want whenever the time comes; and do not plague me beforehand. Comings and goings only beget suspicion. Now give me your oath that you will not betray my secret."

“Willingly, good Gavaretto. I swear by all the saints——

“Swear by the love you bear your own country instead,” said the jailor interrupting him. “It is a fancy of mine: but I think that oath will be the most binding on you.”

While his eyes swam with his emotion, Richard Mardan caught the Italian’s hand. “By the love and truth I bear to my dear lost Ireland, I swear it to thee,” he said.

Both were silent for a few minutes.

“Thou must let me into the prisons, Gavaretto,” observed the Irishman at length.

“Wherefore?”

“Thou hadst better not be told. It is easy for thee to guess. Suffice it that I have a message to deliver from the Count Simon of Policastro to the Lord Robert of Basseville.”

“Come this way,” said the jailor.

He led him along one or two winding and darkened passages, in which sentinels on guard kept constant watch, to a gallery, one end of which opened upon the outer air. A sign urged him to go forwards; and, without saying a word, he himself retired back towards his own cell.

There was a large court yard adjoining the back, that is the southern side, of the royal palace of the Rocca. It was sunk about eight feet below the level of the natural soil; but walls rose from its own basement to the height of ten feet above the earth around. Massive and thick, no window or loop-hole diversified this beetling wall, which was again surmounted by an iron fencing of pointed spikes. It surrounded the square on three sides. The fourth side was formed by the palace itself, underneath which were rooms and cells of various sizes. These were on a level with the paving of the court, into which many of them opened. Other courts of a similar description adjoined the palace at Palermo. We need not now pass beyond this one.

It was the beginning of the month of December; and to the favoured children of the south, the air seemed to blow chill and keen. Groups of men moved briskly up and down the court yard, or stood or reclined against its sunny wall. In the midst of one of the latter of these, a venerable figure lay upon a stone bench. It was the Prince of Capua, whose arrest, on suspicion of intended treason against the sovereign, we recorded in the first chapter of our chronicle. Nothing had ever been proved against him, or had been attempted to be proved. There he lay; the victim of despotic power in a barbarous age:—and when was despotic power ever tolerated but in an age of barbarism? His features must have been formerly noble; his figure must have been formerly erect. But now a bright red scar dis-

figured all his face—sad evidence of the torture of the heated iron basins, by which his eye-sight had been burned out; and two crutches lay beside the stone bench to support his noble figure, since the sinews, at the back of his insteps, had been cut in twain by the order of the tyrant.

Several other prisoners stood around him:—Robert of Basseville, maternal cousin of the king, and Eberard, Count of Squillace,—both of whom, as we have shown, had been arrested by Majone, in order to remove them from the king, to whom they were personally attached, when he first matured his scheme of treachery:—Tancred, Count of Lecce, a son of the king's elder brother, born out of wedlock, and who, with his brother William, had ever been held a prisoner in the palace, although neither of the unfortunate princes had shown the least disposition to dispute the laws of church and state, which excluded them from power. A man of a noble presence, and in the prime of life, Tancred had now lived in the prisons, without openly repining, ever since, by the death of his grandfather, the first king of Sicily, William the Bad had succeeded to undivided sovereignty. A frank and yet thoughtful manner, free from pride or affectation of any sort, gave no reason to suppose that he was either playing the part of a contented prisoner, or that he nourished an ambitious spirit to carve out for himself that future which the misfortunes of Sicily and of all Italy eventually forced upon him.

Other captives stood around, or sauntered about the courtyard. It is unnecessary that we should mention them individually. Indeed, the whole number being little short of a hundred (and there were many more in other wards), it would be impossible for us to do so. Most of them were snatched from the first families of the kingdom, and were imprisoned, either from the mere jealous fears of the sovereign, or in punishment for some of the many rebellions which his tyranny had occasioned.

“And I take it,” said Roberto of Basseville, continuing the conversation around the crippled Prince of Capua, “I take it that our numbers will, ere long, be increased. There must be some foundation for the rumour that all of us have heard none of us know where—the rumour of a new conspiracy against the tyranny of William. He will get the better of his enemies as he always does, and we shall have so many the more companions.”

“Fortune of war, gentlemen,” replied the Prince of Capua in a cheerful tone of voice. “Here am I, descended from one of the noblest of our Norman stocks, and lord of the first principality in the kingdom: here I am, a maimed cripple by the order of William. Yet I do not complain of him. Had we been in

his place, we should probably have done the same by our enemies. Fortune of war, I say."

"You are what the learned Greeks call a philosopher, prince," replied the Count of Squillace. "For my part, I care not to conceal my feelings at having been shut up here without any cause whatever. No one was more devoted to the king than I was. Thus am I requited! Be it so. These rumours must have some foundation in fact: and I only pray that others may not succeed against the tyrant, until I have had an opportunity of showing the sort of love I now bear him."

Richard Mardan was now seen modestly approaching the group.

"Who art thou, good youth?" inquired Tancred. "If a prisoner, thy state hardly entitles thee to herd with us: if not a prisoner, who art thou? Thy dress is somewhat strange."

And strange indeed, even in that sad place, looked the tight-fitting dress of black woollen, the sling and the bolts and the iron machue which, as we have before said, the spirit of nationality ever made the Irishman retain.

"My lords, I am an Irishman," he answered, with some remains of the excited feelings of patriotism which his recent talk with Gavaretto had called up.

"An Irishman!" exclaimed the blinded Prince of Capua. "What sort of a man may he be, messires? Ireland—Ireland—what have I heard of Ireland of late. Has not the King of England conquered it?"

"No, monseigneur, and never will, though pope and emperor back him!" replied Mardan angrily.

"Hola! hola! Young blood apparently," replied the prince amused. "King Henry is a brave Norman."

"But Irishmen are not Italians," retorted Richard.

"But the pope says they are heathens and ignorant savages," observed Prince Tancred. "Surely the holy father was mistaken; for I have known many an Irish priest in my days, who spoke of the country as being a very island of saints."

"And, my lords, permit me to remind you," said the squire, "that your famed Universities of Paris and of Pavia were both founded by Irishmen."

"Oh I know nought of the universities," said Robert of Basseville; and then added, with the self-sufficiency of a knight of those days, "Perhaps their learning may make the Irish none the better able to defend their country. Who is now their king?"

"Murertach Macloughlin" replied Mardan proudly.

"Maria Santissima! what a name!" exclaimed the Prince of Capua. "Who can marvel that they should be deemed hea-

thens, if they do not call themselves by the names of christians?"

"Perhaps they call themselves after Irish saints of their own," observed Tancred.

"Perhaps they do," replied the old prince. "But I have had a good deal of experience; and, believe me, that those islanders would be better thought of by the rest of the world, if they would call themselves by such names as we ourselves use. No one could believe even the pope, if he were to call a king Henry, or William, or Richard, or Roger, a barbarian! Depend upon it, there is very much in a name. I advise, therefore, that we now ask the name of our young visitor, and what business brings him to us."

"May I crave to know if either of these lords is the Lord of Basseville?" asked the squire.

"I am he," answered the count, stepping forward.

"Your signoria will, therefore, recognize these tokens from my own Lord of Taverna and from the Conte Simon of Policastro," continued the Irishman, handing him a couple of rings.

"All right, by heaven!" ejaculated de Basseville, as he examined them. "Who art thou, my man? Speak out and say thine errand. None are here but friends."

"I follow the Baron of Taverna as his squire;" replied the youth. "He and the Count of Policastro bade me tell your lordship that the state has gained nothing by the death of Majone; that the king is still ruled by the same maxims, and is surrounded by all the creatures of the admiral. That he refuses to allow my lord to contract the union to secure which all the counts pledged themselves at Bari; that he exacts old debts, and has grievously repelled and insulted the Counts of Policastro and Sanseverino and the others who waited on him."

"This looks promising!" cried de Basseville, turning to Prince Tancred. "Go on friend," he continued to the Irishman.

Richard Mardan resumed; and detailed the resolutions to which so many powerful barons had pledged themselves. He told how many were already preparing to take the field; explained the object of the conspiracy; and besought the noble prisoners to use their influence among the other captives, to organize them and hold them in readiness to bear assistance whenever it might be resolved to strike the blow.

We need scarcely say, that the proposals were eagerly heard and cheerfully acceded to on the part of all present.

"Success can avail me little," said the mutilated Prince of Capua: "but I lack revenge, and my heart is with you."

The envoy was made acquainted with several other of the principal prisoners who were sunning themselves in the courtyard during the short hour allotted to exercise. By all, he was

gratefully and graciously received. The palace clock struck the hour; and the jailors appeared to reconduct the captives to the narrow and wretched cells allotted to most of them. With kind words and looks, the three we have particularly noticed dismissed the Irishman; and even made some passing compliments, through him, to his country. They had already found out, that to render justice to Ireland, was the surest and easiest way to secure the confidence and willing co-operation of her patriotic son.

CHAPTER IX.

A few weeks wore away. The conspiracy gained ground. Dissatisfaction increased amongst the people. Made aware of the persecutions to which their favourite, the Lord of Taverna, was exposed by the jealousy and rapacity of the king, their enthusiasm for him rose to the highest pitch, and the indignation of William was more and more excited by contrasting it with the ill-will which, since the death of Majone, had centered upon himself. Entirely secluded in the Alcazar, and addicted to slothful repose, he took no part in the management of public affairs further than to drink in greedily every report that was invented or repeated to him by the eunuchs of the palace to the disadvantage of Taverna or of his friends, and to fulfil the suggestions of their malice so far as his dread of popular anger enabled him to do so. The Bishop Elect of Syracuse was almost powerless in his endeavours to promote justice and good government: Queen Margaret, the Gaieto Pietro, and their Saracen creatures overruled all his counsels; and seemed more and more resolved to work out their own revenge upon the slayer of Majone at whatever risk to the peace and obedience of the people.

Those who had taken part with Matteo of Taverna, those who had supported him in his application to wed the countess Clemence, were, of course, marked men; and every species of persecution was directed against them that their enemies dared to indulge. Strong bodies of retainers and the favour of the people alone protected them when they rode abroad; and they had quietly put their castles into such a state of defence that few of them could have been mastered without a regular siege. No open act or treasonous design could yet be proved against them; but, confiding in the former good fortune which had ever attended the king in war, Queen Margaret was nothing loth to urge them on by persecution to adopt such measures of self-defence as might seem to justify all her secret resolutions against them.

Meanwhile, although the conspiracy was rapidly spreading, it advanced not in proportion to the eagerness of the two lovers,

who were more immediately interested in its success. The Baron of Taverna was now a frequent visitor at the castle of Mistretto; and the Countess Clemence no longer disguised the affection which she had ever felt for him. As betrothed lovers, they both eagerly awaited that permission from the sovereign which, in those days, was a necessary preliminary to the union of every great feudatory of the Sicilian crown. Roger dell' Aquila was still more impatient to secure the hand of his beloved Agatha. Connected as he was through his aunt Adelesia with the king himself, he well knew that William would never consent to his union with the sister of that Count of Sanseverino whom all looked upon as the stoutest patron of Matteo of Taverna. He had, therefore, never applied for a permission that would be indignantly refused. His only hope was in the organization and success of the conspiracy which advanced far too slowly for his ardour.

"Matteo," he exclaimed at length to our hero; "is this never to end? All the best days of our youth are slipping away while we are plotting and marshalling followers and adherents with the coolness of grey-beards. I vow to thee that I will wait no longer. It will take us years to overcome the dastard scruples of the few Counts that still hold out. Let us wed the ladies of our hearts at once."

"Would that it were possible," sighed Taverna.

"Possible? everything is possible to a gallant knight!" retorted the youth.

"Thou art right!" exclaimed the baron eagerly, "I will ride over to Mistretto and beseech the Countess to consent. To tell thee the truth, I myself have feared lest something should occur to cool the ardour of our friends, and to make them forget their pledge. Let us wed at once; and bring the question to an issue. They will then be compelled to raise the standard."

"They will do so gladly: they cannot hesitate as men of honour," replied dell' Aquila. "Is it not so?" he asked, addressing Ruggiero of Sanseverino who then joined them, and repeating what they had just said. "I am sure thy gallantry, Ruggiero," he continued, "will approve the *coup de main*. Wilt thou give thy consent to my union with thy sweet sister?"

Sanseverino turned aside and took several turns on the *glacis* of the castle on which they were standing. He strode backwards and forwards, thoughtfully and in silence.

"I approve the scheme," he said at length. "She shall be thine, so soon as the Countess of Catanzaro will consent to wed Matteo. We are strong enough to hoist the standard. Once unfurled, friends will flock around it."

"To horse! to horse!" exclaimed our hero, "Come with

me, both of you, to Mistretto. Thou Sanseverino must prove to Clemence that it is not only my own rashness that urges the step. Let us hasten at once to secure her consent."

It may well be believed that they were soon in their saddles. Followed by a little army of retainers, they cantered over the stony mountain passes that led to the castle of the good knight Tommaso.

He at once and boisterously, ushered them into the presence of his niece.

With what would now be called a theatrical air, Ruggiero dell' Aquila immediately threw himself on his knee before her.

"Beautiful Countess," he exclaimed, "the salvation of the kingdom and all my happiness depends upon you. Oh, vouchsafe to consign the one to civil war and the other to wedlock!"

"Are you quite sure, monseigneur, that, in your case, the latter would not lead to the former?" she gaily asked.

"Impossible!" he replied, "impossible! I swear it by the hatred we all bear to the king, and by our love for our honoured mistresses."

"Such pledges ought, indeed, to reassure me," said the Countess. "How then, signor Conte, can I promote your happiness?"

"By becoming mine, dearest Clemence," interposed the Baron of Taverna. "It is useless to wait for the king's consent or for the result of our undertaking. Let us be happy while we may. Our immediate union would most promote the success of the good cause. We have all so considered. Oh, consent to the prayer."

"I shall do no such thing," cried the Countess with mock anger. "What! are all the Counts of Sicily first to agree to barter away my hand in exchange for the life of an old traitor, and then to order me to marry their champion at a moment's warning? I will do no such thing. I will chuse my husband myself and will not marry him till I please."

"Dear, dearest lady, do be serious," expostulated Taverna.

"Do not you think I am so?" she asked pouting. "You have been so much engaged with warlike preparation of late, that you cannot think a woman's anger serious unless it blazes and consumes like the Greek fire. I am very angry, very angry indeed. Remember that same fire will burn under water,—too deep to be seen."

"But not under the holy water with which the priest shall bless us;" answered Taverna fondly. "Hear me, dearest Clemence. I wish I could copy your own sweet perverseness. If I could, I would say that you must and shall give me this little hand next Tuesday."

“Next Tuesday indeed ! You shall never own it at all, *Sieur of Taverna*. I marvel at your presumption !” she cried.

“Thanks be to *San Gennaro*, that matter is well settled !” cried old *Tommaso*. “I know her, *signor Barone*. Whenever she says in that tone, that a thing shall never be, she has already consented to it. I give you joy,” and he folded the baron in his arms.

“Thanks, thanks dear lady *Clemence* !” cried *Roger dell’ Aquila*. “You have made me the happiest man alive. We must get *Agatha* to consent to the same day and we will all be married together.”

“Blessed times we shall have apparently under the new rule !” exclaimed the Countess. “King *William* and his ministers will not permit ladies to marry at all : King *Sanseverino* and his knights will compel them to marry when and whom their lordships please.”

“As you appeal to me, lady,” said the *Conte Sanseverino*, “I admit that I do consider it very desirable that the matter should be brought to a crisis. And if you consent to our prayers, I will engage to prepare my sister *Agatha* to give her hand to *dell’ Aquila* on the same day. Let not your good aunt, *Adelesia*, know aught of the matter,” he continued turning to *Ruggiero*. “It would do no good, and would draw King *William*’s anger upon herself. I will bring *Agatha* here on Tuesday morning, and *Signor Tommaso* will doubtless invite the clergy to be in readiness to perform their part.”

We need not detail the conversation that followed. We have reported enough to show that our heroine would be no unwilling bride on the appointed day. Her tone of banter was but a mask she put on to conceal the depth of her own feelings. Those feelings were all in favour of the step which the king’s wrath had now so long delayed. She knew that it would precipitate civil war : and that her husband’s safety would be no longer compatible with that of the king. But civil war was not in those days, a source of unusual anxiety ; and the last few months had shewn that *Taverna* already held his life on no other tenure than that of his baronial power. His danger could not be increased, but his safety might be more easily secured by the union.

The few intervening days drew their length slowly away. By our hero, they were employed in warning his friends to prepare for the outburst that would surely follow his bold disregard of his sovereign’s will. He collected all whom he could influence at the Castle of *Cacabo* ; and *Richard Mardan* was an indefatigable envoy to arouse the spirit of the more doubtful.

Tuesday at length came. A noble band of the first knight-

hood of the age rode over from the Castle of Cacabo and crowded the little chapel of Mistretto. The Bishop of Salerno performed the sacred rites. Sanseverino gave away his blooming little sister to his noble-hearted and impetuous young friend; and the lusty knight Tommaso could not conceal his joy as he placed the trembling hand of the Countess in the broad palm of the Baron of Taverna. She was pale and seemed anxious: but her dark blue eyes looked forth, with a lustre that would not be dimmed, from her marble cheeks and her flaxen hair; and ever and anon she brushed the swelling tear from her black eyelashes ere it could attract the notice of the warriors around. She seemed resolved that no show of weakness on her part should mar the determination which inspired them all, or cast the forebodings that weighed upon her own heart upon those through whose energy she, and him whom she loved more than herself, could now alone hope for safety.

The holy ceremony and its accompanying festivities were over. The guests were all departed. Taverna and dell' Aquila accompanied them to the drawbridge and warmly thanked them for their countenance and promised support. Tommaso went with them.

"In a few days I will rejoin you at Cacabo," said our hero; and he left them and returned towards his bride.

"Be it so;" said Roger dell' Aquila: "but Chastelain," he added to the officer left in command of the garrison, "mark my injunction: whatever chances may occur, whatever news thou mayest hear, whatever appeals may be sent, listen not to them, report them not to us this week. Rough times are coming on. Let this week be given up to other cares. See that my order be implicitly attended to."

The officer promised obedience; and the impetuous youth flew back to his bride.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL ENGLAND AND ITS CLERGY.*

“THE priests of the chapter of Gusingen have requested the Archbishop of Friburg to modify the system of education for young priests according to the principles of M. Von Wessemberg, who wishes to see scholastic theology abolished, synods instituted, the celibacy of the priesthood suppressed, and the general introduction of the vernacular language into the Church service.” So informs us a newspaper which entitles itself the *Church and State Gazette*—a name which its general tone of argument would lead us to suppose it had borrowed from some club or worldly corporation whose partizan feelings it had undertaken to represent.

Upon this statement that the priests of a certain chapter desire to modify education according to the principles of a person who, amongst other things, wishes to abolish the celibacy of the clergy, paragraphs will, we doubt not, be framed to inform the world that the clergy of the archbishopric of Friburg have resolved to renounce their vows of celibacy. Seldom do three months pass away without bringing to the English public the assurance that some half-dozen priests (generally of Silesia or some other equally remote district) have petitioned the Pope to be allowed to marry. The statements may or may not be true. If true, they excite our surprise that, out of the immense body of the Catholic clergy, so few should wish to be released from vows opposed to the impulses of our fallen nature; if false, they call for our admiration and our gratitude to God that He should enable so many thousands of His servants to adhere without a murmur to a system which has been found so conducive to the efficiency of His Church.

But wherefore the tone of triumph with which such announcements are hailed by Protestants? They must know that the enforcement of celibacy on the Catholic priesthood (although almost coeval with the origin of Christianity, the Poppæan law having been repealed by Constantine in its favour) is yet only a mere matter of discipline; and that its abrogation might be decreed by the Church without any surrender of the faith. Why, then, rejoice that one voice in ten thousand should wish the discipline to be so changed? We cannot imagine the public at large to be animated by the spirit of insensate rivalry which characterizes such papers as the one we have alluded to, and anxious to promote a measure solely because it might be da-

* A letter on submitting to the Catholic Church, addressed to a friend. By Frederick Oakeley, M.A.

maging to the Catholic Church without, in any way, benefiting their own system.

Are these religious bludgeon-men so well satisfied with the results produced in England by their own system that, for the real advancement of godliness, they would wish to enforce it upon the professors of other creeds? Is the social state of England in reference to religion, indeed such as can gratify the pious Christian? Is not the social state of England in reference to its clergy such as must be painful to every friend of civil and religious liberty, to every Anglican clergyman, to every mere political upholder of "Church and State?"

In the gentry, morality instead of religion; a priest-ridden conformity, instead of grateful submission or manly independence of all ecclesiastical dictation: in the middle classes, religious feelings unchecked by any class-connexions, but leading to every variety of dissent: in the lowest orders, ignorance, immorality and an increase of crime beyond all precedent: in the clergy themselves, doubts and enquiries—vain attempts to make the Establishment efficient as a teacher of the people and a dispenser of the good things of God; conscientious secessions from its communion; or else a spirit of nationality and partizanship rather than universal charity and the "sober certainty" of quiet conviction:—such is the sad spectacle offered by a country where the wealthiest religious endowments and all appliances and means to promote Protestantism have existed, for three centuries, unchecked by that which, we are told, is, in Catholics, so prejudicial to Christianity—the celibacy of the clergy.

Be it our sad task to dilate upon the positions we have advanced.

The general morality of the gentry of England is, happily, a fact which cannot be disputed: but what layman that has mixed with the world, does not know how much of that morality is occasioned by the influence possessed by the clergy as members of society, rather than by the religious convictions of the individuals? We have termed the gentry of England priest-ridden. How can they be otherwise? The clergy of the Established Church may be liberal-minded men and may not wish to impose a spiritual yoke upon their neighbours: but those clergy are married men; their position in society makes them the rivals, in hospitable intercourse, of the gentry of their parishes: one half of the society of every country neighbourhood is composed of the wives, daughters, sons, brothers, cousins of the clergy. The spirit of a corporation animates all these; and bold must be the man who will venture to avow opinions, whether of religion or of disbelief, in opposition to such a social array. Talk of the thunders of the Vatican: what are they in comparison to the tongues of the wives and daughters and connexions of the An-

glican clergy! In the country, it is these who give the tone to society. Nor are they uninterested advocates. Few families are totally independent of the church establishment. Few families have not some church living in their gift, or some relation aspiring to possess one. And few are the men, and much they need the spirit of martyrs, who dare to broach opinions opposed to the theocracy, to the politico-religious monopoly of loyalty and faith, which so many around them are interested in upholding!

The clergy themselves, as feeling, perhaps, the necessity of mutual forbearance are, in general, far more liberal than those who support their cause. They know upon what tenure they hold their seats; and they are not willing to make the galled jade wince unnecessarily. Yet even amongst these, how does the spirit of a corporation break forth! Mr. Oakeley, in his beautiful little pamphlet, has lately described the illiberality with which even the more learned and the more Catholic of them regard those who are inclined to pass beyond the limits of enquiry which they have prescribed. "Certain persons," he writes, "not assuredly among the least interested in the restoration of Catholic principles among us and, if it might have been so, in their own hereditary and more immediate communion, no sooner betray distrust of its claims and capabilities, than, having been, no while ago, all in the right, they become at once all in the wrong. One would suppose that every man laboured under some strong natural temptation to break the ties which bind him to an opulent and flourishing Church—to the Church which law protects, and public opinion recognizes—to the Church of the majority, of his country, his home, his old friends and immediate ancestors! Thus the retiring are said to betray *their party* by their reserve; They speak more like the members of a club than of one section of the Church Catholic."

Such are the feelings engendered by a wealthy married clergy. Are they such as a religiously-minded man would wish to make the accompaniments of Christianity?

Let it not, however, be supposed that we charge all the gentry of England with infidelity when we affirm them to be "priest-ridden" by their clergy. Many, doubtless, acquiesce voluntarily in the thralldom; but those who do not, cannot help themselves: they may have opinions of their own, but they must conform to the standard of opinion in the society in which they move. That opinion produces strictly moral conduct: 'tis well. But that opinion also makes morality and conformity to be considered the essence of religion. Let it be remarked, in passing, that in Catholic countries, a priest is never met with out of his church; that he is not thought of as a member of society; and that except upon matters appertaining to religion, he

has not the slightest influence even amongst his own parishioners. Poverty and the want of connexions may occasion this: but the consequences are that piety is spontaneous: morality, (or that which hurts a man's honour and character in society) is not substituted in lieu of all positive belief; is not looked upon as the only end of religion, nor thus allowed to replace it.

But if the social position of the Anglican clergy—if their wealth, their wives, their daughters, their connexions, enable them to exert an influence over the classes with which they associate;—an influence not, indeed, dogmatical or religious, but such as the mere presence of equals pledged, by their clerical and matrimonial character, to the support of morality, must necessarily exert over the society of which they form a part, restraining petulance within the bounds of decency:—if wealth and matrimony, these two distinctions of the Anglican clergy, have produced so beneficial an effect upon the upper classes, can we wonder that they have tended to alienate from the Established Church all those who are beyond the sphere of such influences? The middle classes and the poor are independent of them: and when we see almost all the middle classes and many of the lower orders of people, almost all those who have no immediate nor probable interest in the support of a wealthy establishment, forsake its communion and join one or other of the various sects that distress the consciences of the people—shall we deem that the gentry are only withheld by personal connexions and by interest from following the contagious example? We will not so wrong them: we will rather conclude that the very wealth and “gentility” of the clergy have produced the estrangement of the people. They, the masses, have availed themselves of the latitude which the popular mode of interpreting the Anglican faith has allowed to them; and they have generally forsaken teachers with whose social position they could feel no sympathy.

And who does not see that such results must naturally follow from the Anglican system? How few, even now, of the country churches are opened more than once a week! Until recently, who, in a country parish, ever thought of performing divine service on a common week-day? Perhaps, indeed, the clergyman resides in the parish, and may occasionally minister to his people in sickness or distress: perhaps he does not dwell within some miles of them; but on Sundays he is ever at his post:—on Sundays he reads the service, and he preaches. He may be, and he generally is, honest and zealous; but the people are well aware that worldly motives alone *may be* the moving principle of all his professions; and those very political, magisterial, and worldly pursuits and amusements which enable him to maintain a political and a social interest in his parish, drive those of his

parishioners who have a greater fund of religious sentiment, into communion with other sects whose professions and whose conduct are more strict and more exclusively devotional; and who are not hampered by the favour of the law, and the influence of property.

Nor would we hint that the Anglican clergy are not generally respected by these seceders,—these independant portions of their parishioners; but by them, and by those who still adhere to them, they are respected as good men, and moral men, as friends and advisers, only,—not as priests, not as the exclusive dispensers of the mysteries of God. The Anglican clergy have lost their priestly influence: that which they possess is founded on wealth, power, education, and the administration of worldly counsel and comfort.

There are those in the pale of the Anglican Church who labour to restore the priestly character to its clergy; who labour to bring back the people to receive, at their hands, that most salutary sacrament which they allege that they have power to impart: but in these very first endeavours to restore the practice of Confession, they are checked by their position in society, by their married state: “this difficulty,” says Mr. Oakeley, “would be seriously increased by the existence of intimate domestic relations, and by free intercourse with society.” Those who rail against the abuses to which they foolishly suppose the Confessional to lead, may rejoice at this hindrance to its restoration in England. So will not the pious and conscientious men who feel that they have to render an account of the souls intrusted to their ministry!

But, with an Establishment constituted as is that of England, the prevalence of Dissent tells immensely in favour of the religious tendencies of the people. The great majority of those who abandon the Established Church, evidently do so from conscientious motives: and though the divine LAW, and not conscience, be the real rule of faith, yet that conscience should be dissatisfied with the consolations offered by the state, proves a yearning for godliness of a more spiritual order. How many advantages does the Dissenter forfeit in England! How much more easy, how much more “genteel” is it to belong to the Established Church! How much less trouble does compliance give than non-conformity! How much cheaper is it to adhere to the “Church!” How many good things, how much worldly patronage is at its disposal, which the Dissenter foregoes! Those who disregard these things for conscience sake, must be ever respected. Those who voluntarily support a minister of their own creed in addition to the Anglican clergyman, to whom (owing to their political cowardice, inconsistency, and ignorance of their own strength), they are yet compelled to pay church-

rates and tithes,—prove that they value the consolations of religion. Those who belong to the Establishment, may, or may not believe in its doctrines; but they have not, like the Dissenters, given positive proof of their sincerity.

We trust that it is not necessary for us to say that we do not condemn all the gentry of England as hypocrites, nor extol all Dissenters as honest men: we are only anxious to show what is the social condition of England in reference to its clergy, in order that we may ascertain whether it has or has not derived spiritual benefit from those domestic ties which its priesthood has been permitted to contract, and which so many writers are anxious to see extended to Catholic countries,—doubtless with no other than the purest motives for God's honour and the good of men's souls! There no domestic ties, there no worldly pursuits call off the solitary priest from the care of his parish-wide family. No fear of carrying home infection to his children, keeps him from the bed of sickness. No magisterial or social or matrimonial duties hinder him from performing daily that service at the church to which so many of the poor flock, before the beginning of their day's labour, or later during the intervals of business, which a few prayers, offered up in the ever-open sanctuary, consecrate and adorn. There, neither with the priest nor with the people, is religion a Sunday matter only. At all hours of the day in health, at all hours of the night in sickness, does religion there woo to salvation, and is the priest ready to point the way. There the "tremendous mysteries" consecrate the dawn of every day, and the Angelus recalls the mercies of Redemption at morning noon and eve: the funereal dirge promotes charity by bespeaking those prayers which all, in turn, will need: the small and wondrous-clear bell, passing along the streets in the dead of night, proclaims that the priest is still a-foot on the mission of strengthening love, which it is his dearest privilege to perform;—hearing it, the drowsy sleeper bethinks him to bless God ere he turn again to his rest; while those who still riot at the public theatre are startled by seeing the door suddenly thrown open and, while the sentry outside cries out *HIS MAJESTY!* by beholding actors and audience cast themselves on their knees and remember for a moment, Him whom, perhaps, they were forgetting.

Approve the doctrine or not: but is not this system more likely than the Anglican to keep God present to the heart of priest and people? Marry the Catholic clergy, and we defy you to picture to your mind its continuance.

We are willing to admit the superior morality of the gentry, of the middle classes (by which term we mean the commercial classes, the *bourgeoisie*) of England, to those of the same order in *France* and *Italy*. We will not even raise the question whether

it may not have been occasioned by the freer institutions of our country, by the liability which each one feels, more or less, to the tribunal of public opinion: we will assume that we have to thank the Anglican ecclesiastical system for the benefit which we acknowledge: but we will fearlessly assert that the lower orders in Catholic countries, show as fair as do these English favoured classes in the eyes of the moralist; while the debasement of the lower orders in England stands pre-eminent. Deplored by legislators, by judges, and by grand juries, it looms over the social existence of England, a political phenomenon. A phenomenon which the fine-wrought theories of young enthusiasts will not explain: a phenomenon opposed to all the results which might have been anticipated from commercial prosperity and the triumphs of political economists: a phenomenon which must still puzzle and sadden the philanthropist and the Christian, unless, with us, he will trace it back to the relative position of the clergy and of the people of each country.

For is it not apparent that the wealth and domestic connexions which Anglican partizans are so anxious to extend to Catholic countries,—that those very connexions which have produced so beneficial an effect on the society in which the clergy mix,—must, necessarily, have shut them out from the confidence of the lower classes? To them, they appear more in the character of gentlemen and landlords than in that of teachers of the Gospel. Their humble parishioners are, in fact, without models of conduct, without guides to opinion. In the proportion in which their wealth and domestic virtues enable them to be of use amongst the rich, in that same proportion do they alienate them from the poor. Public opinion in religious matters, originates, lives uncheered, and dies degraded amongst the poor of England. None appeal to them with a higher sanction than that given by law and authority: none appeal to them in the inalienable and august character of priests of God's Church: none claim their allegiance on any holier principle than is put forward by the itinerant preacher in the nearest conventicle. Their priestly character has for ages been lost sight of by the clergy themselves; and hard is now the task to make the people recognize it in those who, in all the domestic relations of life, show the sympathies and the hopes of laymen.

Similar causes have produced similar effects on the Continent. The gentry in Italy and in France are more profligate, the lower orders are more moral and devout than the corresponding classes in England. Every class has a morality of its own, because every class has a public opinion of its own. The opinion of the peer is a matter of indifference to the peasant: that of the peasant can have no influence on the peer: but God, through His priest-

hood, has ever sympathised with the poor. That the poor had the gospel preached to them, was one of the tokens given by our blessed Lord Himself of the truth of His mission. In the Catholic countries we have named, the clergy were (before the revolution, when that class-character was formed which still exists) as wealthy as those of the Anglican establishment: so much so that the church offered, not only a lucrative, but a "gentlemanly" profession to the younger sons of good families. These, the high clergy, were by their wealth and connexions, thrown into the noblest, the gayest circles: but, mingling in the world without having, like the Anglicans, to support the character of respectable fathers of families, they could not, like them, exercise any beneficial influence on the morality of those amongst whom they lived. As in England, this transformation of the French clergy into men of the world, alienated them from the poor. But were the poor, therefore, neglected of the priesthood, as they have been in England?—were they left without spiritual friends, guides and sympathisers? Not so, thank heaven! Debarred, by their birth, from the higher dignities that were the exclusive property of the *noblesse*, a *roturier* clergy had entered it with views far different from those which had influenced so many of the more favoured order. The love of God could have been their only motive for foregoing the allurements of the world and domestic affections: and nothing withdrew these pious exemplary men from the fulfilment of their duties towards the humble parishioners of whom so many of the *nobles* had disdained the charge. Although poor, their incomes were enough to maintain them as single men: and no petty cares of a parsimonious household interfered with the respect which their religious state challenged. They preserved the morals and the piety of the poor; though they could possess no influence over the companions of their wealthy, corrupt and unmarried superiors.

The religious establishments of Germany differ from both the Catholic and the Anglican system; and to this difference, may we not ascribe the lower standard of morality which, we have reason to believe, there obtains amongst all classes?—for we are not told of any marked difference between the rich and the poor. The German Protestant clergy are both married and poor: their poverty prevents them from mingling, as equals, with the higher classes and exerting, like the Anglican, a social influence over the conduct of society: their wives prevent them from maintaining, like the poorer French clergy, an exclusively-religious character which might raise them above the classes from which they sprang and with whom alone they are connected by marriage. "The little fool," exclaims a minister to his daughter, in one of La Fontaine's German novels, "the little fool! Think of her, a parson's daughter, falling in love with a gentleman!"

These examples from the Continent seem to prove the truth of that theory by which we account for the spread of Dissent and the moral degeneracy of the poorer classes in England. A clergy of married gentry and the poor can have little in common: while a poor unmarried clergy, whether abroad or in Ireland, have ever preserved the morals of the poor. Do such facts, then, we ask, warrant the tone of triumph so often adopted, as we have said, by Protestants, when they see the discipline of the celibacy of the Catholic clergy impugned by any of its members? We would presume these writers to be honest, conscientious men—anxious only for the spread of godliness and morality:—can they, in such a character, rejoice over anticipations of changes that would lessen the influence of the Catholic clergy in their own spheres, and bring down the Catholic to the level of the Protestant poor? Can they, in such a character, fraternise with the infidel rabble of Germany who, rejecting the Apostles' creed, rejecting ordination, rejecting positive discipline, rejecting sacraments, rejecting episcopacy, yet bespeak the sympathy of Anglicans because they also reject the celibacy of the clergy? Verily we can trace little of the genuine spirit of Christianity in such sympathisers. The spirit of the partizan, we do, indeed, recognize; the spirit of nationality we do indeed recognize: but “fairness, tenderness, forbearance, the equitable interpretation of motives and the indulgent estimate of conduct” we can trace no more than Mr. Oakeley. Such writers, he says, “hardly seem to recognize any bond of union or any principle of obligation in Church matters but that of partizanship. The most superficial acquaintance with the current ecclesiastical literature of the day (which is a fair index to the average tone of thought and conversation) will suggest abundant evidence of this *esprit de corps*.”

The spiritual advantages of the celibacy of the priesthood have been felt and recognized by the more eminent of those who have sought, in these latter days, to restore the efficiency of the Anglican clergy: and we the more grieve over the prospects of our poor countrymen when we reflect on the little hold the professors of such principles have maintained in the public mind; and on the reaction which, owing to circumstances, has necessarily taken place against them. A spirit of opposition has risen up against what is termed “innovation:” and some who, a few months ago, were only anxious to make good their claim to be a portion of the Catholic Church, now band together with the selfishness of fanatics eager only to proclaim their hostility to its communion. “The very ground,” says Mr. Oakeley, “upon which some excellent persons are staying on in the Church of England, is that true principles are not national but Catholic; hat although outwardly separate from the central Communion

of Christendom, she is yet one with that communion in heart and soul. And yet it is quite curious to observe how the one idea, which a movement into the Church of Rome suggests to the mind of the whole Church of England (a few generous individuals excepted) is that of *injury*. "Apostacy," "secession," "desertion,"—these and the like are the terms by which such acts are habitually denoted. This shows how little they *realize* even so much as the theory of a decided Church."

And we look upon the open, though late, avowal of such truths as the most important result of the grand Oxford movement which lately imparted so much apparent vitality to the Anglican church in its spiritual character. The vanity of Anglican pretensions to Catholicity has been proved. The laws of the land, the laws of the press, the laws of the rabble, whom three centuries have invested with the right of private judgment, have declared it to be a national, a distinct, a Protestant church. Prejudices, however, have been excited; bitter feelings have been aroused which, but for the greater liberality of the multitude, but for their growing indifference to the Established Church, but for the spread of Dissent and for the extension of the feeling that no one should be molested for his religion who did not make it a means of molesting his neighbours—might have produced displays of fanaticism unthought of since the days of Lord George Gordon. Happily, the excitement has already passed away. Many of the advocates of Anglican Catholicity have taken refuge on the Rock of Ages. The movement is already half forgotten by the multitude; though a sentiment of disappointment, of wrong and of sectarianism is growing up in the place of that perfect union which, many, but a few months ago, would have forced upon us with or without our own consent.

But what hopes remain for the moral regeneration of the millions of neglected poor of England, if such narrow principles are admitted by those of their clergy from whom alone they had some chance of receiving spiritual profit?—by those of their political and worldly advocates who, in parliament and in literature, had come forward as the friends of the poor, as the regenerators of their country? It is painful to us to make such a charge; but the train of argument is forced upon us: and the example of hostility to Catholicism so recently shewn by this party is too galling to us to be soon forgotten. By the organ of the "New Generation," a spirit has been avowed which denotes a revulsion of feeling giving little promise for the future. When have Catholics been so insulted as recently by the Oxford and Cambridge Review? That publication professed to be the organ of the high-spirited party to which we refer. It professed to advocate all those principles of respect for Catholicism and Catholic antiquity, and of good will towards the poor which have

been so eloquently proclaimed by Lord John Manners, Mr. Smythe, and others. Yet because it had been announced that an article in defence of the Jesuits had, at the request of the Editor, been written by a Catholic* and circulated in its pages, so fierce is the spirit of partizanship evolved, that the conductors of that periodical have been obliged to give notice that "for the future no one will be accepted as a contributor to the Oxford and Cambridge Review who is not a professor of the faith of the English Catholic Church."†

Is this change in the tone of the "organ" no sign of the times? Is this no sign that the high hopes that had lately emanated from Oxford and the "New Generation," have been found delusive?—that the spirit of fanaticism is discovered to be still too strong in the country?—and that the banner of brotherly love and of charity to the poor, under which all who wished to raise our country in the sight, not of nations but of heaven, were invited to enlist, is to be replaced by that of old sectarian partizanship truckling to vulgar prejudices?

The disappointment must be great to the high-minded men who hoped for better things from their enthusiastic exertions. Still would we urge them not so soon to retract all their noble purposes; not so soon to sink back among the common herd of men. If *they* give way, to what and to whom do they make over those whose welfare they and we have most at heart? To what and to whom do they abandon the moral and the spiritual care of the poor of England? The Anglican system is, confessedly, unable to grapple with the wants of our manufacturing districts. Many, we know, entertain the opinion that it is better fitted, than the Catholic, to allure our rural population. We cannot admit the assertion: when we remember the prevalence of dissent, of ignorance, of irreligion, of moral turpitude, and of want, that overwhelms our once-happy peasantry, we cannot recognize, in the Anglican ecclesiastical system, any fitness to spiritualize even our agricultural districts. But in all our manufacturing towns, it is evidently and avowedly quite at fault.

* Miles Gerald Keon, Esq.: a paper by whom enriched No. IX. of "Dolman's Magazine."

† See a letter from the editor to the *Morning Post*. It is painful so to reflect upon a contemporary; or we might have strengthened our argument by remarking on the slang terms of opprobrium in which the last number of the Review reflects upon Catholicism (probably to make amends for its former "untoward" liberality) and upon the dishonesty evinced in page 461, where the writer states—"The abuse of the confessional is still more deeply felt. For the details of this system, as it works, the reader is referred to M. Michelet's recent work, 'Du Prêtre de la Femme et de la Famille,' where he will find ample particulars:" while the editor adds, in a note, "we would not advocate any abuse, but we must respectfully decline to accept M. Michelet's asseverations as infallible evidence of that abuse of the confessional against which he so vehemently declaims." What! put forward a charge once *and again* in the large characters of the text, and say that the authority upon which it is based is worthless, in the small type of a note! Is this candid?

How is this want to be remedied? How is this deficiency to be made good? Is it, we ask, by recurring to the old political and partizan conduct under which the evil has grown to so fearful a magnitude?—or is it not rather by drawing upon the young enthusiasm which first made the party of the New Generation to be honoured even by those who disputed the practicability of its theories? Is it not by joining frankly and fearlessly with those who have shewn themselves willing and able to convert mankind in every climate and under every system?—who, whenever temporal policies have not blasted their efforts, have shown themselves to be the friends and efficient protectors and guides of those for whose sake they have renounced all other ties?

Let partizans argue in favour of national and political creeds; and affect a fanaticism which they are too cold-blooded to feel. But let those who have sensibilities to perceive, and honesty to acknowledge, that something more is wanted to arrest the crying evils of the times, give their help there alone where it can be efficient. The theologians of the party are, singly, taking that step which, as honest and conscientious men, we have ever known that they would adopt. Others remain who are not yet convinced that they should follow them: may their ignorance be removed, or may it be rendered so “invincible” as to avail them at the Dread Account! “The question,” says Mr. Oakeley, “surely is not whether this plea of ‘Invincible Ignorance’ will avail others, (to the *hope* that it may so avail, God be praised! there is absolutely no limit) but whether it will serve us, one by one. That there is, at this time, a plain call upon members of the Anglican Church as individuals, to review the grounds of their confidence in her, is, I suppose, more extensively felt than it is freely acknowledged.” Far be it from us to slight this call. Far be it from us to draw back, to the consideration of mere worldly matters, souls that are listening to its heaven-sent voice. But our appeal is to those whom God has not, as yet, so far favoured. Our appeal is to those who feel for the wants of our common countrymen; who lament the degradation to which, we have clearly shown, they have been let down by Protestantism, and by a married clergy: who would rather see them moral than brutalized; who would rather see them spiritual than moral. Let these not countenance the bigot cry against a system which they themselves look back to with regret; but seeing and feeling the utter uselessness of their own ecclesiastical policy, let them, at least by their good word, support those who alone are competent to unite commercial and religious prosperity: who alone have no worldly connexions, no domestic ties to withdraw them from that ministry in which, by the blessing of God, they have ever been so successful.

THE BIRTH OF THE ELEMENTS.

DEEP in a wilderness of spirit-clouds

Whose end dar'd mortal science, and whose prime
Was swath'd and sepulchred in mystic shrouds,
Reposed two shadowy monarchs :—Life and Time.

Their thrones seem'd ever-turning and to tow'r
Past sight in ether : and their regal forms,
Which held a language like the voice of storms,
Knowledge invested with a sceptre—Power.

Beneath them, roll'd an ante-mundane flood,
Rude and incongruous from unseen springs.
Darkness and Silence—two dread spirits, stood
O'er this,—the source of uncreated things.

Till heaving deep from out their ebon pit,
THE ELEMENTS, in tongues of thunder, rose ;
A spectral herald, called THE FUTURE, lit
The dusk uprousing of their strong repose,

And meteor-like sped onward. When behold !
What erst was voiceless, trembled into sound ;
Young Earth sprang forth from her chaotic mould ;
And Air and Flame and Ocean all were round.

First Ocean labour'd with a billowy might :
Then Fire cast up a red ambitious glare :
Earth loom'd majestic through the jealous light ;
While deftly irrepressible spoke AIR :—

“ Shapeless I come, with pow'r unseen, unknown, and unconfin'd ;
A vital principle am I, the element of mind.
Form, matter, grosser qualities let other agents give :
Be mine the secondary means by which all beings *live*.

Substance and shape as in myself, in others I condemn !
Matter may furnish animals, but I must quicken them.
Existence, noblest claim is mine and rests on me—a breath !
What can quick matter boast of, then, if I desert it?—Death !

Unconsciousness! If I secede, who shall supply my part?
 Without me, what's the teeming brain, the proud and glowing heart?
 If Earth be caused to vegetate, and bear the flow'r or tree;
 To bloom and prosper when they are, is optional in me,

Or on the office which I hold! Instead of Earth's increase,
 But once withdraw my presence, and all quickening must cease.
 Earth yields, but yields what certainly, depriv'd of me, were vain—
 The case: but I the animus, and I the whole sustain.

Other prerogatives, though less, pertain to me alone;
 One furthest point of Earth by me to other shall be known:
 Earth may and will supply the ship, the cordage, mast, and sail;
 Man and the sea, their aid; what then? if God withhold the gale—

My fleet, my strong vitality! What elemental form
 Can vie with that, if I assume the hurricane, the storm?
 The wild tornado,—the monsoon, o'er Earth and Ocean thrown?
 There other's pow'r can never hope to emulate my own!

But mark! in elder age, when urg'd by aqueous supplies,
 I'll physically actuate—propel in other guise;
 Water and Fire shall traverse Earth, shall labour, skim the sea,
 By an ascending impetus—the agency of me!

Invisible, but not unfelt, one only Chief I own;
 My birthright is ubiquity, creation is my throne!
 Vassals to man the rest; but I, from his dominion freed,
 Dare him to judge from whence I come, or whither I proceed!"

He ceas'd, and lo! a jactitation dire
 Shook the vast continent throughout. Then came
 The lurid chariot of haggard FIRE!
 Marshall'd by lightnings and the bolt of flame.

He wore a dazzling crown, I ween.
 And Ocean, heaving far below,
 He cast, with devastating mien,
 A scorching scowl upon his foe.

Then, burnish'd with a smile of joy,—
 "Behold!" he cried, with flashing eyne,
 "Both to produce and to destroy
 Are solely attributes of mine!

When this creative spell begun,
The ruling origin—the soul
Of seasons ;—was it not the Sun ?
At least, he regulates the whole.

Suppose that fount of flame destroy'd,
A naked, cheerless, sterile ball
Were Earth ; and Air—a blacken'd void !
'Tis warmth that animates ye all.

Ponder that Orb's productive might,
'Gainst it what minor powers prevail?
Withdraw it, and bethink ye—LIGHT—
With heat, remember, Light would fail.

'Tis true, indeed, the tree may grow
By means of water, earth, and air,
But 'reft of my perfecting glow,
Say, can they cause that tree to *bear* ?

But say, their attributes are such,
That by their aid the seed may rise ;
If I lend one electric touch ;
The scath'd elaboration dies.

Aye, if I wear destruction's frown,
Ere aid be drawn from Ocean's cup ;
Where are Man's works ? I tear them down,
If haughty Earth can bear them up.

O'er both I hold another scourge,
Which high on mountains waits my will ;
My whelming, my *volcanic* surge—
Is that not irresistible ?

I lend the pulverizing shock,
That opes the richly metall'd pit ;
My pow'r annihilates the rock,—
Can any other equal it ?

And all my cunning shall combine,
To make the Earth her stores disgorge ;

Therefore, the furnace shall be mine,
And mine the slow and sullen forge.

And I will aid dissension, for
In my fierce nature there is stor'd
Such skill, that when the nations war,
I'll be the wielder of the sword.

Deem not my vauntings less than true,
For roaring engines I will cast ;
And beings yet unborn shall rue
My breath—the cannonading blast.

And locomotion, claimed by Air,
Derives from me its latent skill;
I ever am, and must be there,
The first and moving principle.

So high my offices ; and though
They own one mighty source still higher,
Art and the sciences shall owe
Their primary support to Fire."

The vengeful Spirit pal'd, but ere the while
He flash'd from out a deep sulphuric glow,
A sparkful trident, o'er a blood-red pile
Of blazing rapine—type of human woe :
Then the vex'd image wan'd : when lo ! up sprung
A muffled tumult like the far-off wave ;
The deep-ton'd voice of many waters sung
Their source and being. From a murky cave
A dewy shape, with ever dripping locks,
In hollow accents, mystically grave
Murmur'd irregular, while echo swung
Around from coral, shells, and sedgy rocks.

"The might of my empire is second to none,
Though apparent my presence, my source I conceal ;
My depths, my recesses, what Being but one,
Hath ever divin'd, or shall ever reveal ?

In sustaining all animal life, in the cause
Of quick vegetation, coequal with air;
I come as a link in the chain of those laws,
Which decree my support indispensable there.

Not only the earth I inherit, but high
From the mists of the tempests my treasures I pour;
For nature exhausted would languish and die,
Unless from the clouds I replenish'd her store.

I lay upon Fire an invincible ban,
And quiescent he yields to the force of my spell;
For the ravages Fire can inflict upon man,
Only my irresistible presence can quell.

All nature I vivify, freshen, and clear,
And vast is the portion of earth I surround.
And between rival nations shall often appear,
An aquatic,—and, therefore, a definite bound.

But Air cannot arrogate, neither can Fire,
Locomotion,—a science for ever conceal'd;
A science it ne'er had been man's to acquire,
If Water possessed not a spirit to yield.

Thus far for my use—for my positive good:—
But my kindlier deeds are yet mix'd with alloy;
The mariner only can picture the flood,
If I summon my terrible strength to DESTROY."

Here the stern vision, girt with angry foam,
Receded into vapour. Then arose,
Stupendous and profound, a massive dome;
Opaque its aspect—palpable its throes;
And thick in sound, thus precedence it chose.

"The Great First Cause, with all-providing care,
Past knowledge wise—past adoration kind;
Produced me, Matter, as defin'd by air,
But matter for the exercise of Mind.

Grant if you will, Air infinite, I hold
His being's end is but to quicken mine.
What are the sun's transparent shafts of gold,
Without a continent whereon to shine?

Both are productive agencies—no more;
In me is vested, in its pristine state,
The principle—the seed—the hidden store.
Earth first supplies what they accelerate.

Or say that I was motionless, then through
The partial working of the solar blaze,
Dire is the famine that must straight ensue;
But my revolvings equalize its rays.

Dark springs and flashing cataracts and streams,
Born in my caverns, rush to light, and free
Disporting, as immensity beseems,
Broad on my bosom rolls the mighty Sea.

Then for the influence of Fire on art,
Void of my presence could his triumphs rise?
Place and the wonted matter I impart;
What would his skill avail on Air and skies?

All things material confess in Earth
Their physical first parent; and may see
That man, their chief, acknowledges his birth
Deriv'd from substance primitive in me.

And having borne, I wait on his decay;
My heart is open'd to receive his fall;
And thus relapsing to his native clay,
I am the womb, and sepulchre of all."

T. E. T.



NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The O'Donoghue ; a Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago. By Charles Lever, Esq. with Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Dublin: Curry, 8vo. pp. 410.

A REVIEWER should have little more to do than to notice the publication of a volume by one who has attained such favour as has fallen to the lot of the author of *Harry Lorrequer*. With much to approve and much to condemn, we doubt not *The O'Donoghue* will maintain the popularity of its author. Our only regret is that we cannot give it unqualified praise. Had it contained only sentiments such as are expressed in the chapter which details the first impressions of Ireland produced on Sir Marmaduke Travers and his sweet daughter, every heart would have sympathised with the writer; every heart would have felt in accordance with the sad picture of the wretched tenantry marshalled before their astounded master. Wherefore did the author, who could express so touchingly a scene of such truth, degrade his powers to pourtray the low revel in Mary M'Kelly's ale-house? Surely a sense of decency should have prevented him from insulting the religion of Ireland,—a belief which is professed by more of the queen's subjects than any other religion numbers,—by the silly buffoonery conveyed in the not very delicate song, and in the very bad French, of his Captain Jaques.

We are sorry to find such fault with an author who, in many respects, is so deservedly popular: but writers who appeal to the public, must learn not to outrage the religious or moral feelings of those of whom that public is, in no small degree, composed. Whenever Mr. Lever and other writers feel themselves moved to make a jest of that which some of their readers may hold sacred, we advise them to ask themselves, as gentlemen, whether they would sing the song, or tell the anecdote, in a mixed society, in which it *was probable* that some of those were present upon whom the buffoonery reflected? Amongst the public they *are sure* that such are present: and we see not how a gentleman can commit an insult in writing, which he would shrink from in conversation.

With very few of such blemishes as we have noted, the book is as agreeable as most of those that have flowed from the pen of Mr. Lever. The illustrations are numerous, and are better than those which find their way into most English magazines.

An Abridgement of Christian Doctrine. Compiled by the Catholic Pastor. Wellington: printed by E. Roe, "Gazette" office, Manners street, Wellington, New Zealand. 12mo. pp. 184.

We have very great pleasure in noticing this little work, not only

because it is an excellent manual of instruction, but because it comes upon us like a banner sent back to prove the onward and victorious march of Truth. We cannot do better than extract the notice written on the fly-leaf by one who has but just returned from a country in which all England has, for some time, felt so much interest.

"These books," writes our informant, "were compiled by the Rev. O'Reiley, of Wellington, New Zealand, to meet the wants of his congregation, of about 500 persons, who were sadly deficient in Catholic books. Five years ago, there were hardly any Catholics in the Island; and now, in the settlements of Wellington, Auckland, Nelson, and New Plymouth, there are, I should say, more than 2000. There are several French priests, who devote their time to the conversion of the natives, and I am happy to say, I have seen in many parts the wonderful effects of our holy religion on the native character.

"In the last disturbance of the Bay of Islands, when Kerwruntea was burned to the ground, there was but one house left standing, which the natives took the greatest care to preserve. This was Dr. Pompallier's, the Catholic bishop of New Zealand. This will shew the great respect the natives have for the Catholic faith.

"On this subject I could say much more, and merely mention this to show the necessity for Catholics at home to remember that at the antipodes there are many of the same flock, who are struggling on, against every difficulty to plant among 100,000 natives, the flag under which they are soldiers of Christ, and that all donations for that end will be most gratefully received.—Subscriptions towards church building, books, &c., will be received at the Bank, 69, Pall Mall, London, and forwarded to those who now so much require them."

"This is promising," as a fanatical editor lately wrote, after recording a schism in that authority which alone stood between the Hindoos and paganism. Promising, indeed, to the Christian and the philanthropist.

Lectures on the Parochial and Collegiate Antiquities of Edinburgh; read to the Holy Gild of St. Joseph. By a Member of the Gild. 12mo, pp. 146. Edinburgh: Marshall.

This little book must be most interesting to all residents in the fair northern city: and may be read with advantage by all English Christians and Catholics, for the information it conveys respecting the meaning of our ecclesiastical architecture and the manners of our forefathers. It is not written in the dry style of antiquarian lore; but is interspersed with anecdotes and snatches of personal history that reanimate the old buildings it describes, and bring before us the life of former days. We much recommend it to our readers.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Bible.

We gladly notice the appearance of the second part of this hand-

some folio edition. The notes are of great value and interest: and we shall rejoice to see every family armed with a copy of them. We regret that we cannot give the same unqualified praise to the engraving, which is not worthy of the work it is intended to illustrate. Surely the Book of Genesis might have been represented by a more appropriate subject than "Christ's charge to Peter"! As it will be long before they can be bound up in their proper places, we would strongly urge upon the editor that the engraving with each number should illustrate the matter with which it is issued.

Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith. Parts XI. and XII. London: Dolman.

It is unnecessary to say that these numbers are as interesting as any that have preceded them. Throwing over the past the glowing hues of his own fervid imagination, Mr. Digby here considers the nature of those Divine offices with which the Church divides the night and day, and the purifying effect of her many and holy festivals. Who would grudge to mankind a holiday spent as the fathers and saints of the Church would have had it celebrated! How richly does Mr. Digby draw from the boundless stores of their writings! In one page we often count twenty quotations. Though this multiplicity of authorities cannot add force to an argument, it cheers many a pious soul by proving that the doctrine or practice under review is no new invention of a solitary or moody fanatic. The spirit of joy breathes through all these writings.

Adventures in the Pacific, with observations on the natural Productions, manners, and customs of the natives of the various islands; together with remarks on MISSIONARIES, BRITISH and OTHER RESIDENTS. By John Coulter, M.D. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 290. Dublin: Curry.

The great letters about the MISSIONARIES and other BRITISH RESIDENTS showed so praiseworthy an ambition to strike a chord to which the ever-varying feelings of the public might respond, that we turned at once to the appeal. We may add, that we were agreeably disappointed in not finding anything to which it became our duty to object. Dr. Coulter is struck by the difference in the manners of the nation of the Marquesas, and of Tahiti; and, naturally enough, attributes entirely to the efforts of English Missionaries, that which we think is in a very considerable degree occasioned by the different and distinct characters of the several races. Innocent as the subjects of Queen Pomare are represented to be, we feel a greater interest in the savage dwellers on the Marquesas, in whom we trace a strength of character and a power for good or for evil, of which the others seem strangely deficient. Noble subjects they offer for the efforts of Catholic Mis-

sionaries ! Such spirits can only be controlled by a bravery superior to their own : and in this, when have *our* missionaries been deficient ?

The people of Tahiti, are not, however, represented to be so very pure-minded and simple as the friends of Mr. Pritchard would sometimes have us to think : and, indeed, the European residents on the island are not likely to win them to religion by good example. "It is very common," says Dr. Coulter, "to hear one of them lecturing an Englishman on his want of religion." Again : "In the native churches, that was a dense congregation : the English church, though very small, was not half filled, on Saturday, which is the Tahitian Sabbath :"—how is that, Mr. Pritchard ?

The book is written in a pleasant, conversational style ; it is full of such little anecdotes as must be pleasing and instructive ; and we cheerfully commend it to our readers. Before we lay it down, we must, however, show them Dr. Coulter's picture of an Englishwoman :—"Mrs. Bicknell was hospitable in the extreme, and in every respect English—a large, very fat woman, with a constant expression of real good humour."

The Doctor does not profess to be a literary man ; and does not write very correct English : but his book is well suited to the Circulating Library or Book Club, and will be amusing to the majority of readers.

The History of Ireland, from the earliest Period to the Year 1245, when the Annals of Boyle, which are adopted and embodied as the running-text authority, terminate, with a brief Essay on the Native Annalists, and other sources for illustrating Ireland, and full Statistical and Historical Notices of the Barony of Boyle. By John D'Alton, Esq. &c. &c. &c. Dublin, 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is a very valuable work, although the "running-title" may be very apt to mislead those who read while they run. It is not the history of Ireland in the acceptation commonly received by those very painful students who hive up their knowledge from Penny Cyclopedias or Family Libraries. It is not *the* history of Ireland, for that is written (and the pages are still wet) in blood, mingled with the violence of political and religious intolerance. But it is the authentic chronicle of a portion of that Island of the Saints, ere the barbarous invaders of Protestant England trampled under foot its religion and its laws : and it will be perused and referred to by every one who feels the slightest interest in a country so intimately connected with our own. Mr. D'Alton is a most enthusiastic Milesian and indefatigable scribe. His "Essay on the Ancient History of Ireland" has long since established his reputation as an antiquary ; and his Histories of Dublin and of Drogheda, with the Memoirs of the Archbishops of the former, have corroborated his claims to eminence as a historian and topographer. A sturdy Catholic, he will not yield a foot of what he knows to be his proper ground ; but, equally consistent, his

admission of the merits of those from whom he differs theologically or politically, stamps the productions of his prolific pen with an honesty of purpose most comfortably vigorous and thoroughly refreshing.

Among the early materials for a history of Ireland the "Annals of Boyle" hold a prominent place. These, like similar collections, commence as a *Registrum ab initio Mundi*, including all the scriptural *avexdora* and general legends of the globe until the era of the blessed St. Patrick, from which period they are almost exclusively devoted to national events, until the year 1245, when the MS. terminates. The late Dr. O'Connor, in his very rare *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*, privately printed by the Marquis of Buckingham, had embodied these Annals, omitting however the notices referring to Ireland prior to the year 420, and which were mixed up with the chronological *débris* aforesaid. These Mr. D'Alton, in the present publication, has restored; and to a translation of the complete work has added an illustrative commentary and explanatory notes, embodying a mass of varied erudition, indicative of severe research and discriminative acumen. It is peculiarly gratifying to find that to Viscount Lorton, the lord of the barony from which these Annals derive their appellative title, Mr. D'Alton's volumes in a great measure owe their publication, as that nobleman responded to the learned gentleman's request of encouragement with a promptitude and energy, which put to shame the ill-bred silence and insulting indifference of another member of the peerage, as deeply interested, at least, in the welfare of his native Erin.

To the statistician and genealogist these volumes are of eminent value, and they are attainable at a price unusually low: in this last feature showing that patriotism, not profit, is ever the ruling impulse of the Irish gentleman. Their pictorial illustrations are of singular beauty. From the present, as from his previous works, we have derived much pleasure and instruction; and we hope soon again to meet with renewed enjoyment from the unwearied diligence of the active mind of Mr. D'Alton.

We regret that want of space prevents us from noticing a greater number of the works on our table. We will hope to do more next month; when the pretty tribe of Annuals will also bespeak our good word.

CATHOLIC MONTHLY INTELLIGENCE.

CONVERSIONS.—We have the greatest pleasure in recording, that the last month has witnessed the submission of several eminent men to the Catholic Church, in addition to the numbers we reported in our last publication. According to the plan which we then announced, we refrain from intruding within the sanctuary of private life by mentioning the names of converts, until they themselves shall have proclaimed their change of opinions to the public. The religious opinions of private individuals are not matters into which the public has any right to enquire. Every Catholic will rejoice, with us, to know that the onward movement of the truth is still followed by many: and will refrain from enquiries and open rejoicings which might be painful to the feelings of our new brethren, who have to contend with the difficulties of former connexions. Several, however, of these respected converts have themselves announced their secession from the Anglican Establishment: Mr. Oakeley, Mr. Miles, Mr. Browne have done so; and the Right Rev. the Bishop of the Eastern District has (doubtless with the consent of the parties named) stated that “the Rev. F. W. Faber, rector of Elton, with seven of his parishioners, accompanied also by T. F. Knox, Esq. B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge,” have been received into the Church. The conversion of Mr. Faber and of Mr. Browne is particularly gratifying to us: because, in former numbers of this Magazine, we felt it our duty to comment upon the inconsistency of their published opinions, while they yet remained in the Anglican communion. They will now, we trust, feel that we were actuated only by the spirit of Catholic charity, and that our regret at having written what may have slightly annoyed them at the time, was only instigated by the hope that our remarks might urge them, however slightly, in what they have now recognized to be the right direction. We rejoice with

them, and pay homage to those scruples which, apparently wayward at the time, are proved to have been so conscientious. It will be our study to show our respect for the sincerity of motives which have actuated them, and which, we will believe, influence no less the many pious persons who have not yet recognized, as they have, the full and undivided claims of Truth,—of The Church. Mr. Oakeley’s pamphlet has been alluded to in the preceding pages of this number; but we have pleasure in reprinting the following token of a fine conscience, and also Mr. Browne’s letter to the *Church and State Gazette*, with which, it seems, he was actively connected:—

“Littlemore, near Oxford, Oct. 23, 1845.—Very Reverend and Dear Sir, I have never sufficiently thanked you for a letter you wrote to me last December, commenting on some passages in a letter of mine to a Roman Catholic friend, published in the *English Churchman* newspaper of Nov. 27, 1844, in which I reflected, in very severe terms, upon the conduct of members of your Church in this country. As time has gone on, I have come to feel the force of your observations, which, as far as I remember, drew my attention to the facts, that in an external position, I could not possibly have the knowledge requisite towards such severe judgments, and was therefore bound in charity to abstain from them; and, further, that I ought, at any rate, to make allowance for the peculiar disadvantages under which the Catholic Church labours in this country, and which must go far to excuse the faults and short-comings of its individual members, even if clearly proved to exist. I am now so well satisfied upon both of these points, that I owe it to any members of your body who have been hurt by my remarks, to express my sorrow for them in the most public manner. And especially at this moment, when I am on the point of submitting to the au-

thority of the Catholic Church, do I feel called upon to divest myself of every particle of the critical and censorious spirit, under the influence of which I may, in times past, though without, as I believe, any evil intention, have allowed myself to speak of circumstances, or supposed circumstances, of which, at all events, I could not be duly cognisant. I should add, that this apology is purely spontaneous, and that I am anxious to give it publicity. Believe me, very reverend and dear sir, your obliged humble servant,

“FREDERICK OAKELEY.

“To the Very Reverend Dr. Cox,
President of St. Edmund's College.”

“To the Editor of the *Church and State Gazette*.—Sir,—Having so lately addressed to you several letters on the various apostacies to Protestant dissent, and also having been one of the committee for the purpose of obtaining signatures to be appended to a petition about to be presented to Parliament in the ensuing session, against the clergy (I use the term ‘clergy’ out of courtesy to those laymen in England who are labouring under a delusion in imagining themselves to be in holy orders), being compelled, by certain late notorious decisions in the ecclesiastical courts, to bury persons (so-called) schismatically baptized, I feel it my duty to inform you of my having obtained admission into the Catholic Church. In the creeds I have been wont, from a child, to confess my belief in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. In vain did I, while a member and (so-called) minister of the Protestant Establishment, look about me for unity—in vain did I look for those ‘marks of life,’ of which the venerated Dr. Pusey speaks in such holy and exalted language—in vain did I look for the ‘communion of saints;’ but all things, both present and the prospect of futurity, combined to turn my thoughts towards Rome. Now did I begin to experience the truth of what the author of *The Life of St. Wilfred* says,—‘To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct seemingly implanted in us for the safety of the faith.’ But I was unwilling to trust to feelings; I ex-

amined and re-examined the subject. The more deeply I investigated the claims of the Establishment—the further I searched into patristic evidence—the more I became convinced of the falsity of her claims to be a branch of the Catholic Church; in fact, that the English Church was nothing more or less than a ‘gigantic impostor’ became daily more evident to me. At this critical juncture, while my mind was being tossed about with various ideas—while I was being driven here and there searching for the fair havens—my soul was providentially directed to Milner's *End of Religious Controversy*. I believed, before this precious volume fell into my hands, that however seemingly the English Church might have lost the outward marks of Catholicity, she retained her orders. To this point I naturally turned my attention, and soon saw, from the incontestible evidence brought forward by Milner in the twenty-ninth letter, that even allowing the validity of the succession and consecration of Parker, still the form used was such, that the words applied to the bishops might be applied to a child,—‘Take the Holy Ghost, and remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is in thee, and the imposition of hands.’ This ‘form’ was pointed out as objectionable by the Catholic divines, Dr. Champney, Lewgar, and others; that in 1662 the ‘convocation altered the form of ordaining priests and consecrating bishops.’ ‘But,’ as Milner observes, ‘admitting that these alterations are sufficient to obviate all the objections of our divines to the ordinal, which they are not, they come above one hundred years too late for their intended purpose: so that if the priests and bishops of Edward and Elizabeth's reigns were invalidly ordained and consecrated, so must those of Charles II's reign and their successors have been also.’ Admitting that Parker and his consecrators, Barlow and Scory, were validly consecrated, yet being out of the pale of St. Peter, the Church of England, as established by law, is out of the Catholic Church. Qui ecclesiæ renititur et resistit (says S. Cyprian) qui cathedram Petri, super

quem fundata est ecclesia deserit, in ecclesia se esse confidit? Quisquis at ecclesiâ segregatus, adulteræ jungitur, a promissis ecclesiæ seperatur. Alienus est, profanus est, hostis est.' Apologizing for the length of this communication, and sincerely praying, Sir, in the language of the pious writer of the life of St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester, that 'the prayer of the saint' (and I would fain add those of the blessed Virgin) may avail for all those who, in these times of perplexity, know not where to find rest for their souls, and bring them to the only haven (the Church Catholic) where peace is to be found in this wretched world,—I am, your obedient servant in Christ,—
EDWARD G. BROWNE, late curate of Bawdsey, Suffolk, St. Mary's College, Oscot, Fest. Sti. Britii.—Will you please to insert this letter as the production of Mr. (not the Reverend) Edward G. Browne.

THREE REASONS FOR RENOUNCING THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND RETURNING TO THE ORIGINAL CATHOLIC, APOSTOLICAL, FAITH.—First. Because I conscientiously believe that the religion of the primitive Christian Church as transmitted to us by tradition and revelation is the only pure source of belief.—Second. Because the Church of England has, without Divine authority, entirely removed from her rites and ceremonies, as well as from the eyes of the Faithful, that emblem of our Saviour's sufferings and death—the Cross, which was borne by himself in person, and which all true Christians should humbly venerate as the symbol of redemption and eternal salvation.—Lastly. Because the effects of the propagation of the Church of England doctrines, forced upon Ireland, my country, have been to denationalise the people of Ireland, and by disuniting them, to dissolve the religious and social compact ordained by the commandments of God.—Note.—Although the Cross is banished from the churches in England, it is a curious fact that the English flag retains it to this day. The national ensign is based upon the cross of St. George as borne in the time of the Crusaders.

Rome, March 17, 1844. J. MILES.

The *Church and State Gazette* contains also the following letter "from Oxford," but without date or place. It is signed *Vigil*.—"Sir,—One of our parish clergymen has left us—his coadjutor is in doubt—half a dozen others are teaching, as these have been doing, for doctrines the commandments of men. Several thousand persons must leave the Church or listen to this teaching. What is to be done? What is Christ Church doing? The outgoing clergy are appointed from that college as patrons—Messrs. — and — were the pastors of three thousand souls—it is to be feared that their successors will be like-minded—and theirs is not the only parish dependent on Christ Church College, Oxford."

WILL OFFICE, DOCTORS' COMMONS.—The vacant seat in the Prerogative office, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Capes, a proctor, recently admitted, who has embraced the tenets of the Church of Rome, has been given to Mr. Decimus Dyke, a younger brother to the Queen's Proctor. The income, averaging 1,500*l.* a year, arises from fees. Mr. Capes had held the office but a few years, having succeeded his father in the seat, who was also the auditor of the Archbishop's Registry, upon whose death he came into possession of upwards of 30,000*l.*

RAILWAY FROM OXFORD TO ROME.—We understand that a prospectus of this scheme (previously registered) will appear in a few days. The Pope, averse to railways in general, has given his heartiest concurrence to the project. The route has been already marked out by some well-known tracts of late travellers.—*Punch*.—[All our readers will excuse this innocent jest.]

CHURCH AND STATE ILLIBERALITY.—Our readers may have heard that an article in defence of the Jesuits, lately appeared in a monthly periodical, styling itself *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*. The article was, of course, published without the writer's name. It was much admired by Catholics; and the editor of the *Tablet* newspaper indiscreetly boasted that it was the production of a Catholic, "an alumnus of Stonyhurst," of Miles Gerald Keon,

Esq., a valued contributor to No. ix. of *Dolman's Magazine*. Thereupon ensued a correspondence between a zealous low-church Anglican and the editor of the *Review*, whom he reproached with "breaking down the hedge of his vineyard." We have not space to repeat his not very elegant letters; suffice it to state, that the editor was obliged to bend beneath the charge; and that the anti-Catholic tone of the last number of his periodical fully proves that it will, in future, be conducted in the spirit of the following insulting letter:—

"To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.—Sir—It is with great reluctance that I am compelled again to trespass on your columns. The unjust and invidious language held by the *Tablet* newspaper, the organ of the Romanists in this country, and the uncalled-for and intemperate conduct of those who claim for themselves the merit of exclusive Protestantism, render it necessary for me to state distinctly and publicly, that for the future no one will be accepted as a contributor to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* who is not a professor of the faith of the English Catholic Church, and a member of one of the Universities, which this *Review* seeks to represent. I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obliged servant,
THE EDITOR OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE REVIEW."

Mr. Keon felt called upon to comment thus triumphantly upon the imputation cast upon him:—

"To the Editor of the *Morning Herald*, Nov. 8.—Sir—The publication of Mr. Golightly's letter, which so pointedly commented on my having written in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, induces me to hope that you will have the courtesy to insert this reply. It is a reply, however, which, let me say, I should not have offered, but for a letter in this day's *Morning Post*, from the editor of the *Review* in question. In that letter the editor announces that no one shall contribute for his periodical who is not a Protestant and a member of either Oxford or Cambridge; and the manner in which this announcement is made, would

seem to insinuate that the editor had not at first known me under my true colours; that I had furtively, as it were, entered his *Review*; and that, now, when my proper character has been announced by the *Tablet*, he must openly declare that neither I nor any other Catholic can ever again write for his publication. It is therefore due to the English Catholics, and more particularly is it due to myself, that I should explicitly and clearly make it known that I never offered my contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. The article on 'the Jesuits,' and the article on 'George Canning,' which I did write in its pages, were written because the editor asked me: and when he asked me, he knew my religion and profession quite as well as he knows them now. Nor does he appear to me to have acted wrongly or inconsistently, or in a manner abhorrent from the practice of other Protestant editors. It is thus, at least, clear that there was nothing underhand or furtive in my conduct. Whether the notification which the editor is pleased to make, proceeds suitably from him, I will not at present inquire. I certainly consider it a very sensible arrangement that, in future, University men should write for a University review. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
MILES GERALD KEON."

In a subsequent letter he adds,—
"Do not be alarmed lest a Roman Catholic should ever again write for the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. There is no danger.—London, Nov. 18."

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND DR. BAGGS.—The following circular has been sent to the clergy of the Western District:—"Reverend and Dear Sir—God having deprived us of our good Bishop, it behoves us to pray fervently for the repose of his soul. You are hereby, therefore, directed to sing or say a Requiem Mass for that purpose as soon after the Festival of All Saints as is convenient, and to recommend your flock to assist thereat. You are also requested to unite now with all your reverend brethren in earnest prayer to God, that he would place over us without delay a successor to

our departed Bishop, who will prudently, wisely, and successfully, manage the affairs of this important but now widowed district. For that purpose, you are hereby desired to say, before or after the public masses on Sundays and holidays, the accompanying prayer, until the appointment by the Holy See of our future Bishop is made known to us, and to invite your people to join you in it. Believe me, dear Reverend Sir, yours faithfully,
—THOMAS BRINDLE, D.D., Vic. Gen. Prior Park, Oct. 28, 1845."

"A PRAYER, to beg that God would place over us a successor to our departed Bishop, who will prudently, wisely, and successfully, manage the affairs of the important but widowed Western District of England.

"O God, our refuge and strength, fountain of all goodness, mercifully give ear to the fervent prayers of thy Church, and grant that what we ask with faith, we may effectually obtain. O Almighty and eternal God, by whose appointment all things are established and maintained; mercifully regard our prayers, and in thy goodness grant unto us a Bishop after thy own heart, that thy Christian people, governed by Thee through his authority, may increase in faith and every good work. O God, who hast taught the hearts of the faithful by the light of the Holy Spirit, grant that we may be truly wise in the same spirit, and ever rejoice in his consolation. Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE VICTORIA PARK.—The plantations, &c., appear to have come to a pause, but a very interesting fact to the Catholic is, that the Lord Bishop of Olena, the Right Rev. V.A. of the district, has taken possession of land for the erection of a chapel for Hackney, and for a Convent of the Sisters of Charity.—*Daily paper*.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES AT LEWES PRIORY.—The discovery of interesting relics in the ruins of Lewes Priory by the railway workmen, still proceeds; and every care is taken to preserve them with as little injury as possible. On Monday the workmen came to another grave, formed, like

those previously found, of large stones placed one on another, but in this instance chalk had been used instead of Caen stone. On Tuesday afternoon the grave was opened, and found to contain the bones of a full-sized human body, without any appearance of a coffin or any other material. The same day, in another spot, the workmen met with an obstruction which, on examination, was found to be a pavement of Roman tile. The clearing of this occupied more than a day. Its centre is plain; but there appears to have been a border of enamelled tiles, some of which are in a very fair state of preservation, and are ornamented with the De Warren arms. In the course of clearing this pavement, a doorway was found, which proved to be that of a stone cell. The side stones are perfect, and there is also a good stone foundation, which the workmen are still following. These foundations are most interesting to the antiquarian, as they develop the site of some of the most important portions of this once magnificent building, concerning which much doubt has always existed. On Thursday afternoon the capital of a column was found, which is in a good state of preservation, and very beautifully ornamented.—*Brighton Herald*.

NEW PUSEYITE CHURCH IN LEEDS.—The Puseyites are this week to commence a new and forward movement in this town. It is known that through some munificent donations of persons at a distance, a church has been built in Leeds, of a very costly and splendid architecture, and bearing many of the features of the churches prior to the Reformation; and that it is designed as a model of the churches approved by the highest Puseyites, and as an exhibition of the modes of worship and of the doctrines approved by that sect of Oxford churchmen. The name given to this church by its unknown founder was very significant of the alliance between Puseyite and Romish doctrine, being that of the Church of the Holy Cross. But the Bishop of Ripon, notwithstanding his timid caution, positively objected to consecrate a church bearing that name; and it

has therefore been changed for the name of St. Saviour's church.—*Leeds Mercury*.

PENSION TO LADY SHEE.—The Queen has been pleased to bestow a pension of 200*l* a-year on Lady Shee, wife of Sir Martin Archer Shee, "in consideration of her husband's eminence as an artist, and of his services as President of the Royal Academy, during a period of fourteen years."

SCOTLAND.—JUBILEE DINNER IN GLASGOW TO THE RIGHT REVEREND DR. ANDREW SCOTT.—On Tuesday, 21st ult., the clergy of the Western District gave a dinner to their illustrious and venerable bishop, the Right Reverend Dr. Scott, in honour of his having completed his fiftieth year in the sacred ministry. At five o'clock, twenty-eight clergymen sat down to a sumptuous banquet, among whom were the Right Reverend Drs. Carruthers and Gillis, of Edinburgh, who honoured the festival by their presence.

FREEDOM OF OPINION IN THE FREE CHURCH.—We regret to learn that a section of the Free Church party in this city have determined to oppose the re-election of Mr. Rutherford as Lord Rector of the University for the ensuing year. Mr. Rutherford was, at the last election, the Free Church candidate; and it was by the union of Free Churchmen with the Liberal party generally that he was elected by so triumphant a majority over the Earl of Eglinton, a man of moderate Conservative politics, and personally more popular than any nobleman in Scotland. Remembering these things, we have been led to inquire what cause of offence Mr. Rutherford has given, that any party in the University should wish to depart from the customary routine of re-election, and cast a stigma on the public character of the man of their own choice. We have learned with surprise that his vote on the Maynooth question has been the sole reason, and that to make their own bigotry more apparent and shameful, this party, Liberals as they pretend to be, have resolved to propose a high Tory for the office, viz. Mr. Campbell, of Monzie, simply because he is opposed to the

Maynooth grant. We have been told that it is only a small and uninfluential section of the supporters of Mr. Rutherford at the last election who have adopted this course; and we would fain believe, for the honour of our ancient University, that in this respect our information is well founded.—*Glasgow Argus*.

IRELAND.—FAMINE.—PUBLIC PRAYERS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES.—The Most Rev. Dr. Murray has ordered the special collect to be said in deprecation of approaching famine.

PUBLIC PRAYERS IN THE ESTABLISHED CHURCHES.—"The second prayer appointed to be used in time of famine has been ordered by the Primate and several bishops to be offered in the churches during the present month."

PUBLIC PRAYERS BY THE PRESBYTERIANS.—It was resolved by the Presbytery of Dublin, at their quarterly meeting, on the 5th of November, that the alarming prospects of this country, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, call loudly for earnest and united prayer to God to stay the present judgment, and that it may be sanctified to the nation; and that this Presbytery accordingly appoint a day to be observed throughout their congregations within its bounds in humiliation and prayer, in reference to this subject.

MAYNOOTH.—DEATH OF DR. MONTAGUE, PRESIDENT.—This distinguished and venerable clergyman breathed his last on Wednesday, the 29th of October, in the College of Maynooth, after a protracted illness of sixteen months, during the last ten of which he had been constantly confined to his bed. No ecclesiastic had passed from among us within the memory of the present generation with whose name so many associations are connected in the minds of almost every one of the Irish clergy. A few old clergymen who have passed nearly half a century in the ministry still speak of Dr. Montague as the associate of their early studies; but these are nearly all gone, and the great body of the Irish priesthood only remember him as a superior during their collegiate course. There is something ex-

tremely touching in the departure of such a man, and no doubt in the mind of many a hoary-headed pastor the melancholy intelligence will recal scenes, and incidents, and feelings long past, and perhaps long forgotten. Dr. Michael Montague was born in the year 1773, on or near the festival of St. Michael.—*Freeman*.

THE NEW COLLEGES.—The government surveyors have already commenced operations in Galway, where the site of the new college, consisting of about eight acres, is at the rear of the school of Erasmus Smith's foundation. It is stated that the Rev. Dr. Henry, Presbyterian minister of Armagh, has been appointed principal of the New Ulster College, to be established in Belfast. Dr. Henry was appointed by the late government one of the commissioners of National Education, and by the present government a member of the board formed under the Charitable Bequests Act, both of which offices, without salary, he retains. It is also stated that Edward Berwick, Esq., barrister-at-law, has accepted the appointment of vice-president of the New College at Galway. Mr. Berwick is nephew to the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan.

The Rev. Dr. Kirwan and Professor Kane, both Roman Catholics, have been appointed, from among numerous competitors, presidents of the new colleges about to be established in Galway and Cork.

MEETING OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPS.—The *Dublin Evening Post*, of Wednesday, contains the following:

"The annual synod of the Catholic prelates of Ireland was held on Tuesday, at the Presbytery of the Cathedral, Marlborough-street. The prelates assembled at eleven o'clock, and remained in deliberation until six o'clock in the afternoon, when they adjourned. Their lordships had another protracted sitting yesterday. The principal subject which engaged the attention of the prelates, was the Academical Education Act. The following is a transcript of the proceedings on this important question, and also in reference to a state provision for the Catholic clergy. Upon this

vital subject, the prelates unanimously declare that their opinions, often before promulgated, are 'unchanged and unchangeable.' 'The Most Rev. Dr. Crolly in the chair. It was moved by the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale, and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally: Resolved—That the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, having resolved that the measure of Academic Education proposed by the government was dangerous to faith and morals, while the securities which they required for the removal of those dangers were refused by the government and the legislature, we, as guardians of the faith in Ireland, and anxious to preserve the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, lay before the Holy Father our former resolutions, and their application to the act in its present form, together with the grounds on which those resolutions were founded, in order that we may all receive the decision of his Holiness, and recognize the voice of Peter in the person of his successor." "Dissentient,—Because we consider the following resolution, proposed and supported by us, is a more accurate statement of the case, and more respectful to the Holy See: Resolved—That the bill for Academical Education in Ireland, proposed by the British government, together with the memorial of the assembled prelates in May last, and the bill in its amended form, be submitted to the Holy See for its consideration and decision.—W. CROLLY, D. MURRAY, J. RYAN, P. M'GETTIGAN, J. BROWNE, Kilmore; C. DENVIR."—"Proposed by the Right Rev. Dr. Kinsella, and seconded by the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly: Resolved unanimously—That our resolutions, adopted at different periods, condemning a state provision for our clergy, be now republished, in order to inform our people that our opinions on the subject are unchanged and unchangeable.—MOST REV. M. SLATTERY, Chairman; RIGHT REV. V. L. O'DONNELL, Secretary."—"Resolved on the 10th November, 1841, his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. M'Hale in the chair. Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Crolly, and seconded by the Right Rev. Dr. Foran: Resolved unanimously—

That his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray be requested to call a special general meeting of the prelates of all Ireland, in case that he shall have clear proof or well-grounded apprehensions that the odious and alarming scheme of a state provision for the Catholic clergy of this portion of the empire shall be contemplated by the government before our next general meeting.—JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam, Chairman; T. FEENEY, Secretary.”—“At a general meeting of the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, held in the parochial-house, Marlborough-street, the following resolution was proposed and adopted: Resolved—That, alarmed at the report that an attempt is likely to be made during the approaching session of parliament to make a state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland, we deem it our imperative duty not to separate without recording the expression of our strongest reprobation of any such attempt, and of our unalterable determination to resist by every means in our power a measure so fraught with mischief to the independence and purity of the Catholic religion in Ireland.—D. MURRAY, Chairman; P. KENNEDY, Secretary.” “At a meeting of the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held in the Presbytery House, Marlborough-street, on the 15th day of November, 1843. Moved by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray; seconded by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Slattery. Unanimously resolved—That the resolutions of January, 1837, and of November, 1841, be now re-published, in order to make known to our faithful clergy and people, and to all others concerned, that our firm determination on this subject remains unchanged, and that we unanimously pledge ourselves to resist by every influence we possess, every attempt that may be made to make any state provision for the Catholic clergy, in whatever shape or form it may be offered.—JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam, Chairman; JOHN MADDEN, Secretary.”

FATHER MATHEW.—Mr. Leahy, the distinguished artist, has been deputed by the munificent Dwarkanauth

Tagore, to his native city, Cork, to paint for him a portrait of another of its prominent characters, Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance.

DUBLIN.—Of eighteen law students sworn in at the opening of Michaelmas Term, nine were Catholics.

THE REV. DR. O'BRIEN.—The Rev. Dr. O'Brien, late of St. Mary's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, who recently returned to his native country, after an absence of several years, has accepted of the chair of Sacred Scriptures, in the Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra.

THE RENT.—THE REPEAL BAROMETER FOR THE WEEK ENDING

27 October	£ 248	15	11
3 Nov.	385	10	0
10 Nov.	300	17	6
17 Nov.	178	4	0

ITALY.—STATE OF THE PONTIFICAL DOMINIONS.—Letters from the frontier of Romagna, dated the 4th instant, state that on the evenings of the 1st and 2nd a sanguinary conflict took place at Bologna, between the Swiss on the one part, and the Pontifical dragoons and custom-house guards on the other. It is also said that disturbances have occurred at Perugia, towards which town a column of Swiss was on its march.

The accounts from Rome of the 10th instant, published by the *Constitutionnel*, state that the Government was determined to punish with severity the individuals compromised either directly or indirectly, in the last disturbances of Romagna.

The state prisons were filled with 7,000 prisoners, many of them of the first families. The Papal Government contemplates a new loan, to which fact the decline in the Roman stock was attributed.

The Paris journals repeat the statement, that the great Powers had anew solicited of the Pope some concession to the demands of the people of the Legations; but there appears no ground for expecting acquiescence on the part of the Roman Government.

The departure for Palermo of the Russian Minister, M. Boutenieff, and his secretary, M. Skariatin, had given

rise to many conjectures. It was supposed, however, to be connected with the projected marriage of Princess Olga with Archduke Stephen; and persons usually well informed, asserted that M. Boutenieff was the bearer of a reply of the Pope favourable to the views of the Emperor, and of a dispensation, authorizing the conclusion of the marriage without laying any obligation on the Princess to change her religion. The Emperor was expected in Rome, on the 22nd instant.

THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE POPE.—The accounts from Madrid of the 12th instant, state that rumours were current of the total failure of the negotiations between the Madrid Government and the Pope, and that M. Castello y Ayengo was to return forthwith to Madrid.

The *Presse* observes, that the negotiations between the Court of Rome and that of Madrid constitute the most serious affair which the Spanish Government has at present on hand, and, with the hope hitherto not realized, of presenting a favourable result to the Chambers, the meeting of the Cortes has been adjourned to the 15th of December. "It is now a year," adds the *Presse*, "since M. Castillo y Ayensa, was despatched to Rome with the title of Minister Plenipotentiary. The object of his mission was to prepare the acknowledgment of Queen Isabella, and to obtain a concordat which might put an end to the difficulties which ten years of revolution had raised between the Church and the State. This proceeding, which, in a political point of view, was irregular, obtained, however, universal approbation, in consequence of the results which were expected from it. The inferior order of the clergy were in the most profound misery. The greater number of Bishops and Chapters were in opposition with the Ministry; the confessors refused absolution to the purchasers of Church property; anxiety prevailed in the consciences of all parties; and much excitement existed in the minds of the people. Under such circumstance, the rational men of all parties comprehended that it was most desirable to

effect a compromise between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, and that no concession should be declined, which would conciliate the prerogatives of the Church with the rights created by the revolution. The new Government had made laudable efforts to repair the evils inflicted on the Church by the revolutionists. The Spanish nation, therefore, counts upon the profound wisdom of the men who direct the foreign policy of the Roman Government to put an end to the uncertainty which prevails, and to restore that tranquillity and security of which the Spanish nation has been deprived during ten years.

His Lordship Alexander Macioti has been appointed Nuncio in Switzerland. He is replaced in his office at the Sacred Congregation by his Lordship Alberto Barbolori.

The *Diario di Roma* gives most interesting accounts of the splendid reception of his Holiness at Tivoli. He honoured the Jesuits in a most special manner by remaining for the greater of a day at their Convent.

The Archbishop of Mitelene, M. Androu, has been appointed by his Holiness Secretary of the Congregation of the Council of Trent.

THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL.—His Holiness lately inspected the works for the restoration of this most ancient Christian temple; and expressed himself rejoiced to hear, from the architect, that it might be, next year, restored to all the purposes of Catholic worship. At the temporary shrine to which they have been removed, he revered the relics of the Apostle of the Gentiles; and then made the whole circuit of the building. It is a curious fact that, at the disastrous fire by which the temple was destroyed twenty years ago, not the least injury was done to the tomb of the apostles. The roof above it fell in: but not a rafter touched the shrine. We do not pretend that this preservation was occasioned by any supernatural interference of Providence: it might, perhaps, be accounted for by the natural laws of gravitation: we adduce it only as a curious fact to which we, as eye-witnesses, can testify.
—*Correspondent.*

A LONG LOST RAPHAEL. — The Académie des Beaux Arts, at its last sitting, had an interesting piece of intelligence communicated to it by M. R. Rochette, its perpetual secretary, and received by him from M. Jesi, the celebrated engraver. It was, that an immense fresco, by Raphael, in admirable preservation, has been discovered at Florence, in the refectory of a convent suppressed at the close of the last century. This work, which represents the "Last Supper," was generally attributed to Perrugino, but, on its being lately cleaned, Raphael's name was found on the robe of one of the apostles, with the date of 1514, when the great painter was in the twenty-first year of his age. This is the period of his life of which Vasari and other writers on art seem to know least, and this discovery fills up the chasm which has hitherto been felt in Raphael's career.

SPAIN.—Before leaving Rome the Lord Archbishop of Tarragona, on his return to his diocese, received from His Holiness the following congratulatory and honorary letter of leave:—"To the Venerable Antony Ferdinand Archbishop of Tarragona. Pope Gregory XVI. Venerable Brother, health and Apostolic benediction. We understand from the matters which you have lately related to us, that, notwithstanding your lengthened absence of many years, owing to the lamentable vicissitudes of the times, from your Archbishopric of Tarragona, yet through the mercy of God, all things therein have been maintained in regular order, nor have there ever been any who have contemned or despised your precepts: the clergy assiduous in the fulfilment of their duties, the nuns constant in the observance of their respective institutes in the retirement of their cloisters, and the people faithful to the accustomed exercises of religion and Christian piety. We have received great consolation from this communication; and most humbly giving thanks to God, we congratulate you, Venerable Brother, and all your flock, with effusion of soul and joy, to think that you are now about to return to your church.

On your departure from our presence and from this holy city we have desired to address these letters to you, the index of our affectionate and fraternal regard and apostolic benediction, which from the bottom of our hearts we bestow on you, Venerable Brother, and on your flock.—Gregory XVI., Pope."

The Archbishop, for ten years an exile from Spain, re-entered his See on the 5th of October. The people, being aware of his approachment, went out to meet him, and hailed his arrival with the most unbounded delight.—*Catolico*.

GERMANY.—A letter from Berlin of the 8th inst., in the *German Universal Gazette*, states that all the Protestant Princes of Germany, have resolved in their quality of chiefs of that religion, to convoke deputies to deliberate on the affairs of the Protestant Church.

A meeting of Lutheran ministers has lately taken place at Wirtemberg, to deliberate whether Protestantism should express any interest in Rongism. It was unanimously resolved that the "movement" should neither be checked nor promoted, but should be left to itself, in the hope that "the word of God would not be found wanting to itself." In fact, all partisans of every creed seek to disclaim the loose theological rabble of rationalists and infidels who have gathered round the banner of Ronge for no other reason than that it is displayed against that which was obnoxious to them all.—*Correspondent*.

The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* recently published *in extenso* a letter addressed by the Archbishop of Posen to the King of Prussia respecting the new dissenters. In that letter his grace particularly urged the necessity of forbidding the followers of the modern creed to call themselves "Catholics." The archbishop concludes his letter in the following terms: "Through such a prohibition the due right of the Catholic Church would be maintained without in any way infringing the legal liberty of conscience of any individual, and a wholesome restraint would be imposed on sectarians by removing a snare which they employ for the deception of the unwary; for, although up to the present time their manoeuvres

have found but little response in this province, and only a few tepid and thoughtless Catholics, comparatively speaking, have joined them, they are not by any means discouraged, but, on the contrary, are unremitting in their exertions to propagate their principles." The prelate next censured the local authorities of Potsdam and the legislature of the province of Prussia, assembled in Dantzic, for having encouraged the sectarians by expressions of sympathy, and by pecuniary contributions. The archbishop expresses his conviction that the new sect is chiefly composed of persons who are partisans of religious licentiousness (*Ungebundenheit*) and indifferentism, and that it comprises many individuals favourable to radicalism and communism, who meditate political changes under the mask of religious innovation. There can be no doubt that the Archbishop's letter will receive due attention from the King, as his Majesty is incontestably hostile to the new sect. The *Silesian Gazette* states that a follower of Ronge and of Dowiat, in Dantzic, a priest named Rudolph, has abjured his errors and returned to the "one fold of the one Shepherd."

The Rev. Dr. Keiner and the Rev. M. Nitschke were excommunicated at Breslau on the 9th inst.

On the 9th inst. a circular from the Bishop of Munster was read in all the churches of the diocese. The aged prelate commences by returning thanks to the Almighty for being suffered by divine grace to govern his diocese during so long a period as fifty years, and to his faithful clergy and flock for the cordial manner with which they celebrated his recent jubilee. He refers in grateful terms to the sympathy manifested towards him by his Holiness and by the King of Prussia—"the beloved father of the country;" and concludes by warning his flock against the dangerous influence of bad books and publications, particularly with reference to the irreligious movements of the present times.

The following paragraph is taken from the *Rhenish Observer*:—"Berlin, Nov. 10. We learn from good authority that the minister of ecclesi-

astical affairs has informed the chief president of the Rhenish Provinces, that the death of the Archbishop of Cologne, Clement Augustus, has created no vacancy in the see, but that all the archiepiscopal dignity and right are transferred *de jure* to the coadjutor, *cum spe succedendi*, Dr. Von Geissel. It is moreover stated that Dr. Geissel has not only been canonically installed by the Pope, but that his appointment has been confirmed by the King, that he has already taken the oath of allegiance, and that as soon as he forwards the necessary notification to the metropolitan chapter, he will take on himself the archiepiscopal dignity, be enthroned, and receive the homage of obedience. This will be given by the chapter and deputies of the inferior clergy, by kissing his hand or his ring."

A German translation of Zeloni's life of the late Princess Borghese, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, has just been published in Munich. The translator is the Baron Von Seckendorf. The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in announcing the publication, adds, that the lamented princess was "the ornament of high society in England and Rome, the guardian angel of the poor and the oppressed, and a model of Christian feeling, and female benevolence."

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—A letter from Cologne states, that the works of the cathedral continue to progress with great activity. Already are the principal works that had to be executed in the building, viz., the construction of the arches of the nave and that of the four lateral doors, nearly finished, and the numerous paintings in fresco for the decoration of the interior are completed. There is every reason to hope that the cathedral will be entirely finished in the short space of from fifteen to eighteen months.

PARIS.—On the 20th of October, a vast concourse of persons of distinction assembled at the Convent of the Visitation, Rue d'Enfer, to assist at the profession of two young ladies, one of whom was the daughter of Count Locmaria. The sermon was preached by the Abbé de Conny.—*Univers*.

The Jesuits who recently quitted

Avignon, on account of the closing of their establishment, arrived at Genoa on the 2d, and took possession of the house which had been prepared for them. They are twenty in number.—*Univers.*

TURKEY.—"We are happy to be able to announce that the differences which have arisen between the Porte and the ambassador of France have been settled, and that entire satisfaction has been given to the demands made by the Baron de Bourqueney. The ambassador had demanded the punishment of the murderers of Father Charles, a priest, placed under the protection of France, who was massacred in the Lebanon, in the month of May last, and had also protested against the order given by Chekib-Effendi, Minister of Foreign affairs, and Commissioner of the Porte in Syria, for all European subjects to quit the mountain. The Baron de Bourqueney had given in an *ultimatum* to the effect that French subjects should be immediately replaced in their establishments; and that an indemnity should be granted to those who had been compelled to quit them in consequence of the refusal of protection—that the Sheik Hamoud should be summoned to Constantinople, and that he should be tried for his conduct in the events of May—that the guilty parties should be sought out, and that the Porte should pay indemnities for the sack of the convents of Abbey and Solima, and that the officer who commanded the detachment of troops present at the sacking of the convent of Abbey be punished. This *ultimatum* has been accepted entirely by the Porte. The necessary orders were sent to Chekib-Effendi two days after, and M. Boureé, Consul of France, started immediately for his post to watch over the execution of these orders."—*Journal des Débats.*

RUSSIA.—RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS.—We have frequently noticed the astute and pitiless perseverance with which the Russian Government is gradually reducing to one level all the differences of race, religion, and customs, which are opposed to the estab-

lishment of an entire unity in its immense empire. More than once we have seen by what cruel means unhappy Poland has been insensibly despoiled of all the attributes of her nationality, her language, religious faith, habits, and customs. This work of assimilation and absorption, to which Russia subjects her Slavonian and Catholic provinces; she is also following up with her German and Protestant provinces. The Reformed Church is, as well as the Roman Church, condemned to give way in the vast empire of Russia, to the predominance of the Greek Church.....It may be conceived that, with the double means of seduction and intimidation the Russian Government and the Church possess, it is difficult that the resistance opposed to these proceedings can last long. It is, indeed, most probable that the German provinces on the Baltic will lose, under the efforts of the Propaganda, which has already swallowed up Poland, the last vestiges of their religion, their language, and their manners and customs.—*Journal des Débats.*

AMERICA.—CINCINNATI.—The *Catholic Telegraph* of October 23rd says, "the Church of St. John the Baptist will be dedicated on All Saints' day, the day before the Cathedral, and Christ's Church, Fulton, will be blessed within the Octave." For the Cathedral 4,000 tickets were issued.

CHARLESTON.—We learn by letters received by the last steamer, that the Bishop had returned to England from the continent, and intended to sail from Liverpool for the United States, about the end of this month. The Very Reverend R. S. Baker, and Mrs. M. Borgia Mac Carthy, the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent, arrived in this city on last Monday. We are happy to say the Very Rev. Gentleman's health is completely re-established.—*United States Catholic Miscellany.*

The Roman Catholic Church has built or consecrated over thirty new churches in the United States within the year. The number of missionaries received from abroad during the same period, is estimated at one hun-

dred and twelve.—(Exchange paper.)
—*Boston Pilot*.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—On the 7th September, the Catholics of Harbour Grace presented the Right Reverend Dr. M. A. Fleming, Bishop of Carpasic, V.A. of Newfoundland, with an address of congratulation on his lordship's return to the colony; those of Carbear sent a similar address on the same day. On the 11th, the Bishop replied to both, acknowledging the compliment, and observing that—"The main walls of our cathedral being now completed and the work of roofing going on, I sincerely hope that ere long I shall have the happiness of opening it for the convenience and accommodation of my beloved people, thus enabling the hundreds who are now, and have been for many years, obliged to worship their God beneath Heaven's canopy, exposed to the inclemency of every season, to lift their hearts to the Almighty Throne in a Temple somewhat suited to His adoration. I shall be enabled to remain among my congregation, thus meeting alike the wishes of my people, and my own most anxious desires."—*Newfoundland Register*.

CEYLON—Three Italian priests arrived lately at Pondicherry *en route* to Ceylon. The Apostolic briefs for the episcopal consecration of the Rev. F. Battachini as Coadjutor to the Bishop Vicar-Apostolic of Ceylon, were brought out by these clergymen.

The Rev. Mr. Battachini was nominated in August 1843, to the mission of the Kandian Province, where, amid difficulties such as no man would like to endure, he has, by his strenuous efforts, progressed in his labour, both in recovering the straying and lost sheep, and in the work of conversion, to such an extent as called forth in no small degree the expression of wonder and admiration of, not only every denomination of Christians, but of heathens also. It is not unfrequently that he converted whole families together, in the numerous villages he visited in the interior of Kandy. At the close of the term of his mission at Kandy in August last year (the mis-

sion being changeable annually (the Catholics of Colombo sent in petitions to the bishop, craving his lordship would be pleased to station the Rev. Mr. Battachini at St. Philip Neri's, a chapel in the heart of Colombo. The bishop having complied with their prayer, the reverend father removed to that chapel, and commenced his labours there under such judicious and admirable plans, that he has become eminently successful in bringing Catholicity,—which we are under the necessity of confessing existed among us in a very deplorable state—into its present flourishing condition; and conversion being the legitimate consequence of the diffusion of Christian knowledge, it is not surprising that with perseverance such as that of this strenuous defender of the Catholic faith, that he should have succeeded in this work so admirably, both at Colombo and in the Kandian Province. It is truly gratifying to see the number of communicants now receiving the Holy Eucharist daily. He has established a girls' school and a Sunday school (things unheard of before in this country)—the advantage resulting from these institutions is truly gratifying. Temperance, too, though still unaided by the establishment of a teetotal system, is rapidly gaining ground among us and the Catholic soldiers; the latter, who were also petitioners with us in the Requisition for the removal of the Rev. Mr. Battachini to Colombo, are not backward in benefiting by his labours. The number of converts from the time he has taken charge of the mission at St. Philip Neri's (September 1844) amounts, as far as is known to us, to better than sixty, chiefly from Christians of other persuasions, soldiers included; and at Kandy we have no doubt the number must have been twice as many during the year he had the mission there.—*Ceylonese*.

We copy the following from the correspondence of the Times:—

Sir,—I find by your paper that you have extracted from the work I am at present publishing, entitled *Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas*,

the passage containing an account of the fearful persecution of the Basilian nuns, prefacing it with the observation, that you "hope and believe these details to be grievously overcharged."

Nothing can be more creditable or natural than such a hope, and I am bound to say that the doubt which you express respecting the accuracy of such an unparalleled tissue of horrors does not excite my surprise, though it imperatively calls on me to give more particularly the authority on which my statement rests, trusting to your well-known impartiality for the insertion of this letter.

The authenticity of the revolting details rests, therefore, firstly, on accounts transmitted from the Archbishopric of Posen to Paris, recording the joint deposition, on oath, of the nun Wawrzecka and the superior Irena Mieceslas, and establishing the trustworthiness of these deponents; secondly, on accounts received in Paris direct from Poland, confirmatory both of the general features of the case, and of the estimation in which the character of the superior is held in her native city; thirdly, on the personal evidence of this woman (relating only what regarded herself, and what she had seen with her own eyes) as given by her in Paris, where, till the 10th of last month, she was residing with the sisterhood of the "Assumption," Impasse des Vignes, Rue des Postes, a religious community now removed to a new convent at Chaillot, where any inquiries can be made into her story. The facts given by this witness (who for thirty years has secured the veneration of all with whom she came in contact), to the person from whom I hold them, is the foundation of my statement. Irena Mieceslas was, however, daily called upon to repeat her evidence in Paris, substantiating the personal portions of her narrative, by the ineffaceable scars and marks recording the violence of which she had been the victim. On the 9th of October, the eve of her departure for Rome, where she might have perhaps met face to face with the Emperor Nicholas, she was induced to

make her appearance in Prince Czartoryski's drawing-room, and to satisfy the curiosity of a numerous company by a repetition of the atrocities which have been copied into your columns.

Hideously revolting as these details are, it may therefore be reasonably hoped, that channels of investigation being here suggested, no Englishman who may neglect to take advantage of them will dismiss, as "too incredible to be true," this account of occurrences asserted to have taken place under a semi-barbarous and despotic government, whilst himself living in a free and civilized country, where the highest standard of public and private morality yet anywhere attained, has not sufficed to prevent such abuses of authority as your valuable paper was instrumental in bringing to light respecting the treatment of the Andover paupers,—abuses which even the free and unshackled press, which at length dragged them into publicity, had been thus far powerless to prevent.

It would be too bad if the very excess of the cruelties of the Russian Government and its agents should, by outstripping the belief of the civilized world, screen the oppressors from its odium without further inquiry, and avert the sympathy due to its victims. —I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, THE AUTHOR OF REVELATIONS OF RUSSIA. Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, near Douglas, in her 25th year, after giving birth to her fourth child, Anne, the beloved wife of T. Walsh, Esq., and daughter of Alderman O'Connell, of Cork. By discharging the duties of daughter, wife, and mother, in the most edifying and exemplary manner, she leaves to her afflicted family and sorrowing friends, the firm and confident hope that, in the merit and mercies of her Redeemer, she has found the blessed reward of a short but well spent life.

In your charity pray for the departed soul of Mrs. Louisa Blundell, the beloved wife of Thomas Leigh Blundell, Surgeon-Dentist, at Brighton, who died

on Friday, the 31st of October, four days after giving birth to twin sons.

The Superior-General of the Capucins died at Viterbo on the 14th of October.

On the 16th, at Woodside, Thurnham, Mrs. Mary Crowe, mother of the Rev. Thomas Crowe, having attained her 91st year, and the 47th of her widowhood.

Died, on the 12th of October, at Rome, Monsignor Loreto, Sanctuci di Mentana, Secretary to His Holiness, and Chargé d'Affaires for Tuscany. To a most profound knowledge of sacred literature the lamented Prelate added a remarkably extensive acquaintance with profane history.

On Wednesday, the 22d ult., at Bal-

lymacward, the residence of his son, the Rev. John Derry, P.P., Mr. Michael Derry, an old, worthy, and respected inhabitant of Ballinasloe. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous concourse of those who had known and admired his private virtues.—May he rest in peace.

On Wednesday, at Husbands Bosworth, Leicestershire, at an advanced age, Mr. William Haynes. The close of his long, active, and honest career, was accompanied with the regret of all who knew him.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Elizabeth Jackson, Friar-street, Reading, who departed this life November 8, aged 43 years.

END OF VOLUME II.



